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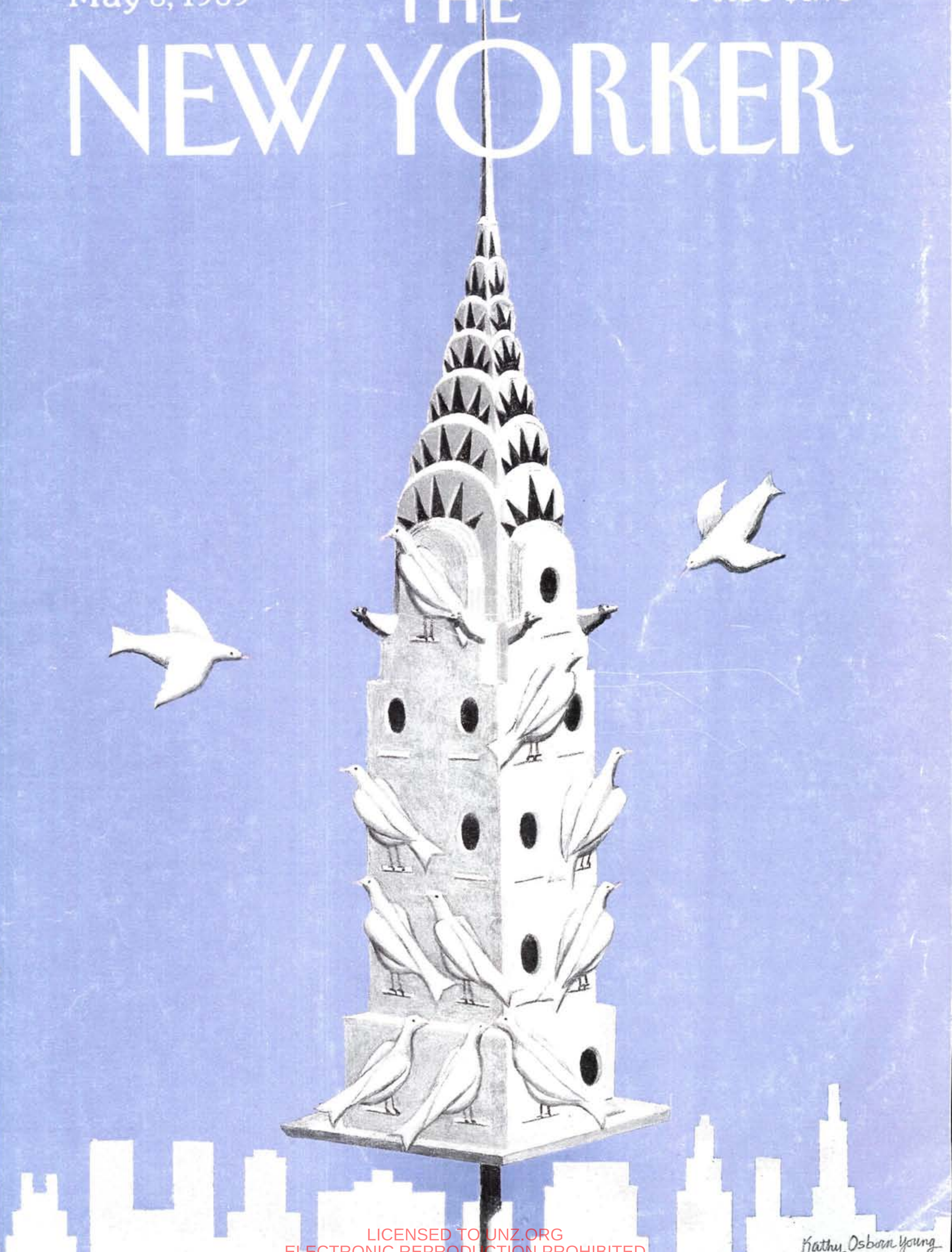
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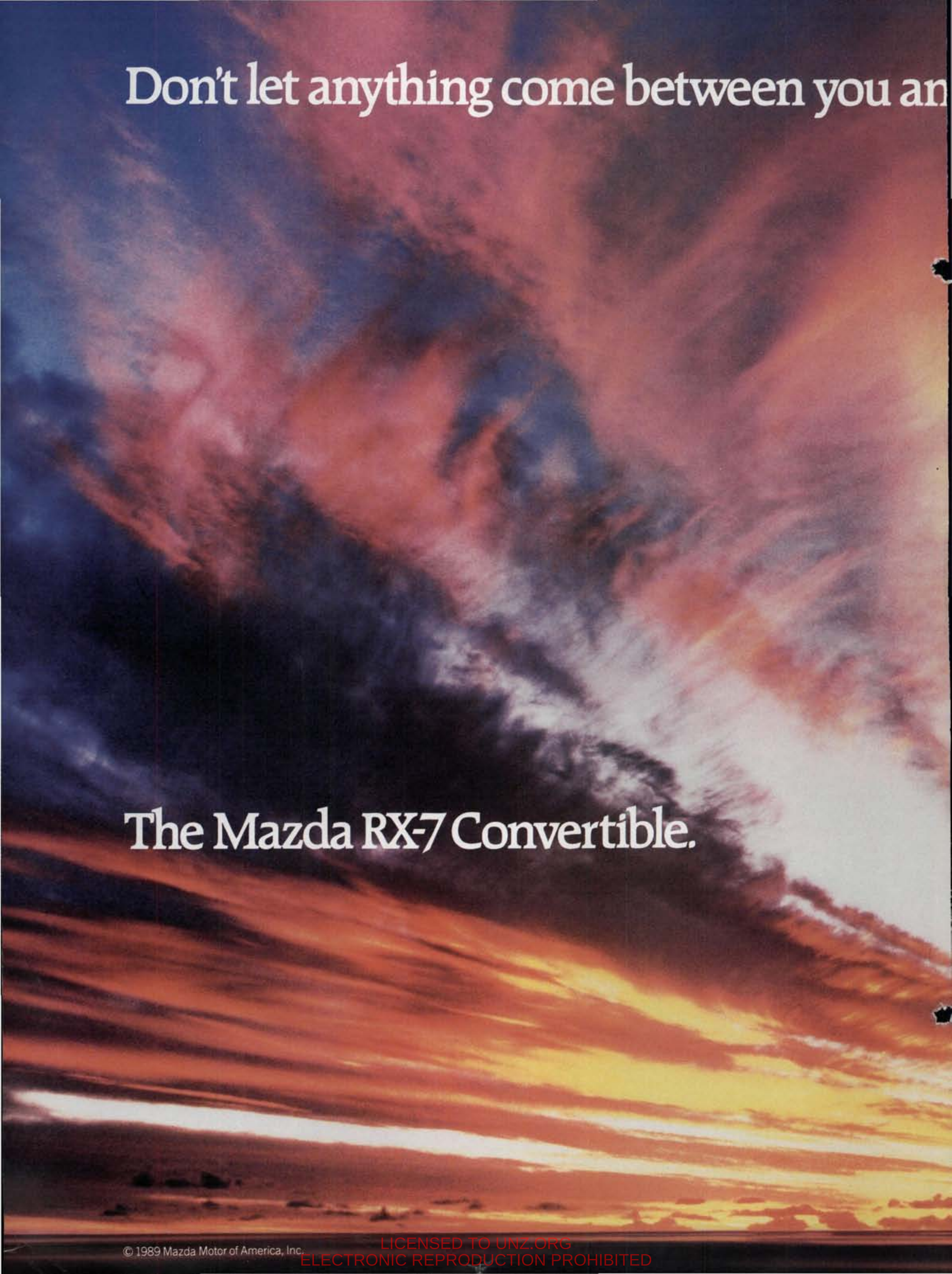

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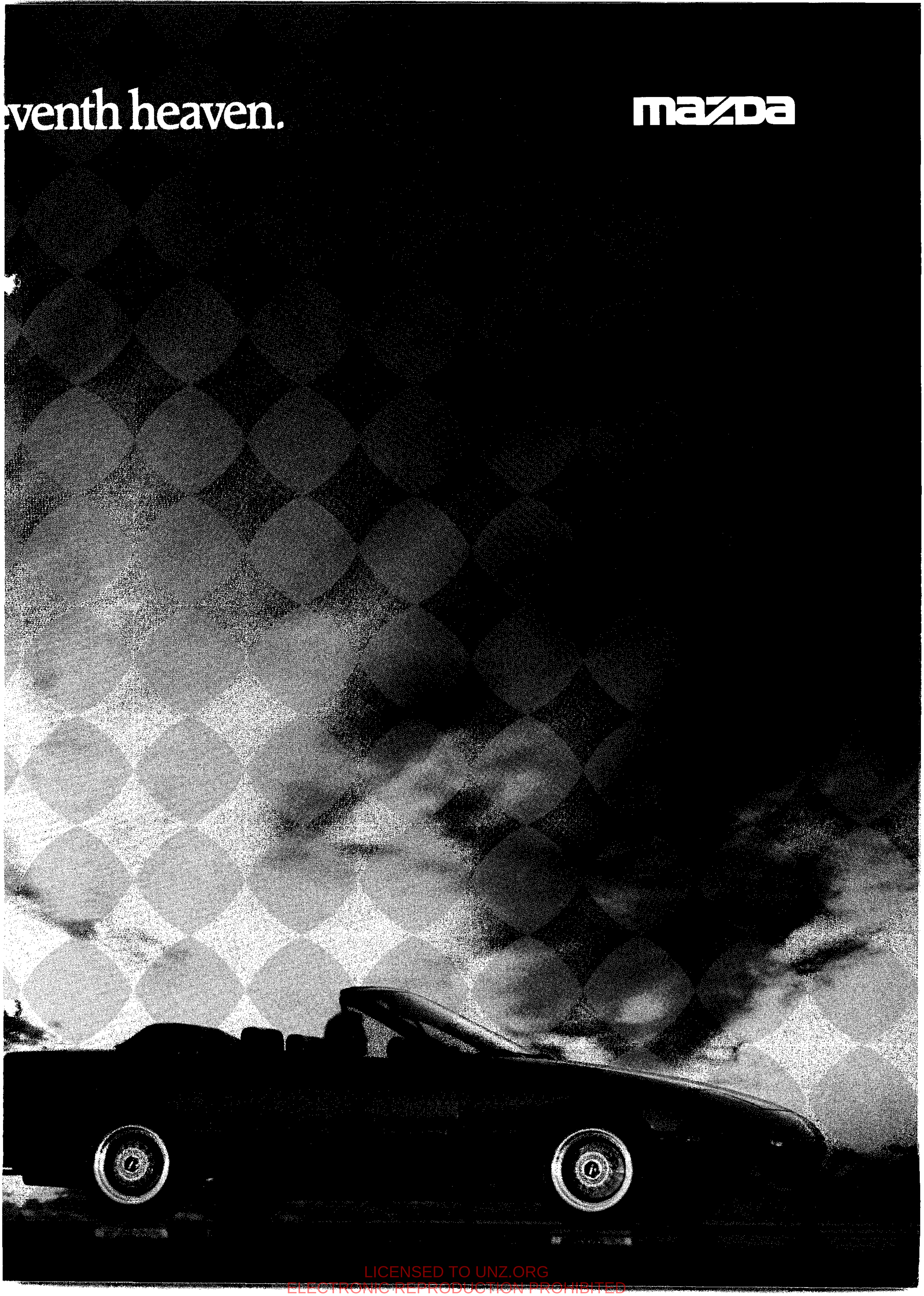
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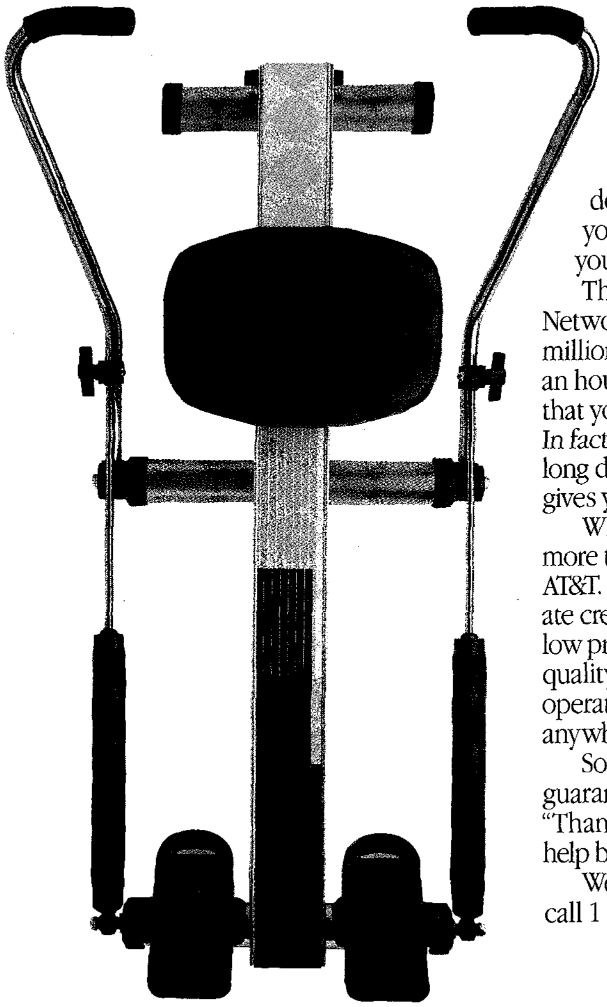

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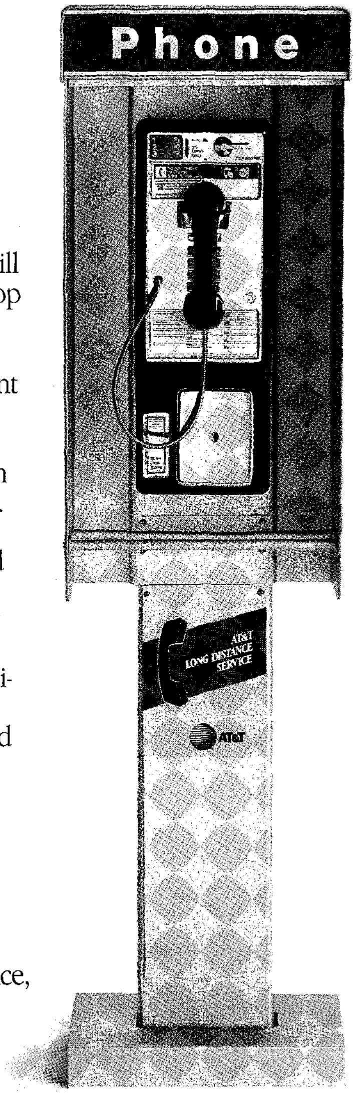

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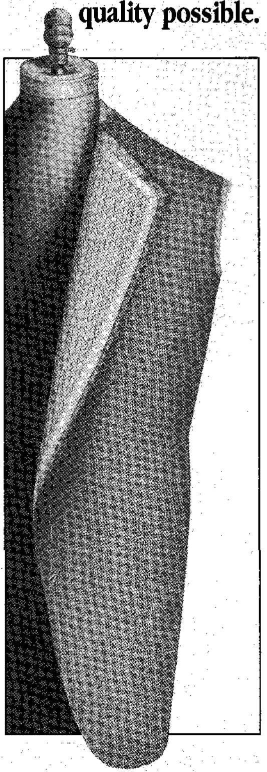

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Cocktail Hour"

THE THEATRE

IT'S funny the way some things enter your consciousness without your knowing how. We never saw "The Fantasticks" as a child, yet we know that if we were to hear the opening bars of that piano intro ("*Bum*-bum, bum bum bum *ba*, da-da *dum*-bum, bum bum bum *ba* . . .") anywhere in the world, we would look up and smile. (This has happened to us as far away as Europe.) We mention the fact because the show enters its thirtieth year at the Sullivan Street Playhouse this week—on May 3rd, to be precise.

We went to see "The Fantasticks" on the occasion of its last big anniversary, a couple of summers ago (it was the something-or-othereth performance), and we were strangely disappointed, not with the production, which has been nicely kept up, but with the content of the show and its assumptions. Its self-conscious whimsicality, its knowing generalizations about adolescence and family life, and, above all, the triteness of its proto-sixties values (against conformity and book learning, for nature and self-expression) seemed to stick in our craw. Is yesterday's whimsy, we wondered, today's emetic? We went back to see what this magazine had to say about "The Fantasticks" when it first opened, in 1960, and discovered that our reaction belongs to a long tradition. The best that our critic, Donald Malcolm, could find to say about "The Fantasticks" then was: "If you like this sort of thing, then this is the sort of thing you will like."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedules and tickets.)

Approaching Zanzibar—Jane Alexander and Harris Yulin in a new play by Tina Howe. Previews May 2-3. Opens May 4 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
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Eleemosynary—A play by Lee Blessing, with Eileen Heckart, Joanna Gleason, and Jennie Moreau. Lynne Meadow is the director. Previews through May 7. Opens May 9 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Largely New York—Bill Irwin's new, wordless comedy about man and technology. Performed by a company of nineteen, including Mr. Irwin himself. Opens May 1 at 7:15. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Noiresque: The Fallen Angel—A new theatrical work, conceived and staged by Ping Chong. Presented by Pan Asian Rep. Preview May 3. Opens May 4 at 8, and will run through May 27. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, call 245-2660.)

Yankee Dawg You Die—A two-character play by Philip Kan Gotanda, with Stan Egi and Sab Shimono. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Amulets Against the Dragon Forces—An extremely tedious work about the young son of a practical nurse, who takes him along to the house of a dying patient. The performance, under B. Rodney Marriott's direction, is worthy of a better script. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/89.) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes May 7.)

Aristocrats—A play by Brian Friel. With Niall Buggy, Margaret Colin, John Pankow, and Kaiulani Lee. A Manhattan Theatre Club production. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 645-5590.)

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Born Yesterday—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Brimstone and Treacle—Dennis Potter wrote this stage version of his own 1975 television film, which the BBC, having commissioned and paid for the thing, found too "nauseating" to transmit. (They later broadcast the film in 1987.) It has none of the subtlety or complexity of either "The Singing Detective" or Potter's novel "Blackeyes." The play is a hodgepodge of images borrowed from Pinter and Peter Nichols—the devil descends on a couple trapped in a benighted existence with their spastic daughter—and seems to date from a period before Dennis Potter figured out that he was Dennis Potter. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Closes May 14.)

Brothers, Mothers and Others—A pair of two-character one-act plays by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, set in Spanish Harlem. The first, about an encounter between a drug dealer and his cop brother, shows some promise. The second play, marred by an insufferable performance from Ralph Marrero, is just "Zoo Story" recast as a play about racial strife in the wake of the sixties. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes May 6.)

Cantorial—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are as cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Chu Chem—A small Jewish delegation (2m, 1f) visits China in the fourteenth century and finds traces of another, larger delegation that went there a thousand years before that. This musical is probably harmless if you can manage to ward off the cutes. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 246-0102.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

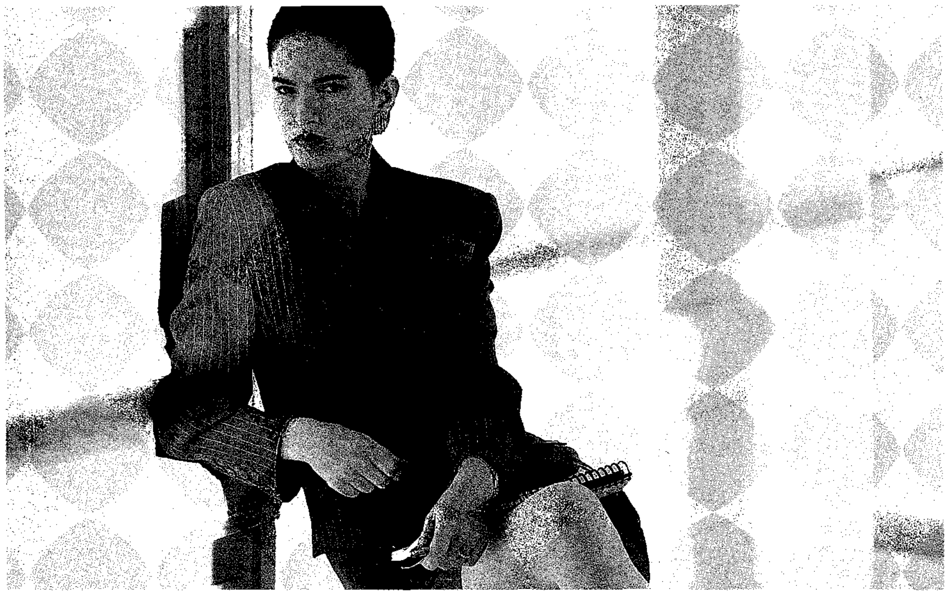
Forbidden Broadway 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Forbidden City—This domestic drama about a black family living prosperously on the edge of suburban Philadelphia in 1936 was written by Bill Gunn, who died the day before it opened. It's essentially an unfinished play, as full of interest as it is of excess and inconsistency. The writing ranges from the embarrassingly overwrought to the inspired, as does the acting, under Joseph Papp's direction. With Gloria Foster, Akili Prince, and Frankie R. Faison. (4/17/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Ghetto—A play by the Israeli writer Joshua Sobol, set in Vilna, Lithuania, in 1942-43. Donal Donnelly, Avner Eisenberg, George Hearn, Stephen McHattie, and Helen Schnei-

"Eleemosynary"

Every venture runs into a dead end sometime. But



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der are in the cast. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Romberg's **NEW MOON**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. May 1 at 8, Nancy Marchand and Paul Sparer; May 7 at 7, and May 8 at 8, Elaine Stritch and Jason Robards. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Measure for Measure—This is one of Shakespeare's most adult, Shavian, and unsettling plays, but you wouldn't know it from Mark Lamos's bloodless and soporific production. It tries to find modern visual equivalents for the characters and situations in the play, rather than trying to realize them morally or dramatically. Len Cariou and Kate Burton are hopelessly bland as the Duke and Isabella. (3/27/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes May 7.)

The Member of the Wedding—Esther Rolle's tart humor adds to her strong performance as Berenice Sadie Brown, the family cook and pivotal character, in this good revival of Carson McCullers' play, directed by Harold Scott. The acoustics in the theatre leave much to be desired. (4/10/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes May 7.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. After the matinée performance on May 7, the show will have a five-week hiatus while Mr. Baryshnikov attends to his duties at A.B.T. Performances will resume on June 12.)

The Night Hank Williams Died—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem, Matt Mulhern, and Darren McGavin. (2/20/89) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Only Kidding—A play by Jim Geoghan that looks at the lives of stand-up comedians. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes May 21.)

Starmites—This musical about a girl who enters the world of her favorite comic-book characters is pretty much what you'd expect. The style of the main plot—visually and otherwise—leans toward Michael Jackson, aerobic dancing, and Andrew Lloyd Webber; the style of the subplot is more in the direction of leather. We lasted almost to intermission. (Stage Right at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

A Thrill a Moment—A musical revue featuring songs that William (Mickey) Stevenson, who was once head of A. & R. at Motown, had a hand in creating. You'll hear "Devil with the Blue Dress On," "Pride and Joy," and "Dancing in the Street," to name a few. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981.)

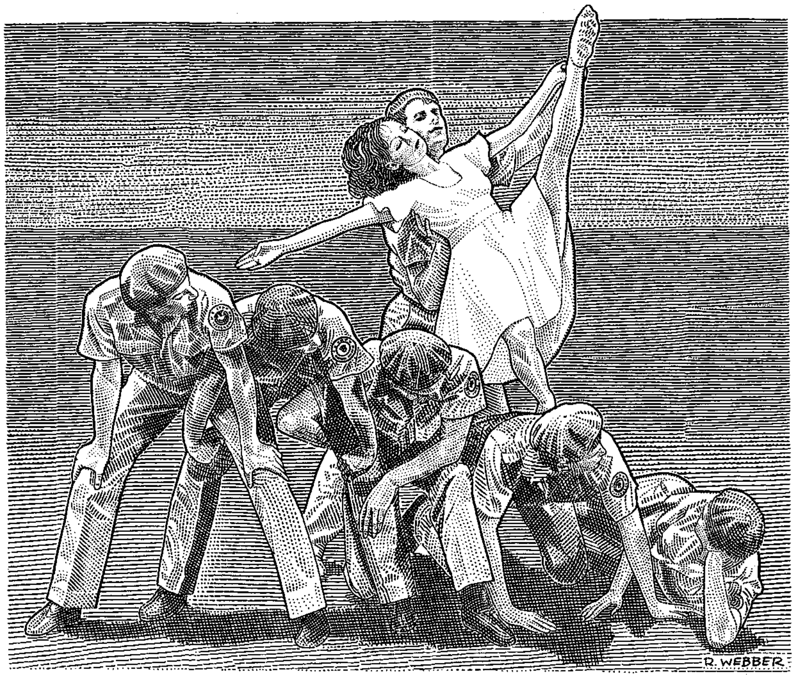
What the Butler Saw—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Angela Thornton in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (3/20/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes May 7.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest-running long run turns twenty-nine on May 3. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Kathy Beaver, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

PENNY LANE

There is a terrific traffic jam in Central Park on Saturdays and Sundays that lasts most of the afternoon, near the Loop's 72nd Street and Central Park West exit, where no tempers flare, no horns honk, and no cars overheat. That's because the tie-up is caused by several hundred strollers, joggers, cyclists, skateboarders, lovers, friends, bag people, and bank trustees, all of whom are as riveted toward the south as the statue of Daniel Webster behind them. They're watching and listening to Drew or Ronaldo play and sing. For over five years, these two have alternated at this spot. They are among the most talented of New York's street musicians. Ronaldo is an angel-faced singer-guitarist with an encyclopedic knowledge of the works of Lennon and McCartney. Drew might pass for a B-movie bad guy, with his black cowboy boots and black cowboy hat, if it weren't for his tender renditions of Jim Croce and other folk-rock artists, his accomplished accompaniment on electric organ (backed by drum machine), and that I-keep-forgetting-you're-watching-me smile. Both sing with an easy, unthreatening, nothing-to-prove attitude. "I could do this if I could get my act together," said one Polo-clad gentleman to his girlfriend. But he hasn't. And Ronaldo and Drew have.



Paul Taylor's "Sunset"

DANCE

ONE holds one's breath on hearing that New York City Ballet is reviving the Balanchine-Stravinsky "Danses Concertantes" this spring. "Danses Concertantes" began life in 1942 as a concert work for chamber orchestra, though with compositional elements that link it to Stravinsky's earlier commissioned ballet "The Card Party." Balanchine first choreographed "Danses Concertantes," quite successfully, in 1944, for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. The work's much admired designs were by Eugene Berman, and the cast of fourteen featured Alexandra Danilova and Frederic Franklin as the leads and Maria Tallchief, Nicholas Magallanes, and Mary Ellen Moylan in the fourth variation. Decades later, balletomanes remembered this production lovingly, for its unforced glamour, its brilliantly articulated shifts of accent, its Arachnean complexity of line, and its weightless charm. Balanchine brought back "Danses Concertantes" for City Ballet's 1972 Stravinsky Festival, retaining Berman's designs and the original choreographic outlines but reworking the actual steps for the dancers at hand. That version, however, was dramatically overshadowed by "Violin Concerto," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Duo Concertant," and observers also keenly felt the absence of a Danilova. Now another generation has the chance to take the measure of this legend. The current staging of "Danses Concertantes," by Peter Martins and the company ballet mistress, Rosemary Dunleavy, will follow the 1972 version, and will include the Berman designs.

New York City Ballet—May 2 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird." . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ May 4 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Danses Concertantes," and "Rhapsody in Blue." . . . ¶ May 5 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ May 6 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Danses Concertantes," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ May 7 at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird." . . . ¶ May 7 at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Danses Concertantes," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Black & White," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: "Firebird," "Valse Triste," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

American Ballet Theatre—Currently celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, the company opens its New York season with a new production of "Swan Lake" on May 8 at 7, May 9 at 8, and May 10 at 2 and 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 1.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. May 2 at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Phases of the Moon," "Post Meridian," and "Last Look." . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair." . . . ¶ May 4 at 8: "Diggity," "Counterswarm," and "Musical Offering." . . . ¶ May 5 at 8: "Arden Court," "Ruah," "Danbury Mix," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ May 6 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: "Arden Court," "Danbury Mix," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ May 7 at 7:30: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

American Ballroom Theatre—Final performances. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 2-5 at 8, May 6 at 2 and 8, and May 7 at 2 and 7:30.)

Dan Wagoner and Dancers—Opening performances of a week-long engagement. May 9 at 7:30: " 'Round This World, Baby Mine," "To Comfort Ghosts," and the première of "Fata Morgana (Ritual for George)." . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: " 'Round This World, Baby Mine," "To Comfort Ghosts," and the première of "Pemaquid." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through May 14.)

Stephanie Skura and Company—In "Big Waves" and "The Fantasy World of Bernard Herrmann." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 4-6 at 8, and May 7 at 3.)

Sin Cha Hong—With her company, in the première of "Red Sky." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. May 6-7 at 8.)

Note—Betsy Hulton, Clare Maxwell, and Jennifer Bury will take part in a dance festival at the R.A.P.P. Arts Center (May 4-21). For information about the performance schedule and tickets, call 529-6160.

NIGHT LIFE

WE hadn't spoken with our friend Bill for a month or two, and when we finally got around to calling him he told us he had discovered the blues. This hadn't happened all at once. He had been listening to Stevie Ray Vaughan and doing a little research, and pretty soon he was saying "great chops" a lot and spending whole days lying around on the couch. We thought we'd better check up on Bill as soon as possible, so we suggested going to our favorite pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar: Dan Lynch.

Bill had been to Dan Lynch, of course, but he hadn't heard of that night's attraction, Speedo Jones. It was still early when we arrived (Bill was unshaven and in a brown leather jacket) so we sat at a table about a foot in front of the bandstand and watched a paunchy guy with a mustache set up the mikes. On the table, there were eight harmonicas. "My guess is Speedo's a harmonica player," Bill told us. "A *harp* player, that's what you call it. And my guess is Speedo's gonna stand there and *blow*. This is going to be a treat." Bill ran his eyes over the harmonicas and said, "Marine Band, Hohner Special B Flat —that's a sweet one right there." About fifteen minutes later, a dapper-looking black man in a beige trenchcoat and a black felt hat walked in and hugged a few women at the bar. Bill looked at us and nodded. "*Speedo*," he said. "A lot of these blues guys have hats."

It turned out that the man with the hat was a bass player named Harry, and that the paunchy guy with the mustache was Speedo. Bill didn't take this well, especially when we pointed out the logo on Speedo's T-shirt and suggested that his nickname had something to do with those dinky bathing suits. After a few minutes, though, the place brightened up with the sound of sunburst Stratocaster guitars, and Speedo went for the Hohner Special. "Speedo's pretty cool," Bill shouted in our ear. "Give him a hat."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of Christopher Mason, who wrote a song for Brooke Astor on her birthday and who, starting May 3, will be tickling high-society funny bones in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Showtimes Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin "a *scandal*." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a stand-up bass. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day. Ms. Godwin per-

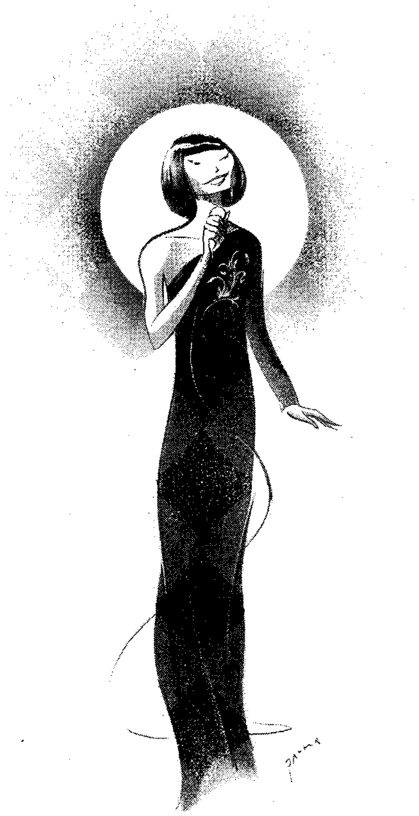
NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

forms Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **KAREN AKERS** is the main attraction right now. A poised and elegant singer, who favors the slower stuff and likes to throw around a little French and German, she's a Dietrich for our times. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

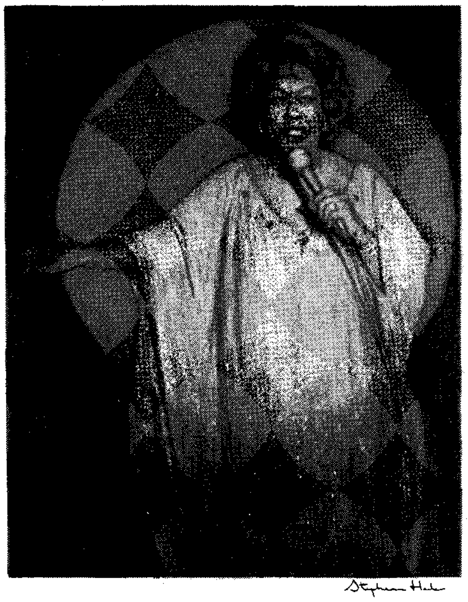
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A mirror-walled, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses whisk by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. The lineup: **STANLEY JORDAN,** a technique-laden guitarist whose ten fingers sound like twenty, May 2-7; pianist **MICHAEL WEISS** and his outfit on May 8; and, starting May 9, **SARAH VAUGHAN,** a singer whose huge, four-octave voice might send the tableware flying. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, former hairdresser **TAMMY WYNETTE** imparts country wisdom on May 2; rock-and-roll granddaddy **CARL PERKINS** (he wrote "Blue Suede Shoes") keeps at it on May 9. Other highlights: six-string pickers **DOC WATSON** and Fred Koller on May 3; guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** trio on May 4; Hüsker Dü's **BOB MOULD** May 5-6; and **GUY CLARK** and **TOWNES VAN ZANDT,** a formidable pair of singer-songwriters, on May 7. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.



Karen Akers

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who played here in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay, is back in action. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you'll find **BARBARA CARROLL,** a pianist who made it known in the fifties that she didn't want to be referred to as bebop and who's been called it ever since. She is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.



Sarah Vaughan

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside you'll find a no-frills bar decorated with an Aretha poster and remnants of a birch tree. Music starts at ten, with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). Dublin fiddler James Kelly will be here on May 5, and on May 6 Eddie Adcock and Talk of the Town will tend to that old bluegrass. Music after nine.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about that. The singer, scholar, and musical archeologist **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** unearths forgotten lyrics May 2-7, and she is followed by three nights of the Ralph Moore quartet, beginning May 9. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

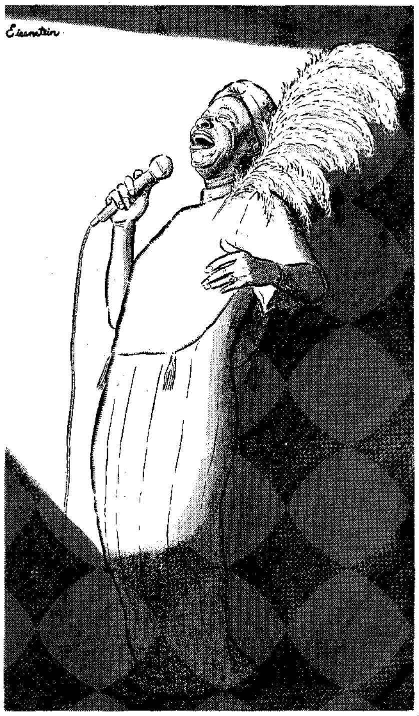
Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. Pianists are in ascendance just now: Dick Hyman flies solo on May 1; **HILTON RUIZ,** who makes deft leaps from Latin to stride to blues, takes over May 2-7, with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER;** and **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Polish émigré who studied Chopin before he discovered Tatum, gets started on May 9, with guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** In the downstairs lounge, pianist **DARYL SHERMAN** and bassist **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** hold court on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from eight-thirty Mondays, from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight Fridays and Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. **BETTY CARTER,** an accomplished jazz singer who can stretch a melody to its breaking point, is here May 2-7. On May 9, speedy-fingered guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** begins six nights of fusion, bop, and sounds in between.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant that looks as if it might be an outlet for vintage theatre and newspaper posters. A Steinway sits near the center of things, though there are nights when it might as well be out on the street, for all you can hear of it. **JOHN COLIANNI**—a wonder-kid pianist who broke in with Lionel Hampton—performs with bassist **DENNIS IRWIN** May 2-6. Pianist Russ Kasoff and bassist Linc Milliman take over on May 9. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub here than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. Most of the music is provided by local talent. On May 4, Joe Grushecky and his House Rockers remind us that things are still the pits in Pittsburgh. The **UPTOWN HORNS** take May 5 for an R. & B. revue; May 6 belongs to the Rhode Island collective **ROOMFUL OF BLUES.** Music after nine. Dining.

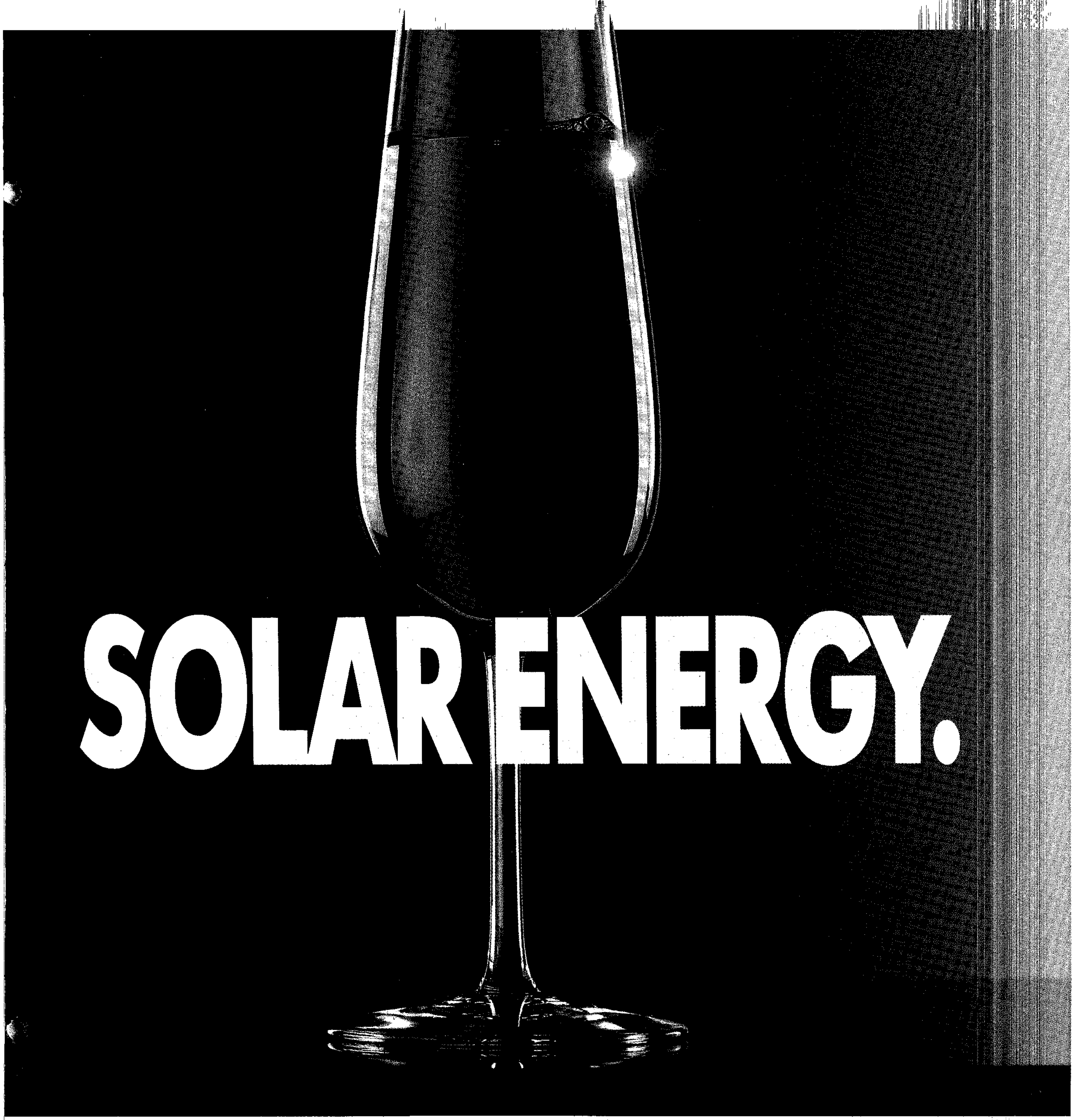
Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will give them a boost.

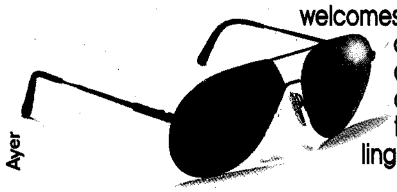


Betty Carter

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and Marilyn Michaels, the singer-comedienne whose latest batch of impressions includes Meryl Streep and Madonna, on the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

L'Omnibus de Maxim's, 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988)—A don't-clap-just-rattle-your-jewelry kind of place where patrons eat pasta from deep dishes and, occasionally, dip French fries into silver gravy boats filled with ketchup. **STEVE ROSS** is currently offering what





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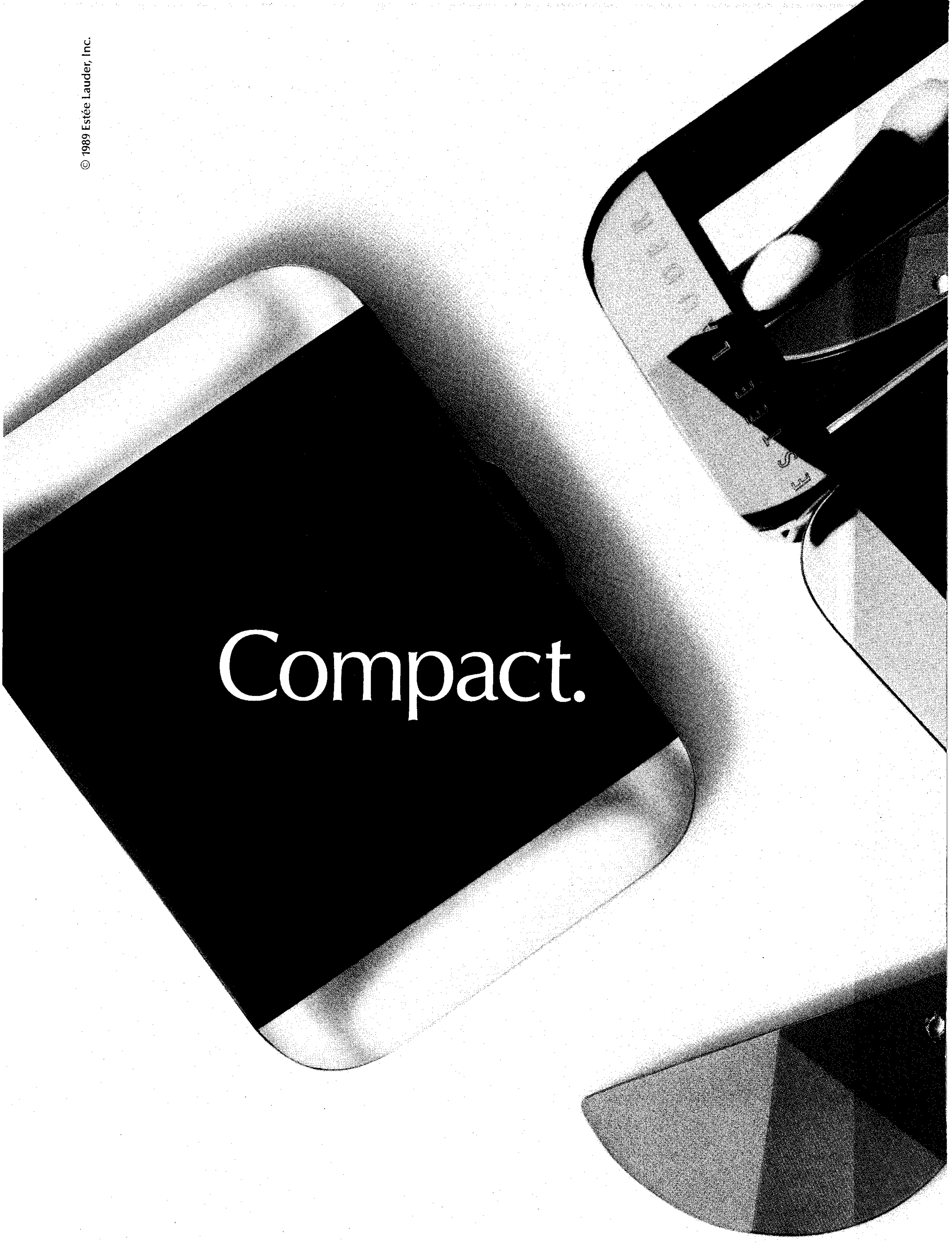

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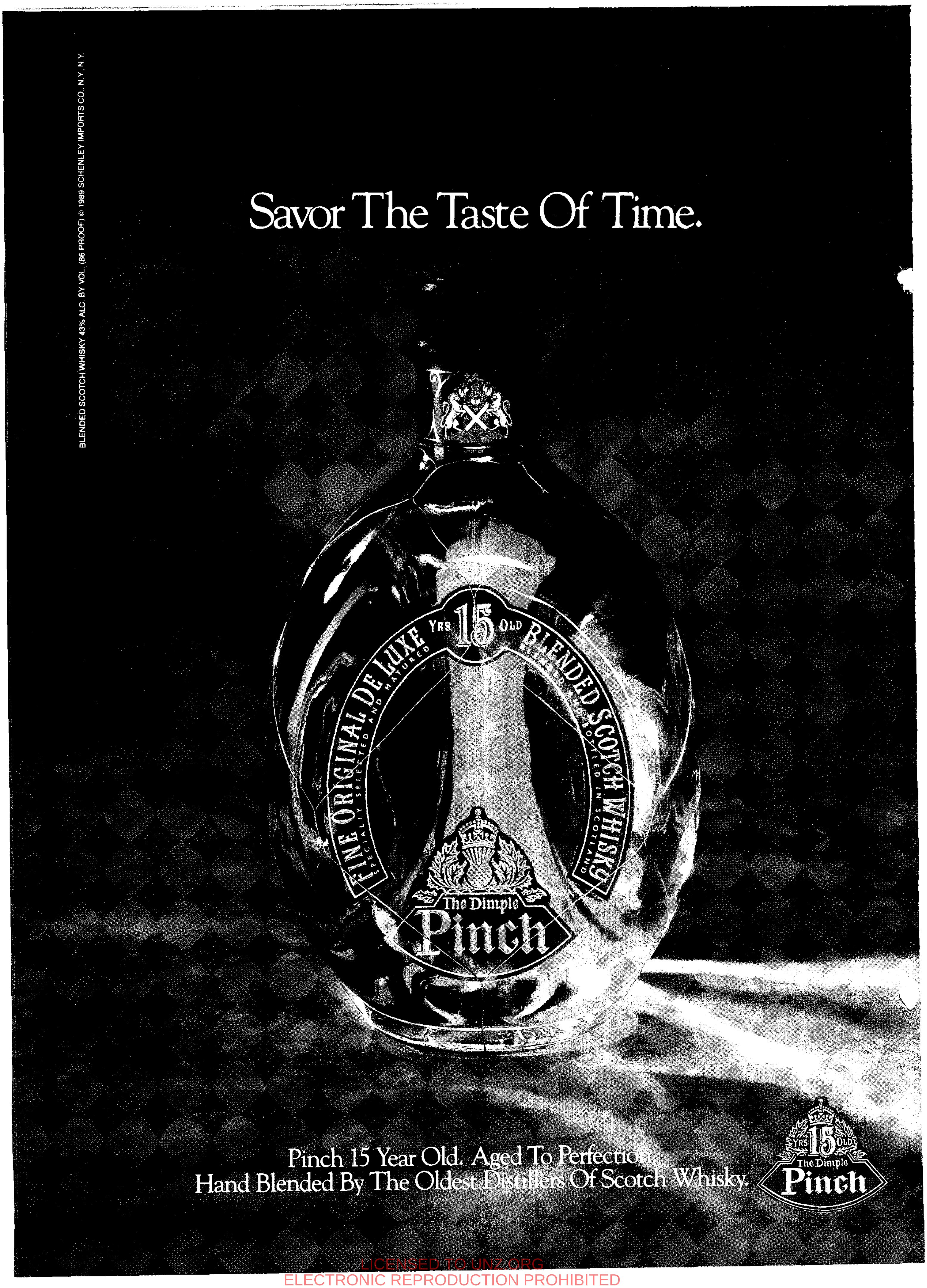
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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

he refers to as "a low-impact, high-density performance," heavily spiked with the transatlantic chatter of Cole Porter and Noël Coward. Ross—who bounces around his Yamaha like a marionette—is a fine, nimble pianist, although after seeing the way he pounces on the pedals, one might hesitate to go driving with him. Shows Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of its previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. May 6 features a performance by **CHUCK BERRY,** who is, of course, **CHUCK BERRY.** On May 9, **YOUSSOU N'DOUR,** the Senegalese scat singer whose voice recently lit up albums by Peter Gabriel and Paul Simon, will take the stage with his pitter-pattering drums. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist and longtime Bird-watcher **PHIL WOODS** will perform with his quintet in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) May 2-7; and **NAT ADDERLEY'S** sextet takes over on May 9. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans brought here on Mondays —it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, Mondays after nine are set aside for Latin sounds. May 1 is "A Night of Skins" with timbale whiz **TITO PUENTE,** and groups led by conga players **DANIEL PONCE** and **RAY BARRETTO.** On May 8, **MANNY OQUENDO** and Tommy Olivencia come through with their respective outfits and guest soloist saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN.** Carol Woods and Ron Richardon serve up "Songs in the Key of Stevie," May 3-7 and May 10. **ROBERT JR. LOCKWOOD** works out his twelve-string Delta blues May 5-6. Sets at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY'S** duo performs May 2-7 and **JOHN COLIANNI** and Larry Goldsby take over May 9-14. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** who played with Ray Charles in the late fifties and early sixties, when Brother Ray was working out his influential pop-soul mélange, does his own soulful thing here May 2-7. The **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** starts a six-night run on May 9. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **TAL FARLOW,** a guitarist who rose to the top of bop in the forties and fifties and then took a few decades off, teams up with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** every night but Sunday. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"I WOULDN'T presume to tell a woman what a woman ought to think" is what Kay Thompson says in "Funny Face," and the cheering audience of young men at Boy Bar have Miss Thompson's voice ringing in their ears, but the person standing in front of them, exhorting all to "Think pink," is Miss Glamamore, Hog Queen of Lip Synch. Dressed in a Schiaparelli-pink smock, perhaps Miss Glamamore looks like Dad's bowling partner would if he wore a black bun and too much lipstick, but Glamamore is riotous to an audience that hasn't the faintest idea who the real Miss Thompson is. Assisting him are Miss Guy, Miss Cat, and Miss Perfidia, man-made "beauties" all.

Drag acts have replaced bands as the predominant live act in many clubs around town. No longer confined to gay bars or cult hideaways, these performers are often preferred by proprietors, since almost all of them come with a devoted following, and with their reverbs, amplifiers, echo chamber, band, and backup singers all on cassette, so there is no need for additional sound equipment and no entourage to drink the bar dry. If you've seen one drag and think you've seen them all, you should have been at Mars to witness Miss Mona Foot as Tracy Chapman. Anyone who claims these entertainers have no real talent should try to kick as high as Raven-O or dance with the Fossean precision of Page Turner and the Turnettes (former Cagelles from the original cast of "La Cage aux Folles"). Diana Ross would bite off her nail wraps if she saw the frenzy The Princess Diandra can cause at the languid M.K., lip-synching Ross's "Theme from Mahogany." As for the fools who pity "these poor guys," if you can quiver your upper lip like Streisand or get down like Aretha, if you have legs like Minnelli's, or look simply smashing in lamé, you can snatch up a mid-five-figure salary just by working the night shift. So, as Miss Glamamore implores in her encore, "Don't cry for me, Argentina."

LA CUCARACHA

Things are really crawling in the theatre these days. Up the road from the stage where Baryshnikov has been performing his nightly Gregor Samsa impersonation, another metamorphosis has taken place: someone has had the creepy idea of turning the magnificent Lee Bontecou sculpture in the New York State Theatre into a roach motel.

Bontecou, who has kept a low profile for some years, made tough, quintessentially sixties art out of canvas laundry bags, wire, and strips of leather. Two anti-roach disks now ornament one of her best pieces, waiting to trap their prey just behind the rim of the sculpture's central cavity. Suggestions for a less artistic approach to pest control might make a nice birthday gift for the State Theatre, Philip Johnson's marble temple for opera and dance, which turned twenty-five last week.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Richard Elovich—His new work, "If Men Could Talk, the Stories They Could Tell," is about communication problems. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. May 5-6 at 8:30. Through May 13.)

Tina Dudek and David Van Tieghem—"The Ghost Writer" is a play with music about a novelist who lives in a haunted beach house. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 5-6 at 11. Through May 20.)

Veselka Festival at P.S. 122—A meeting of the minds of the performance and the pierogi people, which will run through May 14. May 4-7 at 8: Laurie Carlos. . . . ¶ May 4-7 at 9: Peggy Pettitt and Louise Smith. . . . ¶ May 4-7 at 10: Ishmael Houston-Jones. . . . ¶ May 5-6 at 11, and May 7 at 4: Michael Peppe. . . . ¶ May 8 and May 10 at 9: Films. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Through May 14.)

La Mama—May 8 at 9: Gayle Tufts. . . . ¶ May 11-14 at 7:30: "Quasi-Kinetics," the Otrabanda Company's latest work. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

ART

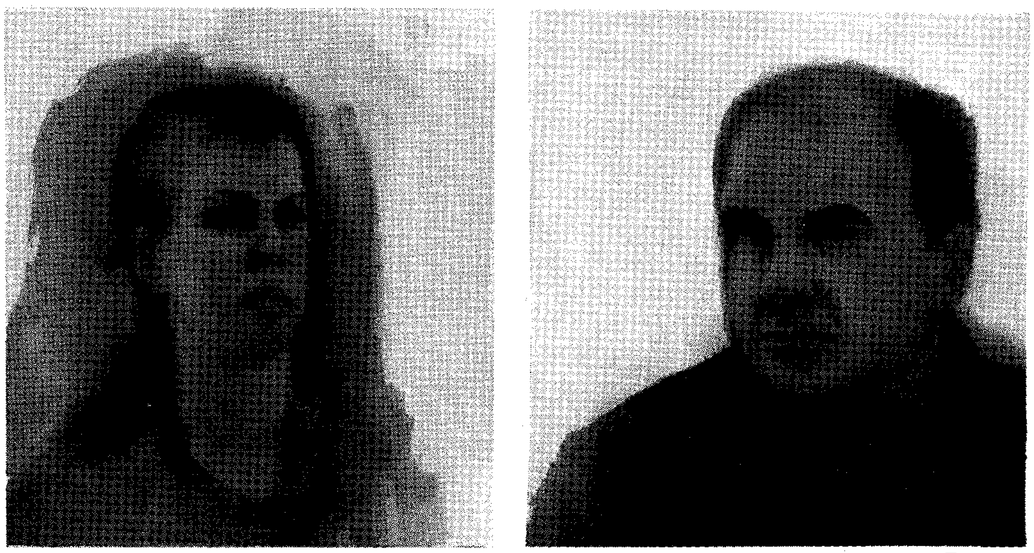
AT first glance, Cady Noland's show at American Fine Arts looks like an installation in progress: six large sheets of reflecting metal with blocks of text and old-fashioned tabloid pictures printed on them; cheapo nylon star-spangled banners dangling from metal binder rings attached to institutional-looking metal bars; a kind of pen in the middle of the gallery, with more scruffy metallic stuff, including a lot of empty beer cans and a stack of hospital-issue metal walkers. Is it some sort of word-and-image art that an aged and infirm installation crew hasn't finished hanging yet?

Each thing described is, in fact, a finished sculpture. The metal sheets are silk-screened with print and primary-source photographs from an American history book, documenting peripheral details of Lincoln's assassination—the cot he died on, the boots he wore. The beer-cans-and-walkers piece is called "Our American Cousin," after the play Lincoln attended that night. The title also gives us a clue to Noland, who has been making something of a name for herself abroad. While she is quintessentially American, a baby sister in spirit to our own subversive Terry Allen, in her slapdash, wraith-thin aesthetic and suspended point of view she most closely resembles European artists such as Guillaume Bijl and Martin Kippenberger, or the filmmaker Wim Wenders—all of whom, with the necessary distance, have taken on Big American Themes. Noland's landscape sculptures, covering the seemingly interchangeable territory of prisons, hospitals, schools, and picnic grounds, are the weird and familiar, incisive and inconclusive elegies of a home girl come home.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a show of more than a hundred of Goya's paintings, drawings, and prints. Starts May 4. . . . ¶ The roof garden has opened for the season. . . . ¶ "American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. . . . ¶ Fifty Ming and Ch'ing dynasty (fifteenth through seventeenth century) paintings from the museum's collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open Tuesdays

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Self-portrait and Joel Shapiro by Ellen Phelan

through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Minor White: The Eye That Shapes." Through June 18. . . . ¶ The Andy Warhol retrospective ends May 2. . . . ¶ The sculptor Scott Burton's installation of Brancusis from the permanent collection. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950's Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed until May 13.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures by four American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and John Newman. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from the often overlooked island of Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating the new exhibition space is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Through July 16. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes (with photographs and drawings) the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A fine overview of the evolution of Baroque string instruments, with members of the violin family from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries; X-rays showing the intricate construction of some of the instruments; and a video with an elaborate sound system, featuring performances on viola da gamba, viola d'amore, and English violet. Through June 10. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Fridays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum" is a show of works by thirteen contemporary African-American artists mainly interested in video, performance, and installation. Among the artists are Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Varujan Boghosian—Accomplished, sentimental constructions and collages. Through May 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Walter De Maria—Two shows. At Gagosian (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.), "13, 14, 15 Sided Open Polygons" (1984), in stainless steel, each with a movable ball. Through May 27. . . . ¶ At 65 Thompson Street, in SoHo (a new exhibition space operated jointly by Gagosian and Castelli), "13, 14, 15 Meter Rows" (1985), also in stainless steel, composed of forty-two pieces, each a metre in length. These installations are impeccable, and De Maria's obsessive measuring prompts one, in one's mind's eye, to project the standard units out into left field, into orbit, or down to the core of the earth. Through May 13.

Grace Hartigan—Four decades of painting: Hartigan, who lives in Baltimore, is a rare bird—at once terrifically idiosyncratic and sensitive to many strong currents in the air. This surprising, magical show encompasses assured youthful work from the fifties; humorously brash Pop-abstract syncopations from the sixties; and, from the last fifteen years, some supremely fantasist subjects in fey, luminescent colors—anthropomorphic animal kingdoms, fairy-tale portraits, a poisonously green, expressionistic casino scene—in which the entire arsenal of formalist drips, blots, blurs, and splatters has been mobilized for a heavenly wacky style. Through May 6. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Robert Motherwell—One of the few survivors from among the original Abstract Expressionists, Motherwell is still painting within the narrow range of imagery that brought him fame. By now the works look like tired versions of the same old thing, in black and yellow. Through May 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

C. C. Wang—Descended from a family of Chinese artist-scholars dating back to the Sung dynasty, Wang, who has lived in New York City since 1949, is reputed to have the finest private collection of Chinese scrolls in the world. His own beautiful landscape scrolls, in the traditional style but with an awareness of Post-Impressionist painting, are displayed here exquisitely, as if at the Met, alongside antique brush pots, brush washers, armrests, bronze weights, and other scholar's implements. Through May 27. (China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. Open Mondays.)

The Julian Academy—An entertaining, thoughtful salon-style exhibition that assembles scores of paintings and drawings and a few sculptures by artists who taught or studied at the famous French art school from 1870 to 1930. Among the standouts are works by Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant, Fernand Khnopff, Emile Bernard, Louis Michel Eilshemius, and Henri-Georges Charrier. Through May 13. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Group Shows—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: "Uncommon Spirit" traces the development of American sculpture through the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The folk tradition is represented by some fine weathervanes and whirligigs; the neoclassical by a lot of silly bronzes of winged nudes and frolicking women (with the exception of the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens); and the modern (much of it inspired, in part, by folk) by the delightful, ever-fresh work of Elie Nadelman, John Storrs, Paul Manship, and William Zorach. Through June 9. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: In "Bohemian Night Life: 1910-1935," the dark and sinister Berlin night favored by the German Expressionists is glossed over in favor of the sweaty, sassy, and ever-populist American burlesque of same. Included are an early Stuart Davis painting of a buxom dance-hall singer depicted in Ashcan style; a racist drawing of black tap dancers by Miguel Covarrubias, the Mexican illustrator for *Vanity Fair;* and a fine Reginald Marsh watercolor of some hip-shaking women, which drips with sex. Through June 1. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of 1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir, and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. They renew even a hardened skeptic's faith in the magic of painting. Through June 30. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: "Abstract Expressions" is a fine display of a few sculptures and a dozen abstract paintings made primarily in New York in the fifties and early sixties by accomplished artists, mostly of the second tier. Alfred Leslie's, Conrad Marca-Relli's, and Theodoros Stamos's paintings bear witness to the winding down of expressionistic abstraction. Through May 31.

Short List—**giorgio cavallon,** McCoy, 19 E. 71st (through June 1); **henry moore,** Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through May 27).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Giovanni Anselmo—This new installation of work by perhaps the most sparely elegant and sphinx-like of the artists associated with the Arte Povera movement includes seven "paintings," each composed of a big, sumptuous, different-colored slab of granite winched onto a canvas support. Also, a slide projector that projects the word "*particolare*" ("detail") onto the viewer, in small letters, at roughly breast level. Through May 13. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas—Thirty-six small abstract studies on unstretched canvas, in box frames. Dzubas's modest daubs of color create great radiance and some amazingly specific dramatic effects. This show is intensely pleasurable. Through May 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—While Jackson Pollock was busy liberating paint over here, Fontana was in Italy slashing his monochrome canvases. The results were often surprisingly poetic (and about as accidental as Arp's "chance" compositions), and here are some exquisite examples, gathered under the auspices of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, of Venice. Through June 16. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—A lot of pale pencil drawings; a few major paintings, including several pointillistic park scenes; and some fascinating extras, like Klimt's caftan. Through June 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—A fantastic and utterly disingenuous show of paintings from the twenties and early thirties: the long-spurned and now famous "Transparences." The filmy layers of superimposed imagery in these works—as well as the images themselves—may be the most widely and successfully imitated compositional device in art of the last decade. Seductive, sophisticated, sentimental, deranged—these paintings are altogether transcendent. Through June 3. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Ryan—New paintings. This classicist's still-lifes and architectural études come in mustard- and ketchup-toned monochromes, are very tightly rendered, and are academic in the extreme. Through May 17. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Hubert Scheibl—Forceful, even-keeled abstract paintings by a younger Austrian artist who studied with Arnulf Rainer. The colors here tend to be tonal—descriptive rather than expressive—but the surfaces are intensely textured, and the images are full of evocations of fireworks, astral phenomena, and satellite photographs of planets. Through May 6. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—"Jazbop: Visual Jazz" is one of those shows (Titolo's sixth here) full of all sorts of wonderful, ebullient, life-affirming artifacts that say only that the artist is one helluva creative, busy-busy guy. Through May 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—"The Case for Plywood" sounds like an interesting and timely subject—this material turns up in all sorts of work lately, in all sorts of new ways—but, though Christopher Lucas's wavy relief and John Torreano's facetted "Jewel" provide some convincing evidence, this show doesn't make the case for it at all. Through May 17. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**diane arbus and alice neel,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 20); **norman bluhm,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 20); **colleen browning,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through May 20); **marisol,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St., open Mondays (through June 3); **peter saul,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 30).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Louise Bourgeois—The third show in a month of shows by this wonderful and perverse quick-change artist consists of many spindly wooden totems from the fifties. Bourgeois's approach to this august archetype suggests

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the kind of release that can be obtained in such activities as bead stringing, stack making, color coding, and spinning, when repetition turns into rhythm. Some fervently scratchy drawings from the same period are also on view. Through May 13. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Saint Clair Cemin—In one of these sculptures, a bronze biomorphic form, its feet attached *to thin white metal sheets, floats in the air*—a somewhat magical, thought-provoking work, in which the support and the supported become fused. Many of the other works are little more than highly aestheticized pedestal sculptures, decadent and glib. Through May 20. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Brett de Palma—These new paintings and their wild-and-crazy, beatnik-pundit world view have something in common with Fugs lyrics and shaggy-dog movies by Nicolas Roeg. De Palma's once obscuring, glutinous gestures have been replaced by an intricate and fairly lucid collage-on-canvas technique. Through May 6. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Antony Gormley—A sculptural installation of life-size cast-iron wrestlers and a crowd of miniature terra-cotta figures arranged in a huge sunburst. In the psychological containment this British sculptor portrays, he invites comparison to Giacometti. Through May 31. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Mimi Gross—Whether it's in her energetic watercolors, her cartoonish crayon drawings, or her more studied painted constructions, Gross has a great touch, but whatever this show is trying to say gets drowned out by all the circus noise. Cutouts from historic paintings, like Poussin's "Rape of the Sabine Women," are everywhere. Through May 6. (Katzen-Brown, 475 Broome St.)

Christian Haub—Strange, colorful geometric paintings, most of them on colored plastic. They are both ugly and compelling—synthetic Cubism meets Colorforms. Through May 20. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Kim Keever—Carved-paint pictures of flora and fauna which aspire to the passion and sorrow of Kiefer but are, frankly, horrible. A similarity in name does not a heavyweight make. Through May 20. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Gary Lang—Plaid paintings, reminiscent of systemic grid painting (popular in the early seventies) and pattern painting (popular in the late seventies). The only mildly engaging twist here is the emphasis on abstract painting: some of the stripes consist of a single transparent stroke. Through May 6. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Peter Nadin—In his best show yet, Nadin merges an enjoyment of painting with a suspicion of its illusionism in these views of the artist's studio, with its window open and art works scattered about. Nadin plays with the theme of creative frustration as strategically as if it were a good chess match. Through May 20. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Josef Ramaseder—Abstract paintings in basic brown. Elegant and scatological—a combination unique to the late eighties. Through May 6. (Loughelton, 67 Prince St.)

David Shapiro—Segmented paintings in which different abstract compositions appear on a single canvas—something striped, say, with something spotted. They follow in an increasingly watered-down tradition of American organic abstraction. Through May 18. (Dolan Maxwell, 154 Wooster St.)

Bill Sullivan—Realistic landscapes and cityscapes with a refreshing informality. The most compelling depict synthetic sunsets in cotton-candy colors that stir the memory. Through May 20. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Yoshi Wada—A captivating, well-orchestrated sound sculpture involving a computer, an electronic keyboard, wires leading everywhere, a garbage can emitting electronic beeps, wall-mounted fire alarms, droning sirens, and two rickety rhythm instruments with hammers, one pounding an oil drum and the other a suspended steel sheet. Through May 13. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Architecture—Drawings for architectural projects by some of the most interesting architects working today: Ricardo Bofill, Peter Eisenman, Zaha Hadid, Arata Isozaki, and Bernard Tschumi. The proposed projects include a sports complex for Abu Dhabi designed by an Iraqi living in London (Hadid) and a new airport for Osaka designed by a Swiss national residing in New York (Tschumi). Through May 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Group Show / Trevor Winkfield—"Around the House" is an engaging, clever theme show that puts tramp art and other well-chosen bits of American craft—for instance, a beautiful carved wooden birdcage (ca. 1890)—together with contemporary work (by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Robert Gober, and R. M. Fischer) that subverts our perceptions of furniture. Here the two categories seem quite kindred. / A one-man show of crazily patterned, precision paintings—in colors that suggest playing cards and board games—of a crazy-quilt universe peopled with queens, jokers, and knaves. One almost expects Robin Williams to crop up here, as King of the Moon. Through May 13. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Group Show—"Risibility Askew" is the labored but not inappropriate title of this spacey show. A small, crooked smile may creep over your face at the sight of "The World International Centers," Jeffrey Vallance's painted map of Tonga and Iceland; Ted Abramczyk's big, goofy sculptures—of a bell, a boat, and a table with a cubistic mandolin—might raise an eyebrow. Through May 13. (Cutler, 593 Broadway.)

Short List—**LOTHAR FISCHER,** Haller, 415 West Broadway (through May 31); **PETER FISCHLI AND DAVID WEISS,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through May 20); **VIOLA FREY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through May 31); **SONIA GECHTOFF,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through May 30); **MEL KENDRICK,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through May 20); **LOUISE LAWLER,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through May 27); **CHRISTOPHER LUCAS,** Good, 532 Broadway (through May 13); **MANUEL NERI,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through May 27); **CADY NOLAND,** American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St. (through May 6); **ELLEN PHELAN,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through May 26); **JOEL SHAPIRO,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (opens May 3); **DONALD SULTAN,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through June 4); **TOM WESSELMANN,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through June 10).

OTHER GALLERIES

Dennis Adams—Illuminated transparencies and a maquette for a new project by one of our more provocative public artists (Adams designs bus shelters, among other things). In a brutal attack on colonial arrogance, he would install in the pissoirs of Dijon floor-to-ceiling illuminated transparencies of the heads of French generals, recently detached from their statue-bodies, waiting to be evacuated from Algeria in 1962. (The proposal is still under consideration.) Through May 17. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

David Bowes—Recent paintings. Familiar icons of stately décor or theatrical artifice—Chinese Export teapots, eighteenth-century German figurines, pharaonic monuments, a clown—clash with disjunctive, stylized backgrounds. These works are daring, skillful, and bilious. Through May 20. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Jenny Holzer—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Paul Lamarre / Fred Gwynne—"Everything I Do Is Art," or "*EIDIA*" (*which is also Greek for* "idea"), is the trite tag on everything from shelves of erasers to a rack of copper pots, which Lamarre has casually relocated from his home to the Braathen Gallery. The walls are full of empty frames and dispassionate renditions of Delaunay's, Klee's, Stella's, and Jensen's colorful compositions. / In "Permanent Wave," a painting that depicts a pelican perched on a wave in otherwise calm waters, the actor who portrayed Herman Munster displays a naïve charm and conceptual cuteness. This soon deteriorates, however, into silly one-liners, demonstrating that the vein of conceptual art has been overmined. Through May 6. (33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)

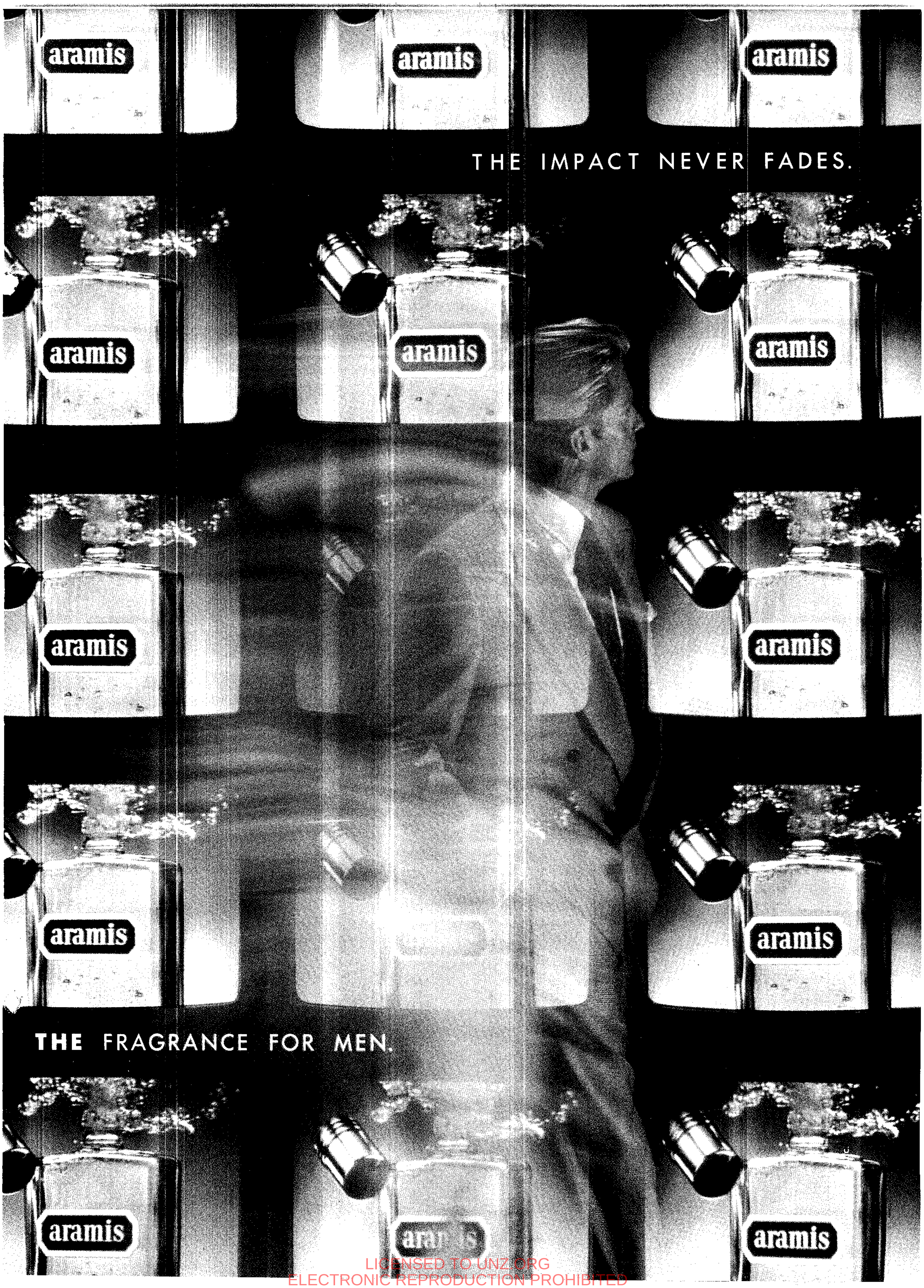
Christian Marclay—Everything in this mixed-media show has a whimsical but literal connection to sound. There is, for instance, a pillow made of crocheted Beatles tapes; two Plexiglas boxes with stereo-speaker bases; a set of altered comic-book pages whose exclamatory bubbles can be read as a score. Through May 27. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

Sylvia Martins / Vittorio Scarpati—Recent abstract paintings, in tan, buff, and burgundy tones, that are technically accomplished but academic and stiff; also, a couple of much better, jazzier, glittery sand drawings. / Scarpati's first solo exhibition consists of scores of small Rabelaisian notebook drawings in a speedy, cartoonlike style. A veritable lexicon of life's little moments, including many spent in hospital beds, where most of these funny, erotically charged, sweet-tempered vignettes were made. Through May 27. (56 Bleecker Gallery.)

Robin Winters—Just as art has become increasingly exalted and public, this mischievous artist is making works that are informal—almost incidental—and viewable only in a personal, ritualized way. The show consists of eleven small, finely crafted tables, each with a molded glass vase on top and engaging figurative drawings in its drawer. The artist will add to the drawers' contents each year for eleven years. Through May 20. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

"Document and Dream"—Four different hour-long programs of videotapes in various documentary styles, on the themes of voyeurism, racism, and alienation. Some worthwhile viewing, but be forewarned: there is no fast-forward button at hand. Through May 13. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

P.S. 1—Two major sculpture exhibitions. On the main exhibition floor is "The Drowned World," a suite of ten scherzi on the theme of the fountain. Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel are responsible for "Charybdis," the spectacular first sight of the show—an extraterrestrial tableau of fire, water, and sand, with dramatic elements, such as a slow-moving spiral and a whirring spindle, and a spotlight playing over all. (Someone really should get hold of this for the next "Ring" cycle.) Also quite grand are the lightly perspiring sculptures of Eric Orr. Not so grand but more poignant are Robin Winters' circular waterway and Rebecca Howland's "It's a Sick World." And there's more.... ¶ One floor up is a roomy, relaxed retrospective of work made since 1977 by Franz West, a liberated, puckish Austrian sculptor given to wordplay and subversive authority games (you're allowed to touch certain of his sculptures only if you're naked), with a very engaging sense of beauty which has to do with "giving form to neurotic symptoms." Through June 11. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)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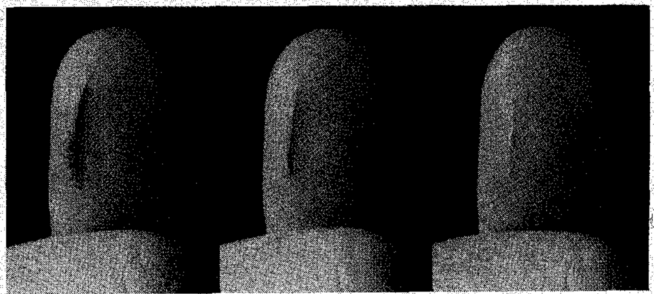

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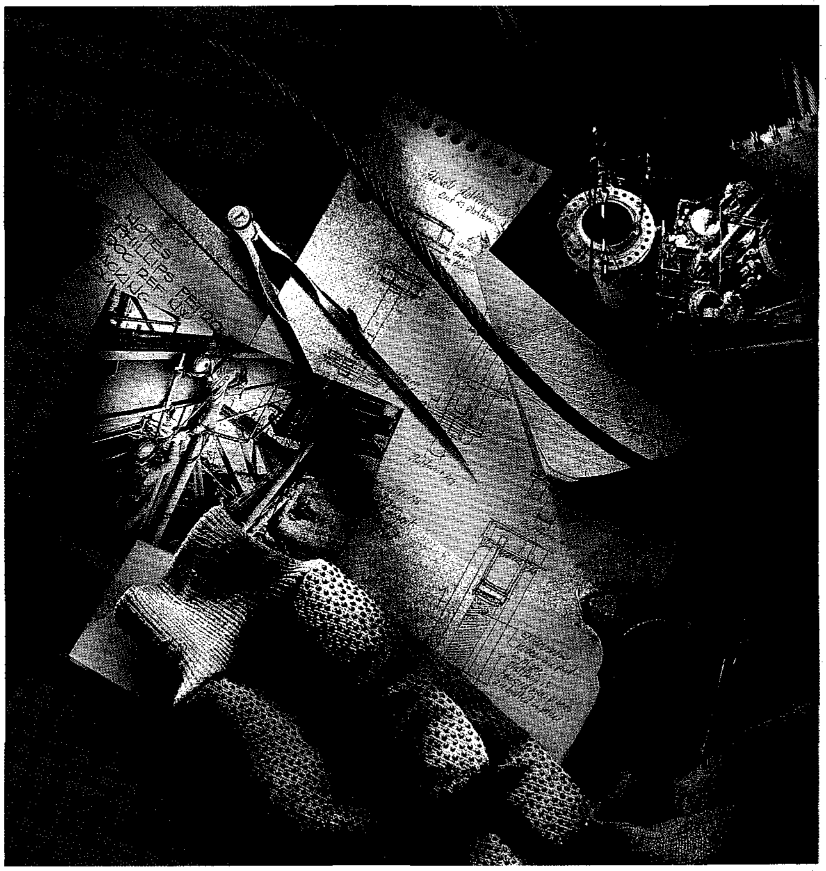

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PHOTOGRAPHY

WE have a no-nonsense friend whose casual-Socratic method of criticism makes her the ideal companion for a day at the galleries. She tosses out terrific questions. This week, after we'd seen several shows and had been staring for a long time at a photograph in Lilo Raymond's exhibition (at Pfeifer, 568 Broadway, until May 18th), she whispered, "Why do unmade beds always look better in photographs than in real life?"

She's right. At home, you feel ashamed if anyone but your nearest and dearest sees your blankets and sheets all rumpled up or your pillows mushed. But in a frame an unmade bed takes on a whole new dimension: art. Imogen Cunningham, Eva Rubinstein, and many others have produced memorable photographs of unmade beds, and today the slept-in-bed scenario is one of the most popular, surefire subjects in photography. Here's the basic formula: white sheets and pillowcases (none of those newfangled patterned ones), no blankets or people (preferably), and flimsy curtains with a touch of breeze on them (optional, but lends a certain sensuality). All sorts of variations on the theme occur. As we went on about our rounds, we noticed a version of the unmade bed in a new show by Bill Costa (at Puchong, 36A Third Ave., through May 6th). Called "Holy Trinity," it replaces the curtains with three white rumpled shirts and adds another ubiquitous theme-about-town: the athletic male in Jockey shorts. As for the Lilo Raymond show, except for the unmade bed that led our friend to make her observation about the difference between art and life, this time her photographs are disappointing. But Raymond helped us figure out what to do when visitors drop in and the bed isn't made: stick a camera on a tripod and say you're working.

Burr McIntosh (1862-1942)—A small, mildly interesting show titled "Polite Society 1900-1910." McIntosh was clearly an ingenious character who got around, with and without his camera. His pictures of turn-of-the-century social life are more fun than they are revealing. Through June 10. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Victor Schrager—You know you're in the presence of fin-de-siècle photography when you see a bat in the picture. Schrager's sharp use of hot and cold color and his fluidity with both flat and cubic space render this work as contemporary as microchips (which it also brings to mind). His imagery has an edge and a range not unlike David Salle's painting, but it's both colder and warmer at the same time. Through May 6. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Michael Spano—Energetic compositions made up of eight different perspectives on the same few details. The work is mostly street views, and the Cubist approach Spano takes here seems just right for the non-static nature of his main subject, the city. Through May 20. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

John Yang—The photographs in this show are so good and its subject so interesting that despite an initial skepticism over the idea of stretching golf-course photographs into landscape art, we were converted. In Yang's Cirkut-camera panoramas the topographies of the courses are so various and the photographs so rich in texture and detail that it is hard to stop looking. We would gladly slog through several sand traps to see more of Yang's fine work. Through May 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

"'Life': Through the Sixties"—Surely they had better pictures of hippies in the *Life* archives. This is a strong show despite the organizers' unsuccessful balancing act, which attempts to offset passages of tragedy with a bit of everything else, because it contains photographs—notably of civil-rights demonstrations, of Vietnam, and of the assassinations of the sixties—that are still piercing. Through May 21. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**Robert Capa,** Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **Stephen Frailey,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St., opens at noon on Saturdays (through May 13); **Emmet Gowin** and **Joel-Peter Witkin,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through June 10); **Gertrude Jekyll,** PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (through May 5); **Robert Mapplethorpe,** Bridgewater-Lustberg, 529 Broadway, opens at noon (through May 13); **Priscilla Rattazzi,** Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St., opens at noon (through May 6); **Thomas Ruff,** 303 Gallery, 127 Spring St. (through May 6); **Christopher Williams,** Luhring Augustine, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 26).

MUSIC

THE names of interesting pianists pop up like crocuses from the current concert schedule. Not superstar pianists, *interesting* pianists. (It is by no means impossible for the same person to be both, but examples are sparse at the moment.) Two are working their way through Beethoven at the invaluable uptown recital halls: Andrew Rangell, who has won a reputation for penetrating, sometimes startling interpretations in Boston, is playing at the 92nd Street Y; and John O'Conor is at the Metropolitan Museum. Horacio Guttiérez and Emanuel Ax, very much on the top solo circuit, even if not exactly household names, are to be counted on for fresh, sound exposition of the standard literature; the former is slated for a concerto appearance with the Atlanta Symphony, and the latter for a Fisher Hall recital.

Shura Cherkassky, who has settled into the role of amiable old Romantic eccentric on the keyboard scene, may be just the man to breathe life into Saint-Saëns's once-popular warhorse, the Concerto in G Minor (with the Brooklyn Philharmonic). And Edward Aldwell, one of the select line of pianists whose calling is to reimagine Bach and pass him on to a new generation, plays at Merkin Hall in a program that includes the E-major French Suite and branches out to Chopin and Brahms.

A last entry is Hartmut Höll, not a soloist but an ensemble pianist of rare and much-discussed distinction. He played for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau at Carnegie Hall last season and will again next; on May 10th he accompanies his wife, Mitsuko Shirai, in lieder at Tully Hall.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—**Das Rheingold,** with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Gweneth Bean, Graham Clark, and Hans Sotin; conducted by James Levine. (May 1 at 8.) . . . **Die Walküre,** with Gwyneth Jones, Mechthild Gessendorf, Helga Dernesch, Robert Schunk, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (May 2 at 6.) . . . **L'Elisir d'Amore,** with Kathleen Battle, Luciano Pavarotti, Paul Plishka, and Gino Quilico; Marcello Panni. (May 3 at 8 and May 6 at 12:30.) . . . **Siegfried,** with Gwyneth Jones, William Johns, Horst Hiestermann, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (May 4 at 6.) . . . **Götterdämmerung,** with Gwyneth Jones, Kathryn Harries, Helga Dernesch, William Johns, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. (May 6 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. May 6 at 7:30 and May 7 at 2:30.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—In a concert version of the 1963 Broadway show "She Loves Me," conducted by Jonathan Tunick. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. 288-1485. May 3 and May 5 at 8; May 7 at 3; and May 10 at 8. Through May 21.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. May 2 at 7:30: Works by Brahms and Ginastera, as well as the world première of Joseph Turrin's trumpet concerto. Philip Smith will be the soloist. . . . ¶ May 4 at 8, May 5 at 2, and May 9 at 7:30: Works by Dvořák, Karel Husa, Busoni, and Wagner.

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra—Yoel Levi conducting works by Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Stephen Paulus (a New York première). With Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (Carnegie Hall. May 4 at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting works by Ravel, Copland, and Saint-Saëns, and a world première by Jay Anthony Gach. With Shura Cherkassky, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. May 5-6 at 8, and May 7 at 2.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducting works by Poulenc, Maurice Wright, Arthur Honegger, and Charles Ives. With Irene Worth, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. May 4 at 8.)

Orpheus—This conductorless group will play the New York première of Fred Lerdahl's "Waves" and works by Mozart, Dvořák, and C. P. E. Bach. With Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. May 6 at 8.)

The Classical Band—This new period-instrument symphony, formed and conducted by Trevor Pinnock, will play music by Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. May 10 at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 6 at 9.)

New Calliope Singers—With Karen Krueger, mezzo-soprano; Mukund Marathe, tenor; Glen Billingsley, baritone; Sara Wolfensohn, piano; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 7 at 8.)

RECITALS

Susan Gregory—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. May 3 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Vienna Chamber Ensemble—With James Levine, piano, in music by Mozart and Beethoven. (Carnegie Hall. May 3 at 8.)

Pro Arte String Quartet—Playing contemporary works. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. May 3 at 8.)

Andrew Rangell—In the last of seven concerts of all the Beethoven piano sonatas. (92nd Street Y. May 3 at 8.)

Sylvan Winds—Playing wind octets and a double wind quintet. (Weill Recital Hall. May 4 at 8.)

Talisman—A six-member male a-cappella group. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. May 4 at 8.)

MUSIC—Cont'd

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—In his farewell appearances as the director of the Chamber Music Society, Charles Wadsworth will play the piano in Poulenc's "Sextet for Piano and Winds." Also performing are Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Carter Brey, cello; Osian Ellis, harp; and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. May 5 at 8, May 6 at 2, and May 7 at 5.)

Mozartean Players—An original-instruments group directed by Steven Lubin, fortepiano. Works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. May 5 at 8.)

Elie Siegmeister Birthday Concert—Solo works for piano, composed between 1929 and 1987, will be performed by Alan Mandel. (Weill Recital Hall. May 5 at 8.)

John O'Conor—Piano, in the fourth of eight concerts devoted to the Beethoven sonatas. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. May 6 at 8.)

Evelyn Simon—Soprano, with assisting artists. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. May 6 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi—Piano, performing works by Beethoven, Schubert, and Liszt. (Carnegie Hall. May 7 at 2.)

"Music and More"—The last in a series of four concerts-cum-commentary. With Israela Margalit, piano; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Ray Hornblower, tenor; and the Shanghai String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 7 at 3.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano, in works by Beethoven, Schoenberg, Liszt, and Brahms. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 7 at 3.)

Paul O'Dette—Lute. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121 St., just east of Broadway. May 7 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord, in works by German composers. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. May 8 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, with Roger Kellaway and Judith Gordon, piano; and Lynn Chang, violin. Works are by Bloch, Stravinsky, Kirchner, and Mr. Kellaway. (92nd Street Y. May 8 at 8.)

Edward Aldwell—Piano, performing works by Bach, as well as by Chopin and Brahms. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 8 at 8.)

Music Today—Presenting the Audubon, Blair, and Colorado String Quartets, in works by Ezra Laderman. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 9 at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Leon Kirchner seventieth-birthday celebration, in which Mr. Kirchner will play the piano in two of his own compositions. With Randall Ellis, oboe; Laura Flax, clarinet; David Jolley, horn; Ida Kavafian, violin; Frank Morelli, bassoon; and others. (92nd Street Y. May 9-10 at 8.)

Composers Concordance—In a program of contemporary American chamber music. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. May 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

José Carreras—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. May 10 at 8.)

Mitsuko Shirai—Mezzo-soprano, with Hartmut Höll, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. May 10 at 8.)

JAZZ/ROCK/POP/ PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Bunny Wailer—Bob Marley's original backup man is jammin' here with the Skatalites, in what may prove to be an evening of classic reggae: songs about freedom, love, and taking it easy. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. May 4 at 8.)

Judy Tenuta—The self-billed "petite flower, giver, goddess, fashion plate, saint" will likely tell a few stories that go nowhere, sing her own weird songs, and benevolently deliver barbs at idiots, roommates, her family, and, most of all, the takers of the world. We'd add raunchy comedienne and frowzy accordionist-singer to her title but—to borrow one of her own favorite phrases—we'd *"mean it as a compliment."* (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. May 4-5 at 8.)

Judy Tenuta

"MTV Headbanger's Ball"—With Anthrax, Exodus, and Helloween. If you're headed to this concert, you know your metal, and you appreciate pure thrash. Wear your Metallica T-shirt, but leave the George Michael at home. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. May 5-6 at 7:30.)

Harry Connick, Jr.—A protégé at age ten of New Orleans jazz great James Booker, Harry Connick, Jr., now twenty-one, is a piano virtuoso who plays interpretive boogie-woogie renditions of pop standards. His frenetic piano playing (his hands practically gallop along the keyboard) and his raspy, N'Awlins vocals lend wit and passion to the music of Gershwin, Ellington, and Berlin. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. May 6 at 8.)

Cowboy Junkies—At the start, the dreamlike spareness of their songs may sound a bit logy—as if the band is nodding off to its own muse—but collectively their tunes summon up the lonesome spirit of Hank Williams and Patsy Cline. The lead singer, Margo Timmins, has the voice of a desolate angel, and she is supported by a band of Canadians who play with the sweetness and sadness of the Velvet Underground on a rainy day. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 6 at 8.)

Barry Manilow—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through May 14.

"Highlights in Jazz"—With Jay McShann, Panama Francis, Harold Ashby, and others. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. May 4 at 8.)

José José—Radio City Music Hall. May 6 at 8.

Inkhay—Andean music and dance. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. May 6 at 8.)

Blues Concert—Rosco Gordon, Bob Gaddy, Killing Floor, and others. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. May 6 at 8. For tickets, call 206-1050.)

Jay Mc Shann, Claude Williams, Phil Flanigan, and Chuck Riggs—Roundabout Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. May 8 at 7:30.

Harry Connick, Jr.

Rhys Chatham—Equitable Center, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. May 9 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

David Benoit—With Elements. (Town Hall. May 10 at 8.)

Performing Garage—May 4: Diedre Murray and Fred Hopkins with the Spring Quartet. . . . ¶ May 5: Brandon Ross. . . . ¶ May 6: Lambs Eat Ivy. . . . ¶ May 7: Dorothy Scott. (33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Evenings at 8.)

Bang on a Can Festival—May 7: Twelve hours of new music. At 2: Meredith Monk, Maki Ishii, Todd Brief, and others. . . . At 5: The World Saxophone Quartet, the Kazue Sawai Koto Ensemble, and others. . . . At 8: Bunita Marcus, Jeffrey Mumford, Julia Wolfe, Steve Reich, and others. . . . At 11: Ken Gaburo, David First, and works by Charles Ives and Karlheinz Stockhausen. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: Louis Andriessen and Frederic Rzewski. (R.A.P.P. Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-5921. Through May 14.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, May 3-4 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Houston Astros, May 5 at 7:35, May 6 at 2:20, and May 7 at 1:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Kansas City Royals, May 1-2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Texas Rangers, May 8-10. (Game time: 7:30.)

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: May 1 and May 3-8 at 1. . . . Belmont opens its gates May 10 at 1. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

Couples—The Trevira Twosome, a ten-mile race for very fast couples, starts in Central Park on May 6 at 10:30.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—BASKETBALL

N.B.A. Playoffs—On May 2, Rick Pitino takes his Knicks to the Spectrum in Philadelphia for the third game against the 76ers. The next two games, if needed, are on May 4, also at the Spectrum, and on May 7, at the Garden.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Ship Shape—A day of come-one, come-all spring cleaning of piers and ships organized by the crafty Tom Sawyers at the South Street Seaport Museum. Brass will be polished, scuppers will be painted, and decks will be swabbed. All volunteers will receive a free cap. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. May 6 at 9:30 A.M., rain or shine. To reserve a place, call 669-9400.)

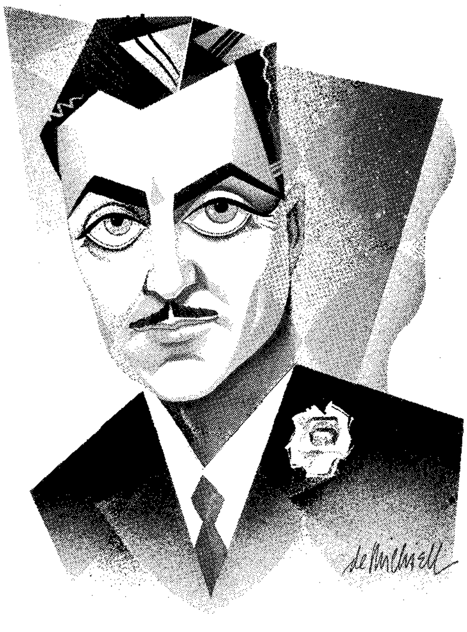
Voguing—Performers of this freeze-frame phenomenon that derives from the poses of models in *Vogue* will compete in a benefit for DIFFA, a design-industry organization that supports people with AIDS. The judges will include Alvin Ailey, Paloma Picasso, and Pee-wee Herman, and the prizes will be trophies customized by Julian Schnabel, Jeff Koons, Francesco Clemente, and others. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. May 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 727-3100.)

Question/Answer—With composer Steve Reich. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. May 4 at 6. For information about tickets, call 874-6770.)

Readings—Cynthia Zarin and Jeffrey Gustavson read from their poetry. (Mazer Theatre, Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway. May 7 at 4. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Hayden Carruth and Brooks Haxton do the same. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. May 9 at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Carrie Nye, Paul Hecht, Dana Ivey, *and others read from the stories of* Southern writers, including Anne Tyler and Larry Brown. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. May 10 at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Katha Pollitt and Jonathan Galassi read from their poetry. (Poetry Society of America, 15 Gramercy Park S. May 10 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



William Powell

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

May 2-5: The 15th Annual Global Village Documentary Festival, featuring twenty-eight film, video, and made-for-television documentaries.

May 6: "Brightness" (1987, directed by Souleymane Cissé; a Malian film, in Bambara).

May 7 and 9-10: The 15th Annual Global Village Documentary Festival.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 4: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett. From May 5: "Miss Firecracker" (Thomas Schlamme), with Holly Hunter.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Scandal" (Michael Caton-Jones), with John Hurt and Joanne Whalley-Kilmer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Through May 4: "New York Stories" (†).

From May 5: "Miss Firecracker" (Thomas Schlamme), with Holly Hunter.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through May 4: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From May 5: "Lost Angels" (Hugh Hudson), with Donald Sutherland and Adam Horovitz.

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 4: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

From May 5: "Miss Firecracker" (Thomas Schlamme), with Holly Hunter.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through May 4: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

From May 5: "Signs of Life" (John David Coles), with Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, Arthur Kennedy, and Kevin J. O'Connor.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through May 4: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert). From May 5: "Getting It Right" (Randal Kleiser), with Jesse Birdsall.

Theatre 2: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

59th Street East Cinema (formerly D. W. Griffith), 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Scandal" (Michael Caton-Jones), with John Hurt and Joanne Whalley-Kilmer.

Theatre 2: Through May 4: "New York Stories" (†). From May 5: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising (Bruce Robinson), with Richard E. Grant and Rachel Ward.

Theatre 3: Through May 4: "The Accidental Tourist" (†). From May 5: "New York Stories" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Theatre 2: "Loverboy" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through May 4: "The Dream Team" (†).

From May 5: "Listen to Me" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Kirk Cameron, Jami Gertz, and Roy Scheider.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Rain Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Lectrice" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through May 4: "Miss Firecracker" (Thomas Schlamme), with Holly Hunter.

From May 5: "Lost Angels" (Hugh Hudson), with Donald Sutherland and Adam Horovitz.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Theatre 2: "The Horror Show" (James Isaac), with Lance Henriksen, Brion James, and Rita Taggart.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "Avanti Popolo" (1986; directed by Rafi Bukaee; in Arabic, Hebrew, and English). From May 3: "Jan Švankmajer: Alchemist of the Surreal" (†).

Theatre 2: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin. From May 3: (Separate admissions) "Wings of Desire"; and "Growing Up in America" (Morley Markson), a documentary, and "My Name Is Abbie, Orphan of America" (Nicola Lanzenberg), a short documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Loverboy" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 4: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert). From May 5: "Listen to Me" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Kirk Cameron, Jami Gertz, and Roy Scheider.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Dark Habits" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wonderland" (Philip Saville).

Theatre 3: "Stealing Heaven" (Clive Donner), with Denholm Elliott, Derek de Lint, and Kim Thomson.

Theatre 4: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through May 4: "The Horror Show" (James Isaac), with Lance Henriksen, Brion James, and Rita Taggart. From May 5: "Getting It Right" (Randal Kleiser), with Jesse Birdsall.

Theatre 2: Through May 4: "The Dream Team" (†). From May 5: To be announced.

Theatre 3: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"New York Stories" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through May 4: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

From May 5: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Through May 4: "Field of Dreams" (†).

From May 5: To be announced.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through May 4: "A Few Days with Me" (Claude Sautet; in French).

From May 5: "The Rainbow" (Ken Russell).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through May 4: "Working Girl" (†).

From May 5: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through May 4: "Rain Man" (†).

From May 5: "Lost Angels" (Hugh Hudson), with Donald Sutherland and Adam Horovitz.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280).

Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 3: "Scandal" (Michael Caton-Jones), with John Hurt and Joanne Whalley-Kilmer.

Theatre 4: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Theatre 5: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Theatre 6: "Loverboy" Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 2: Through May 4: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker. From May 5: "Listen to Me" (Douglas Day Stewart), with

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Kirk Cameron, Jami Gertz, and Roy Scheider.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 4: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney. From May 5: "Getting It Right" (Randal Kleiser), with Jesse Birdsall.

Theatre 2: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through May 4: "Dead-Bang" (directed by John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson; and "Checking Out" (David Leland), with Jeff Daniels. From May 5: "Terror Within."

Theatre 2: "Red Scorpion" (Joe Zito), with Dolph Lundgren.

Theatre 3: "Loverboy" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey.

Theatre 4: Through May 4: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake). From May 5: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Theatre 5: Through May 4: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund). From May 5: "Out of the Dark."

Theatre 6: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Horror Show" (James Isaac), with Lance Henriksen, Brion James, and Rita Taggart.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 3: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 4: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen and Rubén Blades.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Theatre 2: Through May 4: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney. From May 5: "Listen to Me" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Kirk Cameron, Jami Gertz, and Roy Scheider.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"The Dream Team" (†).

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 2: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

May 1: To be announced.

May 2: "Dance with a Stranger" (1985, Mike Newell), with Rupert Everett, Ian Holm, and Miranda Richardson; and "Prick Up Your Ears" (1987, Stephen Frears), with Gary Oldman and Alfred Molina.

May 3-4: "Clouds Over Europe" (1939, Tim Whelan), with Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson, and Ralph Richardson; and "Lydia" (1941, Julien Duvivier), with Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, and Alan Marshal.

May 5-6: "Guys and Dolls" (1955, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine.

May 7-8: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965, David Lean), with Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham.

May 9-10: "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957, Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian), with Tatiana Samoilova; and "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959, Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 2: "The Fastest Guitar Alive" (1968, Michael Moore), with Roy Orbison; and "Ned Kelly" (1970, Tony Richardson), with Mick Jagger.

May 3-4: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977, Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980, Oshima; in Japanese).

May 5-6: "Bagdad Café" (1988, Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, CCH Pounder, and Monica Calhoun; and "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

May 7: "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Time of Indifference" (1965, Francesco Maselli), with Rod Steiger, Claudia Cardinale, and Shelley Winters.

May 8-9: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†); and "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982, Alan Parker).

From May 10: "Manhattan" (1979, Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Sleeper" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 1: "Teresa Venerdi" (1951, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and De Sica; and "Notes for an African Orestes" (1970, Pier Paolo Pasolini).

May 2: "A Summer to Remember" (1961, Georgi Daneliya; in Russian), with Sergei Bondarchuk; and "The Night Is My Kingdom" (1951, Georges Lacombe; in French), with Jean Gabin.

May 3: "It Happened One Night" (1934, Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "American Madness" (1932, Frank Capra), with Walter Huston.

May 4: "Punchline" (1988, David Seltzer), with Sally Field, Tom Hanks, and John Goodman; and "Comedienne" (1983, Katherine Matheson), a documentary.

May 5-6: "Head" (1968, Bob Rafelson), with the Monkees; and "True Stories" (1986, David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray.

May 7: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, François Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960, Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

May 8: "Bull Durham" (1988, Ron Shelton), with Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon, and Tim Robbins; and "Eight Men Out" (1988, John Sayles).

May 9: "Dillinger" (1973, John Milius), with Warren Oates, Ben Johnson, and Michelle Phillips; and "Al Capone" (1959, Richard Wilson), with Rod Steiger, Fay Spain, and Martin Balsam.

May 10: "The Miracle Woman" (1931, Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners; and "Ladies of Leisure" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 1: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "The Silence" (1964, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

May 2: "Libeled Lady" (1936, Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Love Crazy" (1941, Conway), with Loy and Powell.

May 3: "Salome, Where She Danced" (1945, Charles Lamont), with Yvonne De Carlo, Rod Cameron, Albert Dekker, and Walter Slezak; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932, King Vidor), with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

May 4: "The Chase" (1966, Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, and E. G. Marshall; and "The Night of the Following Day" (1969, Hubert Cornfield), with Brando, Richard Boone, Pamela Franklin, and Rita Moreno.

May 5: "Rope" (1948, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "Rear Window" (1954, Hitchcock), with Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

May 6: "Home from the Hill" (1960, Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard; and "The Night of the Hunter" (†).

May 7: "Another Thin Man" (†) and "The Kennel Murder Case" (†).

May 8: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned"; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961, Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

May 9: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960, Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (†).

May 10: "Rashomon" (†); and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: Recent films from Argentina, all in Spanish. May 1 at 2:30: "The Lost Republic I" (1983, directed by Miguel Perez). . . . ¶ May 1 at 6: "Poor Butterfly" (1986, Raul de la Torre). . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "Made in Argentina" (1986, Juan José Jusid). . . . ¶ May 2 at 6: "The Lost Republic II" (1986, Perez). . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30: "Diapasón" (1985, Jorge Polaco). . . . ¶ May 5 at 6: "The Debt" (1987, Miguel Pereira). . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Gerónima" (1985, Raul Tosso). . . . ¶ May 6 at 5: "Dogs of the Night" (1986, Teo Kofman). . . . ¶ May 7 at 2: "The Debt." . . . ¶ May 7 at 5: "Diapasón." . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "The Lost Republic II." . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Gerónima." . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Dogs of the Night." . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "The Lost Republic I."

Theatre 2: May 1-2 at 6:30: Two different programs of new works by George Kuchar, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 4 at 3 and 6: "Alias Will James" (1988, Jacques Godbout), a documentary. . . . ¶ The National Film Board of Canada celebrates its fiftieth anniversary with five programs of short documentary, animated, and experimental films. May 5 at 3: Films from the years 1979-88; May 6 at 2:30: 1939-48; May 6 at 5:30: 1949-58; May 7 at 2:30: 1959-68; May 7 at 5:30: 1969-78; May 8 at 3: 1949-58; May 9 at 3: 1959-68; and May 9 at 6: 1979-88. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6:30: Short films by William Creston, who will be present.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Movie serials (single episodes, feature-length versions, marathon showings of all chapters), mostly from the thirties and forties. May 3 at 1:10: Chapters 1-7 of "Drums of Fu Manchu" (1940, William Witney and John English), with Henry Brandon. . . . ¶ May 3 at 3:15: Chapters 1-6 of "Zorro's Fighting Legion" (1939, Witney and English), with Reed Hadley and Sheila Darcy. . . . ¶ May 4 at 1:10: Chapters 8-15 of "Drums of Fu Manchu." . . . ¶ May 4 at 3:30: Chapters 7-12 of "Zorro's Fighting Legion." . . . ¶ May 5 at 1:10: Chapter 1 of "Superman" (1948); and Chapters 1-5 of "Atom Man vs. Superman" (1950, Spencer Bennet), with Kirk Alyn, Noel Neil, and Lyle Talbot. . . . ¶ May 5 at 4: Chapters 1-2 of "Dick Tracy vs. Crime Inc." (1941); and the feature-length version of "The Masked Marvel" (1943, Bennet), with William Forrest, Louise Currie, and Johnny Arthur. . . . ¶ May 5 at 7:30: Selected episodes from four silent serials, "A Woman in Grey" (1920), "Officer 444" (1926), "Sunken Silver" (1925), and "The Tiger's Shadow" (1928). . . . ¶ May 6 at 1: Chapters 6-15 of "Atom Man vs. Superman." . . . ¶ May 6 at 4: Chapters 1-8 of "The Spider's Web" (1938, Ray Taylor and James W. Horne), with Warren Hull and Iris Meredith. . . . ¶ May 6 at 7:30: Chapters 1-8 of "Blackhawk" (1952, Bennet), with Kirk Alyn, Carol Forman, and John Crawford. . . . ¶ May 7 at 1: Chapters 9-15 of "The Spider's Web." . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: Chapters 9-15 of "Blackhawk." . . . ¶ May 10 at 1:10: The feature-length version of "Spy Smasher" (1942, Witney), with Kane Richmond and Marguerite Chapman; and selected episodes of "S.O.S. Coast Guard" (1937).

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—May 1 at 8: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker. . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "India Cabaret" (Mira Nair) and "Ika Hands" (Robert Gardner). . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: An appearance by the German filmmaker-performers known as Schmelzdahin—Jochen Lempert, Jürgen Reble, and Jochen Müller. . . . ¶ May 4 at 8: Three new films by the German composer-filmmaker Mauricio Kagel. . . . ¶ May 4 at 10:30: "Crazed Fruit" (1956, Nakahira Yasushi; in Japanese). . . . ¶ May 5 at 8: A number of silent films inspired by André de Lorde's play "Au Téléphone." . . . ¶ May 5 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ May 6 at 8: Five new films—"Brute Charm" (Emily Breer), "The Lost Domain" (Peter Herwitz), "Notebooks 1 and 2 (The Darker Seasons)" (Herwitz), "The Living Rock" (Caroline Avery), and "Limn IV" (Konrad Steiner). . . . ¶ May 6 at 11: "Alice"

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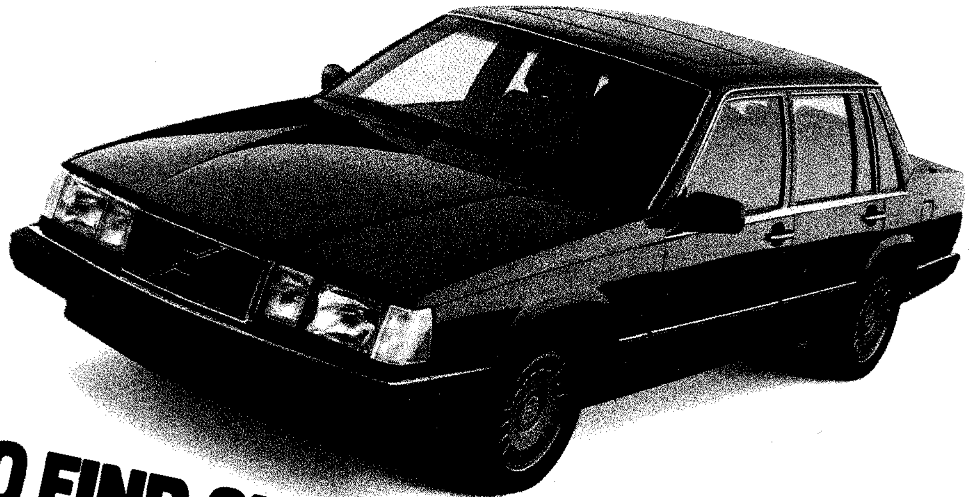

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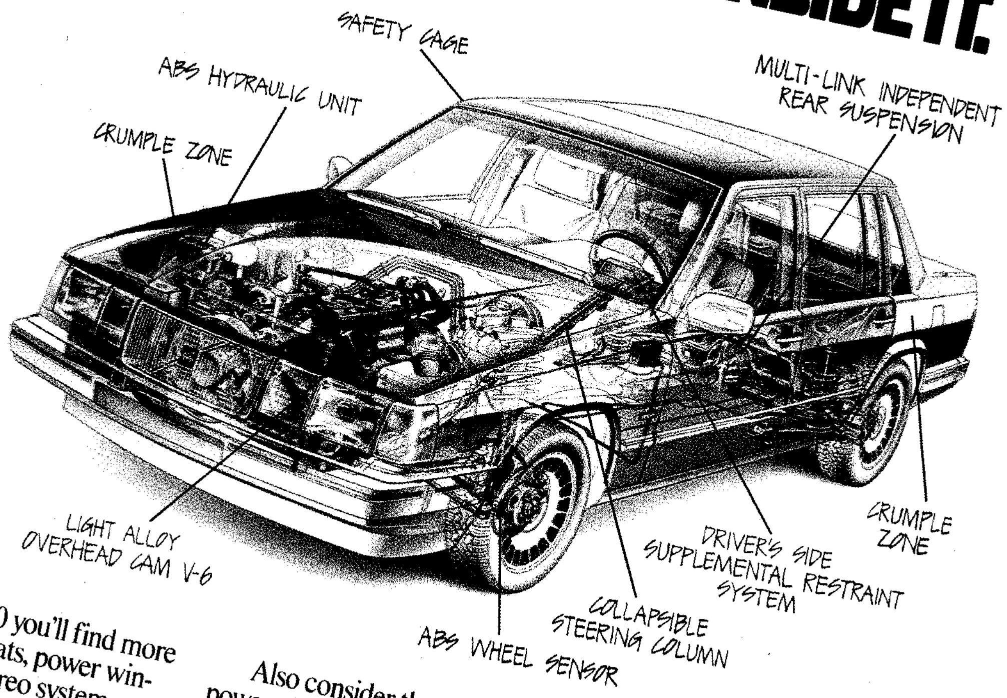
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

(†). . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: "Secret Story—The Female Market of Burning Desires" (1974, Tanaka Noburu; in Japanese) and "893 Gurentai" (1966, Nakajima Sadao; in Japanese). . . . ¶ May 7 at 8: "Sodom" and "A," two new films by Tom Rhoads, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "Road House" (1948, Jean Negulesco), with Richard Widmark, Ida Lupino, and Cornel Wilde. . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: Two films based on Blaise Cendrars's novel "Gold: Being the Marvelous History of General John August Sutter"—"Sutter's Gold" (1936, James Cruze) and "Der Kaiser von Kalaifornien" (1936, Luis Trenker; in German). . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: New films by German filmmakers Michael Brynntrup, Penelope Buitenhuis, Katharina Peters, and Michael Krause.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial Exhibition. Through May 3: "Relatives" (1988)—a live solo performance by Constance DeJong with a videotape by Tony Oursler. . . . ¶ Starting May 9: "The Last Night of Rasputin" (1989), a film by Eleanor Antin, who will introduce it with a dance performance. Showings Tuesdays at 1:15 and 6:30, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 1:15.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—MB Playhouse, a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the last thirty years. May 2-6: Samuel Beckett's "Happy Days" (1980, PBS), with Irene Worth. . . . Starting May 9: Alan Bennett's "An Englishman Abroad" (1983, BBC), with Coral Browne and Alan Bates. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from comedy series. May 2-6: Two programs of "The Comedians" (1972), hosted by Carl Reiner; and "The Lively Arts: Ernie Kovacs" (1961), an interview with Kovacs. . . . Starting May 9: "Bob and Ray: The One and Only" (1972). Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 5 at 6 and 8:20: "Epitome" (1953, Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese), based on a novel by Shusei Tokuda.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films from Vietnam. May 5 at 3: "The Abandoned Field—Free Fire Zone" (1979, Nguyen Hong Sen). . . . ¶ May 5 at 7: "A Quiet Little Town" (1986, Le Duc Tien).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—May 3 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Au Revoir les Enfants" (1987, Louis Malle; in French). . . . ¶ May 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Le Schpountz" (1938, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Démazis, and Charpin.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Accidental Tourist—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema 3rd Avenue; through May 4.)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (4/3/89) (Coronet, and Waverly.)

Alice—The Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words. He animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. The director—a self-described "militant Surrealist," who has been making short films since 1964—brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material, and his approach sometimes seems overly formal, a little rigid. But this is an extraordinary piece of work. There are sequences that are small miracles of stop-motion animation: the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. "Alice" is a brilliant demonstration of the connection between a child's imagination and the lonely, obsessive craftsmanship of a great animator. Alice is played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová; she's the only human being in the movie.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Collective for Living Cinema; May 5-6 at 11 P.M.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke; screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 86th Street East Twin, and Festival.)

Dark Habits (1983; "Entre Tinieblas")—This amusingly erratic convent farce by the Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar shows us his naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his later movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) Cristina S. Pascual plays Yolanda, a Madrid night-club singer, who hides out from the police in a convent that specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies. The Mother Superior (Julieta Serrano) is so avid to recruit sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) The jokes are sometimes labored; still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma. And he catches something very appealing in the musical numbers, especially at the convent party where three singing nuns (including Carmen Maura on the bongos) serve as backup singers for Yolanda. In Spanish.—P.K. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

The Dream Team—As a wisecracking, intermittently violent lunatic, Michael Keaton electrifies this quirky farce; in a restaurant scene, he's like a James Cagney character—doing something he knows he shouldn't while his face tells us how thoroughly he's enjoying it. Keaton, Peter Boyle (he has some of his best moments since "Young Frankenstein"), Christopher Lloyd, and Stephen Furst are patients in a mental

"Miss Firecracker"

hospital who are taken on an excursion and then stranded in an unstructured loony bin, New York City. Directed by the (erratic) slapstick specialist Howard Zieff, from a script by Jon Connolly and David Loucka, the film isn't the knockout it might have been if it had a few big wild routines. And, yes, it's sentimental. But the sentimentality isn't overplayed, and Keaton's fast rap cauterizes much of it. With Dennis Boutsikaris, Lorraine Bracco, Jack Duffy as the shopkeeper in the Army-Navy store, and Larry Pine as the advertising executive.—P.K. (4/17/89) (Warner. . . . ¶ Beekman, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through May 4.)

Field of Dreams—Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. The writer-director, Phil Alden Robinson (who adapted W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel, "Shoeless Joe"), may treat us as if our brains were mush, but he'd just about have to be sincere to work so methodically, putting each new miracle in its narrative slot, and providing this doggerel emotion, these corn-fed epiphanies. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown as the father, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bay Cinema, 59th Street East Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 4.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting? With Kim Walker as tall, blond Heather Chandler. —P.K. (4/17/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Jan Švankmajer: Alchemist of the Surreal—The films of the Czech animator Jan Švankmajer are magically sinister and grotesquely witty, like the stories of E. T. A. Hoffmann. Even more than the 1988 Lewis Carroll adaptation, "Alice" (see above), which was Švankmajer's first feature film, the eight shorts in this program (made between 1964 and 1983) are evidence that this is one of the rare, great artists of the uncanny. The films are fiercely concentrated, prodigiously inventive, and as unnerving as half-remembered nightmares. Several of them mix live action with different styles of animation—puppets, clay, objects—and one, "The Ossuary," is strictly documentary (it's the least successful of these films). There are four outright masterpieces here, each amazingly distinct from the others. "Jabberwocky" is an antic and eerie interpretation of the Carroll poem, a brilliant dance of doll-house objects. "Dimensions of Dialogue" is a series of face-to-face encounters of variously composed heads. "Down to the Cellar" is a suggestive little story (largely live-action) about a small girl's adventures in a dark basement. Perhaps best of all is "The Fall of the House of Usher," a horror film like no other: Poe's text is illustrated entirely by black-and-white images of an empty, ruined house and the bleak landscape surrounding it, and Švankmajer seems, somehow, to animate the very processes of nature—to show us centuries of decay in fifteen minutes. The other films included are "The Last Trick" (his first), "Punch and Judy," and "The Flat."—T.R. (Film Forum 1; starting May 3.)

The two Hitchcock pictures showing on May 5th at Theatre 80 St. Marks both star James Stewart, but that's not what's most interesting about them. This double bill of "Rope" and "Rear Window" is virtually a short course in Hitchcock as formalist, a demonstration of how good and how bad he could be when he constructed his movies as technical experiments. "Rope" (1948) is one of the strangest stunts in film history: it takes place on a single set (it was based on a play) and is filmed entirely in ten-minute takes, edited to create the illusion that there are no cuts at all. The story, with its echoes of the famous case of Leopold and Loeb (a pair of arrogant young men who committed murder as a sort of proof of their intellectual superiority), should be fascinating, but Hitchcock seems more concerned with technique than with meaning. "Rear Window," made six years later, is equally audacious—a murder story told rigorously from the point of view of an immobilized photographer spying on his neighbors—but it's thrilling, funny, and ingenious: you can enjoy it thoroughly without once feeling that somebody should be writing a dissertation on it. It may be Hitchcock's most completely satisfying entertainment.

The Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art. (In the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together.) Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, and tedious Ralph Morgan. Directed by Michael Curtiz. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7.)

Ladies of Leisure (1930)—Though she came from the theatre, Barbara Stanwyck seemed to have an intuitive understanding of the fluid physical movements that work best on camera; perhaps she had been an unusually "natural" actress even onstage. This was her first big hit in the movies. Under Frank Capra's direction, she plays a tough "party" girl (euphemism for call girl) who poses for a wealthy young artist (Ralph Graves); he sees in her the spirituality that she attempts to deny. The story is a museum piece of early-talkies sentimentality, but, in a way, that only emphasizes Stanwyck's remarkable modernism.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 10.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld; through May 4.)

La Lectrice—Michel Deville's film has a gimmicky structure: a woman (Miou-Miou), in bed with her lover, reads aloud to him Raymond Jean's novel "La Lectrice," which is about a woman who makes her living by reading to people. The woman in bed naturally casts herself as the novel's heroine, and for most of the movie we watch Miou-Miou, as the professional reader, entertaining her various clients: a paralyzed teen-age boy, to whom she reads Maupassant and Baudelaire; a general's widow, to whom she reads Marx and other political literature; a nervous businessman, whom she treats to Marguerite Duras; and so on. It's a very precious conceit. The movie is punishingly dull, because Deville is so smug about his middlebrow literacy and his mild whimsies. Miou-Miou is charming, though in a practiced, self-conscious way that isn't enjoyable. "La Lectrice" fancies itself a celebration of the delights of reading and, in a backhanded way, it sort of is: it makes you feel like staying in bed and never, ever going to the movies again. Also with Patrick Chesnais, Régis Royer, and, as the widow, the radiant Maria Casarès (of "Children of Paradise," "Orpheus," and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne"). In French.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Let's Get Lost—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Film Forum 2.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Guild. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Cinema II; through May 4. . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue; starting May 5.)

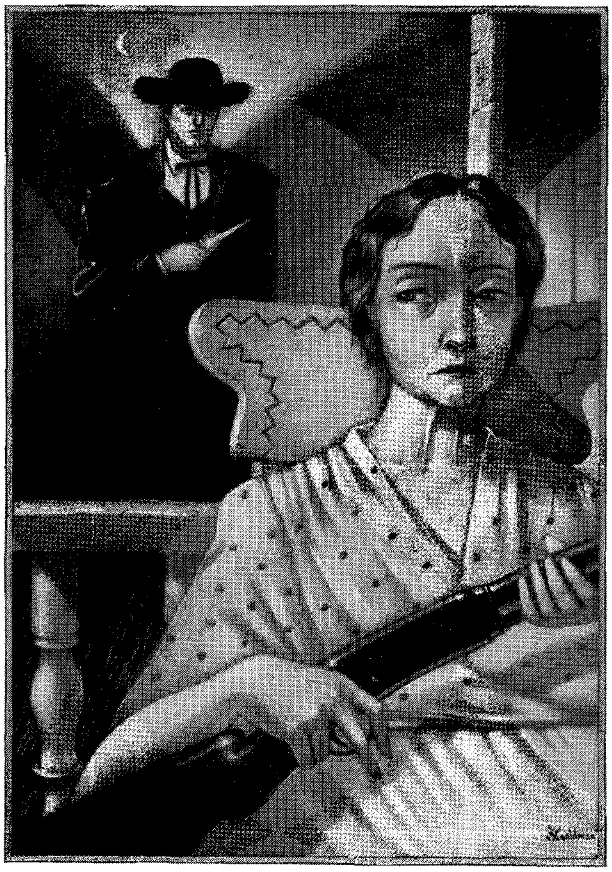
The Night of the Hunter (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose in life is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a lovely young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. Also with Slim Pickens, Timothy Carey, Ben Johnson, and Elisha Cook, Jr. The picture is of variable quality: it has some visual grandeur; it also has some bizarrely brutal scenes. It isn't clear why Brando made this peculiarly masochistic revenge fantasy, or whether he hoped for something quite different from what he finished with.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through May 4.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through May 4.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants, each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct, and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of Veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, and Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. In Japanese.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)



Robert Mitchum and Lillian Gish in "The Night of the Hunter"

She's Gotta Have It (1986)—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16 mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Spike Lee himself as the jive artist Mars. The jazz score is by his musician father, Bill Lee.—P.K. (Cinema Village; May 5-6.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his comedies, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen, and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting May 10.)

U2: Rattle and Hum—A concert film starring the popular Irish band U2. The director, Phil Joanou, tries to hold the movie together with documentary footage showing the band "discovering America" in various ways: visiting Graceland; recording a song at the Sun Studio in Memphis; performing "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" with a gospel choir (New Voices of Freedom) in a Harlem church; listening to street musicians; rehearsing with B. B. King. But there's nothing, really, to document: this is just a band on tour, allowing themselves to be filmed in a handful of staged "candid" moments. The movie is exhilarating anyway, because the music, which rarely stops for more than a couple of minutes at a time, is mostly wonderful: fierce, soaring rock and roll, played with overwhelming conviction. And most of the film is shot in an elegant, rough-textured black-and-white that serves the music beautifully. (When Joanou switches to color for a stadium concert, it looks all wrong: the lighting effects seem garish and pretentious.) The lead singer, Bono, struts and poses too much, and the other band members (guitarist The Edge, bass player Adam Clayton, and drummer Larry Mullen, Jr.) are physically inexpressive, yet the group's performances are riveting.—T.R. (Cinema Village; May 8-9.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, Alec Baldwin, Kevin Spacey, Nora Dunn, Philip Bosco, and Olympia Dukakis. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Cinema 3; through May 4.)

FROM THE TERRACE

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HARDLY a day goes by without a news story that in one way or another confirms that the United States is in the process of becoming a leading member of a community of nations rather than a giant looming over all. We also pick up frequent signs of how difficult it is for our nation to accept this change. Officials in other countries suggest that it's hard for us to ask others to share burdens, that we are angered when once-docile allies disagree with us, that we give the impression that it's psychologically necessary for us to be No. 1. Such observations mirror back to us a swollen national ego that is not serving us well in the transition that is under way. In order to clearly see the world, and our position in it, our nation needs to accept what is happening and to view the change in a positive light.

We would do well to be alert for ideas that can help us do this. One is the concept of "natural size," which appears almost in passing at the end of "The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers," by Paul Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy points out that the change in our standing in the world does not entail an absolute decline—does not mean that we are doomed to become a relatively insignificant nation living in the shadow of past glory. It means merely that we are returning to our natural size—that is, the percentage of the world's wealth and power that we are entitled to on the basis of our geographic size, our resources, and our population. For comparison, he gives the example of Britain, which by the rule of natural size is entitled to three or four per cent of the world's wealth and power, but which at the height of the empire enjoyed around twenty-five per cent. Because of this large discrepancy, Britain's return to its natural size has been an ordeal, and perhaps the spectacle of that proud country's struggle to adjust to a sharply reduced stature has made the lessening of American power particularly painful for us to contemplate. According to Mr. Kennedy, the United States in its heyday enjoyed an extraordinary forty per cent of the world's wealth and power, whereas its natural entitlement is around eighteen per cent. But Mr. Kennedy makes the point that eighteen per cent is a lot. Our natural share is large—certainly that of a major power, and probably for a long time to come that of the primary power, even if we are not quite so far ahead as before.

The concept of natural size is an attractive one, because it helps us think of the United States as it "naturally" is—that is, apart from the somewhat artificial position of No. 1 nation, which has come to dominate our self-perception. It reminds us that our origins and traditions have nothing to do with imperial power, or with power for its own sake in any form. Indeed, we have been handicapped in trying to conduct foreign affairs as a superpower by the fact that our system was originally designed for a small, neutral nation of the relative stature of Switzerland today—a nation that not only had no need for streamlined executive power but whose deepest political instincts had to do with *resisting* power. As No. 1, we developed the convenient illusion that those very origins made us better than everyone else and thus justified imperial tendencies. A by-product of letting go of that illusion and returning to our natural size might be a rediscovery of our traditions in the light of late-twentieth-century experience. By ceasing to dominate others, we may find out who we really are. For the qualities that go with being a superpower are predictable and ultimately coarsening, and they have blurred the more uncommon national characteristics that are truly native to us.

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Another idea that encourages national modesty without diminishing national pride appeared in a speech that John Kenneth Galbraith made at a conference on "The Western Community and the Gorbachev Challenge" in Luxembourg last December. He suggested that the time of empires and superpowers may be over, because the character of the modern economy makes imperial expansion undesirable. It is one thing to invade an agricultural society and appropriate its wealth, he said, and another to swallow up "a modern, complex, intricately demanding economy." He asked, "Can the Soviets imagine that they could take over and operate the Japanese economy—a thought that, as they contemplate military expenditure, has almost certainly occurred to the Japanese? Or the Italian economy, as we hear alarming references to the undefended 'southern flank' of NATO? Or do Americans wish to have responsibility for the Polish economy? Or that of the

U.S.S.R.? I mention these matters not as final judgments but as things we should be discussing. Do we need armed troops along every frontier? Is what lies behind any longer that enticing?" If, for experimental purposes, one accepts this vision, the psychic stress of "decline" disappears, since in such a world all nations are limited. And wouldn't such a world of limited nations be more consistent with our national ideals, and hence more comfortable for us psychologically, than a world of superpower rivalries?

The possibilities such as Galbraith raises are closely related to our comfort in the national-security sense as well. We need to imagine and examine these possibilities as exhaustively as we have worked over the possibilities inherent in a bipolar struggle with the Soviet Union. At the moment, it appears that the Soviet Union is, with independence movements not only in its satellites but within its borders, returning to its natural size in a way far more drastic than anything we face. What does this mean for the United States? We have men and arms massed along the East-West frontier—probably in numbers far greater than are needed—yet the challenge for America in a multipolar world amounts to an almost unattended frontier. If such a world comes to pass and we are to flourish in it, we must begin to occupy that frontier mentally. Otherwise, obsessed with yesterday's struggle and crippled by an outdated vanity, we may shrivel, and find ourselves playing a role beneath our natural entitlement. In this sense, the arrogance that clings to a bygone ascendancy is itself a threat to national security.

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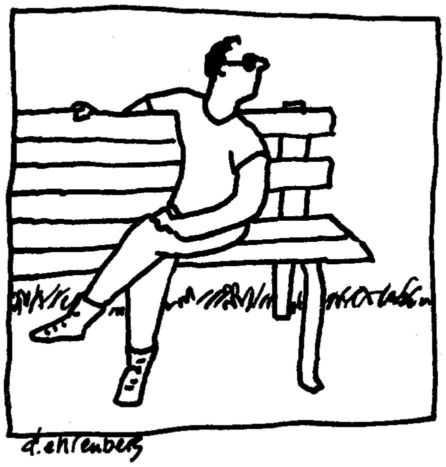
Open Road

A FRIEND writes:

I am one of those who enjoy what's left of the open road, and a couple of weeks ago my wife and I took to it once again, driving from our home, on eastern Long Island, down to the Deepest South—to Mobile, Alabama. Our route was direct and conventional: I-95 to Petersburg, Virginia; I-85 through North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia to Montgomery, Alabama; I-65 to Mobile. There is, of course, very little open road—very little countryside—in the eyesore megalopolis that stretches almost unbroken from Boston to Washington. The open road, a more or less recognizable rurality, begins to begin only when one crosses into Virginia. Everything seems to change. The speed limit jumps from fifty-five miles per hour to sixty-five and, with occasional dips, stays at sixty-five to the Gulf. Bumper stickers disappear. Graffiti totally vanish—even "Jesus Saves." There is almost no roadside litter. (It is much like passing from France into Germany.) Or, rather, the litter changes from every sort of contemporary trash to fragments of tractor-trailer tires. Some strips of tire I saw were four or five feet long. Some tires were almost whole. I passed or was passed by hundreds of trucks and never saw a tire tear loose, but the possibility—several feet of heavy, flapping rubber flying my way—was often on my mind. After we got to Mobile, I learned something more about tires. I had my first flat tire in years in a rest stop on Mobile Bay overlooking the battleship Alabama. When I went to change it, I discovered that I didn't have what used to be called a "spare" tire. I had a "temporary" tire—a tire not much thicker than a moped tire, and "safe" for only fifty miles. My car is a Subaru, but temporary tires are not peculiar to the Japanese. A tire dealer I talked to that afternoon told me that the spare tire hardly exists anymore—too big for easy storage, and too expensive. It all made me think of the "full" quarter acre and the "face" cord of firewood and the ever-shrinking candy bar.

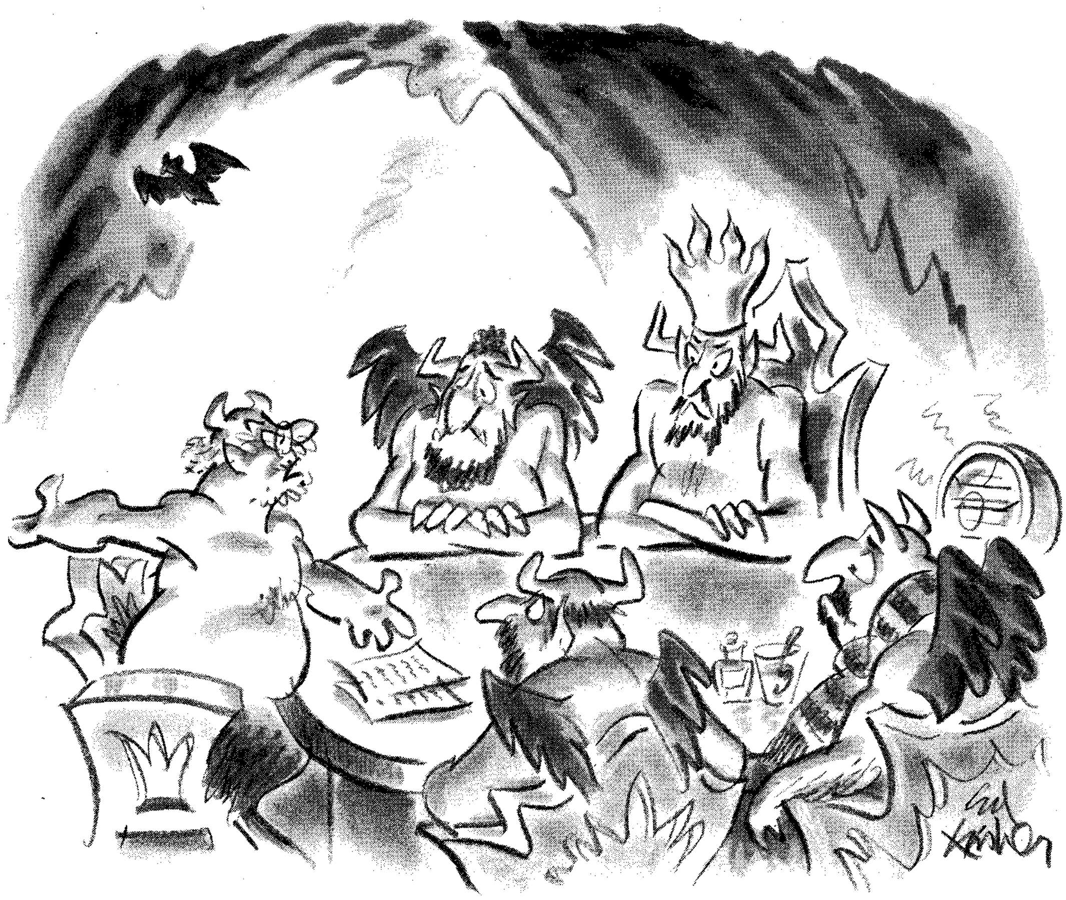
For me, one of the pleasures of the open road is the road itself, the sights and sounds along the way. I like the peaceful pastures (with the cattle usually lying down) and the lonesome pinewoods (dark and mysterious even at high noon) and the burned-out farmhouses with only the skeleton chimney still standing; and, passing through South Carolina, we were favored with an endless garden of blossoming peach trees. It was also in South Carolina that I had a scare that turned into a thrill. As we were rolling along, something the size of a bushel basket exploded from the woods beside the road, soared over the hood of the car, and glided into the woods on the other side. It was something I had never seen before, but I knew exactly what it was: it was a wild turkey.



I like the signs ("The Bible Is the Manual for Living"), the historical reminders (Manassas, Kings Mountain, Cowpens), and the many teasing place names. I remember Paw Creek and Haw River, Flat River and Ruined Creek. The only sounds on the truly open road are on the never-changing radio: a pinch of classical music near some college town (Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor), a pinch of jazz ditto (the Dave Brubeck Quartet), miles and miles and miles of country and Western, and a numbing amplitude of Christian evangelism.

Another—perhaps the greatest—pleasure of the open road is the stops along the way: the stops for food and the stops for the night. I have sometimes found no room at the motel of my choice, but I have never lacked for a comfortable bed. The motel chains must be the last really competitive American industry. There are dozens of chains, and they are everywhere—dozens almost as big and almost as ubiquitous as the Holiday Inns and Ramada Inns and Best Westerns. My wife noted down a few names: Quality Inn, Royal Inn, Motel 6, Comfort Inn, La Quinta Motor Inn, Econo Lodge, Cricket Inn, Carriage Inn, Red Roof Inn, Days Inn, Knights Inn, Kings Dominion (the apostrophe seems to have disappeared from American English), Super 8 Motel, Innkeeper, Happy Inn, Interstate Inn, Friendship Inn, Cabarrus Inn, Travel Inn, Hampton Inn, Budget Motel, Cavalier Inn. Finding a good, or even a decent, meal is more of an adventure. No one takes to the open road in search of gracious dining, but there are often pleasant surprises. Hunger and a billboard directed us to a more or less fast food place in South Carolina called Katherine's Kitchen, and there we lunched on country-cured ham-and-biscuit sandwiches that were all that country ham and country biscuits should be. Chance led us into the town of La Grange, Georgia, and a restaurant occupying a fine old house called In Clover, which offered an excellent blackened red snapper and the best chocolate mousse I've had this side of Paris. A small and out-of-the-way Ramada Inn near Greenville, South Carolina, gave us an ordinary dinner except for some extraordinary broiled local mountain trout.

Sociologists, demographers, and such should include the motel dining room in their investigations. I think one sees there something significant about America and the American people. The diners are a reasonably comprehensive cross-section of our time: they are tourists, business travellers, migratory engineers and construction workers, conventioneers, young couples, and, on weekends, local families dining out. (The motel dining room is often the only real restaurant in town.) It's easy in the course of a long trip to come to certain conclusions; in fact, it's unavoidable. Most Americans are overweight. Most Americans begin dinner with a cup of coffee. There are few women of any age over thirty whose hair is not elaborately coiffed. There is always a man who wears his hat (or cap) to the table. And most of us eat and eat and eat and never exchange a word.



"We delayed and did nothing, in spite of one environmental warning after another—and now we're freezing over!"

• •

Small Town

THE Queens Museum, which was the New York City Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair, is easy to find from just about anywhere in Flushing Meadows–Corona Park: you simply point yourself toward the Unisphere and start walking. We went to the museum on a recent Monday to meet its curator, Marc Miller, for a twenty-fifth-anniversary status report on the Panorama of the City of New York, the giant scale model that Robert Moses created for the Fair. Mr. Miller led us to a darkened balcony on the museum's second floor. The northern Bronx lay directly below. The rest of the city stretched out before us—all the way to the far end of Staten Island, a hundred and eighty feet away.

To say that the Panorama is the world's largest scale model is to understate its impressiveness. It's New York City reduced to a comprehensible size and shape: with one inch representing a hundred feet, it covers about nine thousand square feet. The Coney Island parachute jump stands two and a half inches high, and the Empire State Building rises just twelve and a half inches off the floor. The lake in Central Park is about fourteen inches from north to south. At a miniature LaGuardia Airport, tiny planes on thin wires take off and land once a minute. Night falls over the city every three minutes and lasts forty-five seconds. The view from the balcony nevertheless gives you the wild notion that maybe New York is a rational place.

The Panorama cost eight hundred thousand dollars to build, Mr. Miller told us ("That's early-sixties dollars," he said), and the job occupied twenty-five modelmakers for four years. When it opened to the public, on April 22, 1964, it contained not just every street and road and dock and bridge but every building in the entire city—all eight hundred and thirty-five thousand of them. It was a powerful tourist attraction—about twenty-six thousand people a day came through during the Fair—and it also had a practical purpose: Moses wanted the model to serve as a permanent aid to urban planning. After the Fair closed, Mr. Miller said, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority paid to keep the model updated, but in 1972 Moses left, and the Authority stopped paying. The museum took the model over, and the city financed one last comprehensive update in 1974, adding, among other buildings, the twin towers of the World Trade Center. Additions have been made piecemeal ever since, and Miller estimates that the Panorama is now something like twenty thousand buildings out of synch with the real city. There is no Javits Convention Center on it, no South Street Seaport, no CitySpire or Metropolitan Tower.

These days, Mr. Miller spends much of his time urging architects and developers to donate models of their projects. It's slow work. Scale models of individual buildings can cost anywhere from three hundred dollars to five thousand dollars, depending on materials and detail, and big projects run proportionately higher. "Battery Park City is driving us nuts," Mr. Miller said. "It's about fifty buildings, and there's no way it's going to cost less than ten thousand dollars." He sighed, and added, "Come on, let's take a ride."

Visitors to the World's Fair viewed the Panorama from pod-shaped fibreglass cars, which took five minutes to travel around a track on the model's perimeter. (This was billed as "an indoor helicopter ride over New York.") Soon after the Fair closed, the ride was shut down, and by the time the museum took over the building it had been all but forgotten. About a year ago, the museum's facilities manager, Lou Acquavita, decided to throw the switch and see what would happen. The ride started right up. Mr. Acquavita joined us now, in a huge circular space that used to be the ride's entry hall, and patted one of the cars affectionately. "This ride is so overbuilt it could survive a nuclear explosion," he said. "We talked to the people who built it. They wanted a huge retainer just to look at it, so I called a couple of friends of mine who are electricians. We did everything we needed to do for eleven hundred dollars in parts and labor." But the ride is still closed to the public ("You'd need some kind of Teamsters amusement-ride operators," Mr. Miller explained, "and the insurance would be astronomical"), and the museum officials plan to rip the whole thing out next year.

A car pulled up, and we jumped inside, brushing off the seat. Mr. Miller settled down beside us. "If it stops, don't panic," we heard Mr. Acquavita say as we rumbled away from the gate. "Just stay inside. I'll get you out."

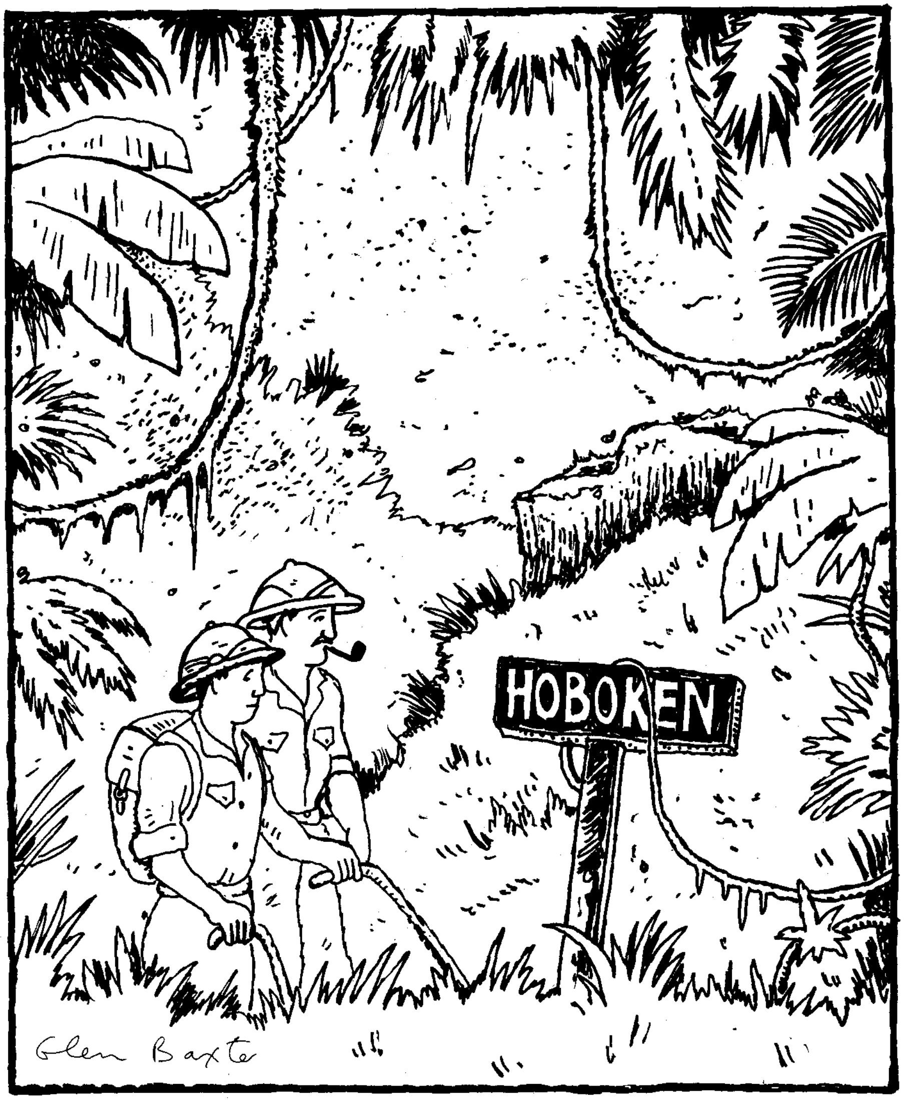
"Let's get ready for takeoff for a flight into the past and present of the greatest city on earth," the metallic-sounding voice of Lowell Thomas intoned from a speaker overhead. Our car, No. 43, rattled past the southern tip of Staten Island and swung up toward the Harbor. "Brooklyn—borough of neighborhoods," Thomas said as we rolled across the several-foot breadth of Bay Ridge. The Statue of Liberty, towering four inches tall, receded as we glided up the Hudson. Manhattan loomed into sight off our starboard bow. "New York," Thomas said. "Three hundred years ago a small trading post. Today the center of civilization." The music swelled, and we rose dramatically up from ground level, ascending to a second-floor exit in the skies. The door rolled open with a small puff of dust and revealed Lou Acquavita's face, improbably huge. "Everybody O.K.?" he said.

Winky King

RONALD GLOBUS, the eldest of three Globus brothers and the inventor of the GlobuScope, is the guy who grabbed the Vari-Vue inventory after Vari-Vue went under. Vari-Vue, a company that belongs in the annals of American entertainment right up with M-G-M and Burma Shave, made lenticular images, which are those things you have played with all your life and never had a name for: ribbed plastic pictures of winking eyes and smiling faces that look vaguely three-dimensional and give the illusion of movement when you wiggle them. You think that you still see these things around, but you probably don't—or not new ones, because the Globus brothers own one of the few cameras that can make them, and they are so busy recycling the old Vari-Vue inventory that they haven't had time to make any new ones. Today, objects that pass for "winkies" (as Ronald Globus calls them) or "flickers" (as the people at Vari-Vue used to call them) are made by a vinyl-printing process that has the same relation to real lenticular imagery that a limited-animation Japanese action cartoon has to "Fantasia."

Perestroika

How Ronald Globus cornered the Vari-Vue inventory is a long story, requiring for its proper telling a lot of fly-on-the-wall re-creations of muted conversations at La Côte Basque. Basically, however, this is what happened: The Globus brothers are leaders in the specialty-photography business, operating out of a huge rabbit-warren studio down on West Twenty-fourth Street. Ronald Globus is an inventor, and his GlobuScope—a stainless-steel oval camera with a single vertical slit on its face—is the world's smallest panoramic camera for military-reconnaissance work, landscape photography, and surveying. In addition to panoramic pictures, the Globuses make stop-action pictures and high-strobe pictures, and any other kind of picture that requires scanning a scene rather than just sitting there and watching it go by. Ronald Globus says, "When cameras got invented, they had two approaches. You've got a lens that sits still and that you open and close with a shutter, or else you've got a tiny slit that moves around. Kodak got the shutter; the Globus brothers got the slits." A few years ago, Ronald Globus became interested in panoramic 3-D. "I became friends with the late



ON THE THIRD DAY OUT OUR MORALE WAS DEALT A CRUSHING BLOW

• •

Roger de Montebello," he says. "That's M-o-n-t-e-b-e-l-l-o. This guy was a French count. An aristocrat inventor. He was working on a 3-D system; I was working on a 3-D system. He came here. He worked on the premises. We went deep into autostereoscopic 3-D, or 3-D without glasses. We heard that Vari-Vue was in trouble; we acted. Three or four million items, and cameras to make more."

Vari-Vue got its start, in 1946, by taking over the goods and inventory of an earlier lenticular-image concern, called Pictorial Pictures. The Vari-Vue factory was in Mount Vernon, and produced millions and millions and millions of flickers. After the death of its owner, Ronald Globus bought everything at auction in 1987, intending to keep the cameras and do something—what, nobody knew—with the rest. Ronald Globus claims that only after he got his hands on the millions of flickers did he have the sudden insight that the thing to do was to make the whole Vari-Vue inventory into pendants and necklaces and earrings and bracelets and key chains, and sell the stuff to the Columbus Avenue high-fashion-novelty market. Some people who know Ronald Globus, however, believe that this kind of asset-stripping was what he'd had in mind all along. ("He didn't want the cameras; he wanted those winkies," one disgruntled observer said recently.)

You have been patiently waiting for us to explain how a lenticular image works. The surface of a lenticular image is covered with microscopic rounded lenses—those things that look like little ridges on the face of a winky are in fact more like mounds—and from two to a hundred different printed images can be superimposed on the paper underneath. Images only slightly different from each other give the illusion of stereoscopic depth; if the images are very different, and you wiggle the winky in front of your face, your eyes resolve first one of these images and then the next, and you have the illusion of movement.

A good way to spend an afternoon is to look at as much of the Vari-Vue inventory as you can. There are lots of winking eyes: blue eyes, mostly with little white highlights. There are Beatles winkies: all four boys are seen together and then are transformed into one particular Beatle. There are religious winkies: St. Anthony looks down on a family in a car and then takes one of the youngsters in the back seat to his bosom while the family looks up gratefully. There are Elvis winkies: the King shakes his hips and sings. There are psychedelic winkies: they just sit there and groove. There are hard-sell winkies. There are winky collectibles, like the few remaining copies of a winky with all the Beatles hidden in flowers which was inset in the cover of the Rolling Stones album "Their Satanic Majesties Request." There are instructive winkies: one of them demonstrates how to do the jerk.

Best of all are the mildly erotic winkies. Ronald Globus likes to show these and draw a whole winky philosophy from them. One has a girl dressed in black lingerie; as you move the winky, she sweetly opens her chemise to reveal what is by 1989 standards a pretty full set of armor underneath. (Ronald Globus: "That's a peignoir she's got on. P-e-i-g-n-o-i-r. You don't see those much these days.") If you're a youngster and seem to need help, Ronald Globus will point out the gloomy truth about life which is contained within this winky. Because so many images have to be used to depict the various stages of the peignoir's coming open, not much room is left for a 3-D representation of anything else. He says, "Write this down. Women: You can get depth or you can get great hip movement. Not both—not even with a winky."

DRIVING GLOVES

I FIRST met Yura Filimonov in Taurida Palace in Leningrad, at a conference of industry-newspaper editors. I represented *Turbobuilder*, and Filimonov was there from an engineering paper called *Structure*.

Second Secretary of the Regional Party Committee Bolotnikov had the floor. At the end of his speech he said, "We have model newspapers like *Banner of Progress*. We have average ones, like *Admiralty*, and bad ones, like *Turbobuilder*. And then we have *Structure*, which is in a class by itself—it is spectacular in its mediocrity and boredom."

I hunched down a bit in my seat. Filimonov, on the contrary, proudly straightened up—apparently he felt like a persecuted dissident. Then he called out, "Lenin said that any criticism had to be substantiated!"

"Your paper, Yura, is beneath all criticism," the Secretary replied.

In the intermission, Filimonov stopped me and asked, "Excuse me, how tall are you?"

I wasn't surprised; I was used to it. I knew I should expect the usual stupid exchange: "How tall are you?" "Six-two." "Too bad you don't play basketball." "I do play." "That's what I thought."

"How tall are you?" Filimonov asked.

"Six-two. Why?"

"You see, I'm doing an underground film. I want you to play the lead."

"I can't act."

"That's not important. You've got the look I want."

We agreed to meet the next day.

I had known Filimonov from seeing him around the central newspaper offices. We had never met personally. He was a thin, edgy man with long, dirty hair. People were wary of him at the news headquarters. He was very harsh. Once, when the old journalist Maryushin died, someone took up a collection for the funeral, and approached Filimonov. He said, "I wouldn't give a ruble for Maryushin alive. I certainly wouldn't give a kopeck for him dead. Let the K.G.B. bury its informers."

Filimonov was constantly borrowing money from his co-workers, and he was reluctant about returning it. The list of creditors took pages in his notebook. When he was reminded of a debt, he would threaten, "You keep nagging me and I'll cross you off my list!"

That evening after the meeting he called me twice, for no real reason. His offhand tone bespoke our growing relationship: you can call a friend for no reason. "I'm bored," he complained. "And there's nothing to drink. I'm lying here on the couch all alone, with my wife . . ." At the end of the conversation, he reminded me, "We'll discuss everything tomorrow."

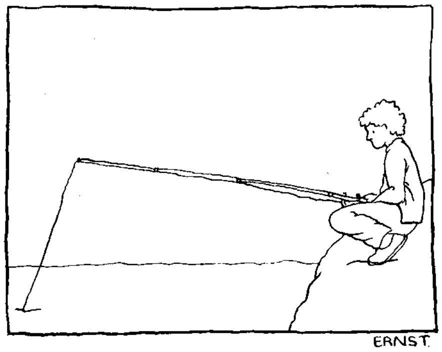
WE spent the morning in the newspaper offices. I was going over proofs, and Filimonov was laying out his issue. He kept shouting things like "Where's the scissors? Who took my ruler? How do you write South African Republic—with or without a hyphen?"

Then we went to lunch.

Back in the sixties, the canteen of the House of Journalists had been a priority-supply restaurant: it sold veal hot dogs, canned goods, caviar, marmalade, tongue, and hard-to-get fish. Theoretically, the canteen served only people who worked at the House of Journalists, including writers from the industry papers; in practice, you would find people off the street in there—free-lancers, for instance. That is, it gradually became less and less exclusive. And that meant that it had fewer and fewer hard-to-get things. By this time, all that was left of its former glory was the Zhiguli beer.

The canteen took up the northern part of the sixth floor. The windows opened onto the Fontanka. The three rooms could hold over a hundred people. Filimonov dragged me into an alcove, to a table for two. Apparently we were going to have a highly confidential conversation.

We got beer and sandwiches. Filimonov lowered his voice a bit and began.



"I turned to you because I value intelligent people. I'm an intelligent person. There aren't many of us. To tell the truth, I'm surprised there are as many as there are—aristocrats are a dying breed, like prehistoric animals. But let's talk business. I've decided to do an underground film on my own. I'm tired of giving the best years of my life to run-of-the-mill journalism—I want to do real creative work. Anyhow, I start shooting tomorrow. It will be a ten-minute film, a satire. Here's the plot: A mysterious stranger appears in Leningrad. We see right off that he's Czar Peter the Great, the man who founded this city two hundred and sixty years ago. Now the great sovereign finds himself smack in the middle of Soviet reality. A policeman threatens to run him in. Two winos ask him to chip in for a bottle. Whores take him for a rich foreigner, K.G.B. agents think he's a spy, and so on. In short, it's a drunken whorehouse of a city. The Czar cries, 'What have I done? Why did I ever start this whorish city?' "

Filimonov laughed so hard that the paper napkins flew up in the air. Then he added, "The film will be politically touchy, to put it mildly. It will have to be shown in private apartments. I'm hoping Western journalists will see it—that will guarantee worldwide interest. Who knows what the consequences could be? So, you think it over, consider. Do you accept?"

"You said to think it over."

"How long can you think? Just agree!"

"Where will you get equipment?"

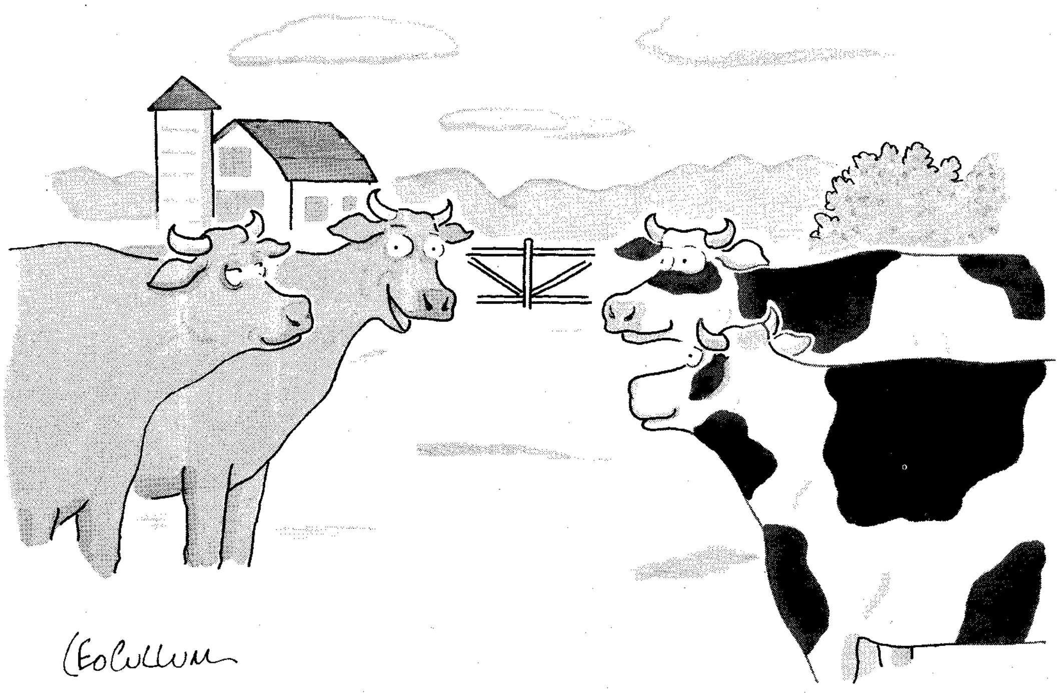
"Don't worry about that. I have lots of friends at the Lenfilm studios, from the top directors down to the lighting crew. The equipment is mine to use. I've been running a camera since I was a child. So just make up your mind. You suit me. This is a role I can trust only to someone who thinks the way I do. We'll go to the studios tomorrow, get what we need, talk to makeup. And we'll start."

I said, "I have to think about it."

"I'll call you."

We paid and went back to the office.

I really didn't have any acting talent, even though my parents were theatre people—my father was a director and my mother an actress. Of course,



"Dear, I'd like you to meet the Holsteins."

my parents didn't leave any deep mark on the theatre, which may be a good thing.

As for me, I had been on the stage twice. The first time, back in school, we put on a stage version of the story "Chuk and Gek." As the tallest, I got to play the polar-explorer father. I had to come out of the tundra on skis and then give the final monologue. The tundra was played backstage by D-student Prokopovich. He cawed, howled, and roared like a bear. I appeared onstage shuffling my feet and waving my arms—my impression of a man on skis. That was my own idea, my contribution to stage conventions.

Unfortunately, the spectators did not appreciate my formalist invention. Hearing Prokopovich's howls and seeing my mysterious movements, they decided that I was supposed to be a hooligan. There were plenty of hooligans in the postwar schools.

The girls were outraged and the boys applauded. The school principal ran onstage and dragged me off. The literature teacher had to give the final monologue.

The second time I acted was four years ago. I was working on the regional Party newspaper, and the editorial staff was giving a New Year's show for a state school. Once again I was the tallest, and they asked me to play old Grandfather Frost. I was promised three days off and fifteen rubles. They glued on a beard, gave me a white hat and jacket and a basket of gifts, and let me out on the stage.

The jacket was tight. The hat smelled of fish. I almost burned the beard lighting a cigarette. I waited for silence and said, "Hello, dear children! Do you recognize me?"

"Lenin! Lenin!" they cried from the first rows. I laughed, and my beard came unglued.

And now Filimonov was offering me a leading role.

Of course, I could have refused. But for some reason I accepted. I always respond to the wildest proposals; no wonder my wife says, "You're interested in everything except family responsibilities." By "family responsibilities" my wife means sobriety, first and foremost.

WELL, the next morning we went down to Lenfilm. Filimonov called some guy named Chipa, in the props department, and got a pass.

The room we came to was jammed with cupboards and crates. I smelled mildew and mothballs. Fluorescent lights blinked and crackled overhead. A stuffed bear reared up in the corner. A cat strolled down the long table.

Chipa came out from behind a curtain. He was a middle-aged man in a striped T-shirt and top hat. He stared at me a long time and then asked, "Did you use to work as a prison guard?"

"Why?"

"Remember the isolation cell in Ropcha?"

"Yeah."

"Remember the prisoner who hanged himself with his belt?"

"Vaguely."

"That was me. They worked on me for two hours, the bastards."

Chipa treated us to some watered alcohol and then got busy with my costume. "Take this, citizen boss!" he said, and he laid out a pile of junk on the table: tall black boots, a brocade waistcoat, a frock coat, a broad-brimmed hat, and a sword. Then he got out a pair of gloves with holes in the backs, like the ones early car fanciers used to wear.

"What about trousers?" Filimonov reminded him.

Chipa opened a crate and lifted out a pair of velvet breeches with gold braid. I pulled them on with great difficulty. They wouldn't fasten. "They'll do," Chipa said. "Use twine."

As we were leaving, he suddenly said, "When I was inside, I wanted out. But now, if I have a few drinks, I start missing the camp. What great people—Lefty, One-Eye, Diesel!"

We put the stuff in a suitcase and took the elevator down to makeup.

This was my first visit to Lenfilm. I thought I'd see lots of interesting things—creative bustle, famous actors, maybe Chursina trying on a French bikini and Tenyakova standing next to her, dying of envy. In reality, Lenfilm was like a gigantic government office: plain women carrying papers through the corridors, the rattle of typewriters from everywhere. We never did run into any colorful individuals, except maybe Chipa with his striped T-shirt and top hat.

The makeup woman, Ludmila Alexandrovna, sat me down at a mirror and gazed into it from over my shoulder for a while.

"Well?" Filimonov demanded.

"The head's not great—C-plus—but the over-all look is fantastic."

Ludmila Alexandrovna touched my lip, pulled at my nose, brushed her fingers over my ear. Then she put a black wig on me. She glued on a mustache. With light strokes of a pencil, she rounded my cheeks.

"Amazing!" Filimonov was delighted. "A classic czar!"

Filimonov dropped by to see one other pal. This one gave us two black boxes of equipment—for money this time.

"How much?" Filimonov asked.

"Four rubles twelve kopecks" was the answer. The price of a bottle.

"I heard you'd given up vodka."

"You believed that?"

Then I suited up and we called for a taxi. I walked through the studios dressed as the great emperor. A couple of people turned to look—not many.

In the taxi Filimonov explained what he wanted: "You don't need to read the script—it'll all be improvised, like in Antonioni. Czar Peter finds himself in modern Leningrad. Everything is disgusting and alien. He goes into a grocery store. He starts shouting, 'Where's the smoked venison, the mead, the anise vodka? Who bankrupted my domain, the barbarians?' That kind of thing. We're going to Vasilyevsky Island now. Galina is waiting for us with the van."

"Who's Galina?"

"From supplies at Lenfilm. She has a company van. Said she'd meet us after work. Incredibly intelligent woman. We wrote the screenplay together. At a friend's apartment. Anyway, let's go to Vasilyevsky. Do the first shots. The Czar heads from Strelka toward Nevsky Prospect. He's in shock. He keeps slowing down and looking around. Get it? You know—be scared of cars, look puzzled at signs, shy away from phone booths. . . . If someone bumps into you, draw your sword. Go with it—be creative." My sword lay on my lap. The blade was filed off, inside the scabbard; I could draw about three inches of it.

Filimonov waved his arms with inspiration. But the driver was unmoved. As he dropped us off, he asked in a friendly way, "So, what zoo did you escape from, pal?"

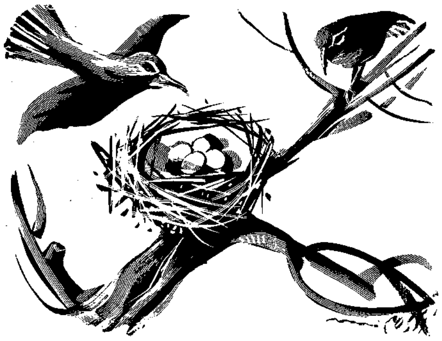
"Terrific!" Filimonov cried. "We can use that line! Found art!"

We got out of the taxi with the boxes. A minivan stood across the street. A young woman in jeans was pacing near it. My appearance did not interest her.

"Galina, you're a marvel," Filimonov said. "We start in ten minutes."

"You are the bane of my existence," she replied.

They puttered with the equipment for about twenty minutes. I walked up and down in the slush in front of the Kunstkammer. Passersby glanced at me with faint interest. A cold wind blew from the Neva River. The sun kept ducking behind clouds.



At last Filimonov said we were ready. Galina poured some coffee for herself from a thermos. The cover squeaked revoltingly.

"Go way over there," Filimonov told me, "around the corner. When I wave my arm, start walking along the wall."

I crossed the street and stood behind the corner. By then my boots were soaked. Filimonov kept delaying; I noticed Galina hand him a glass of coffee. Meanwhile, I was wandering around in wet boots.

At last Filimonov waved. He held the camera like a halberd beside him. Then he stooped behind it.

I put out my cigarette, came around the corner, and headed for the bridge. It turns out that when you're being filmed it's hard to walk. I did my best not to trip. When the wind gusted, I had to hold on to my hat. Suddenly Filimonov yelled something. I couldn't hear what he said because of the wind, so I stopped and crossed the street to him.

ALCHEMY

On the first good day of yard work
winter pours from my body,
soaks my shirt with its briny shadows.

Out of storage, window screens fleck the lawn
like great farms seen from the air.
My fingers wriggle in new work gloves,
itching to do a little digging, to join
the earthworm's long, dark translation of the world.

On the stoop by the garden, a locust has left
a carapace intact, a good idea of himself.
In his kingdom, as in most, what's done
in the name of introspection
can often be a curse.

A lone toad hops on into town, passes Big Man,
knocks back a gnat, and goes underground.

Here for a moment I am a small force
of one, even though I only turn
the soil and often fail
to recognize what I uncover.

I weed near the crocuses,
in light of their still-blooms,
clear a patch so the thyme
can send out its wild runners.

—Alan Michael Parker

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"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I couldn't hear you."

"What didn't you hear?"

"What did you shout?"

"I shouted 'Terrific!' That's all. Go on back, do it again."

"Want some coffee?" Galina finally asked me.

"Not now," Filimonov said. "After the third take."

I came out from around the corner again. Headed for the bridge again. And once more Filimonov yelled something. This time I paid no attention.

I walked all the way to the parapet. I looked back; Filimonov and his girlfriend were inside the van. I hurried over.

"Just one comment," Filimonov said. "More expression. You should be absolutely amazed by everything you see. Look at the posters and signs in astonishment."

"There aren't any signs along there."

"Doesn't matter. I'll edit them in later. Just look amazed. Every three yards, stop and clasp your hands together."

Filimonov made me do it seven times. I was exhausted. My breeches kept slipping down under the waistcoat. It was hard to smoke with the gloves on.

But finally my suffering ended. Galina handed me the thermos, and we drove to Tavricheskaya Street.

"There's a beer stall there," Filimonov said. "More than one, I think. Winos all over the place. It'll be terrific—the monarch among the lowlifes."

I KNEW the place—two beer stands and a shot spot, where you bring your own shot glass, not far from the Theatre Institute. It really was loaded with drunks.

We parked the van in a courtyard and set up there.

Filimonov whispered excitedly, "The scene is simple—you approach the counter. You look indignantly at all these people standing in line for a drink. Then you let them have it."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"Whatever you want. The words don't matter. I'll edit the sound in later. The important thing is your expression, your gestures."

"They'll think I'm an idiot."

"Fine, then say whatever you want. Ask what the prices are."

"They'll really think I'm an idiot then—who doesn't know the price of beer?"

"Then ask who's last in line. Just so your lips move. We'll dub the soundtrack to match. Go to it."

"Here, have a drink for courage," Galina said. She got out a bottle of vodka and poured it into my coffee glass.

My courage did not increase. However, I got out of the van. The show must go on.

The beer stall, painted green, was on the corner of Rakov and Mokhovaya. The line stretched back across the lawn to the Central Food Council Building. People were jammed up near the counter; the crowd thinned out farther away. At the end it was just a dozen grim and grumpy people.

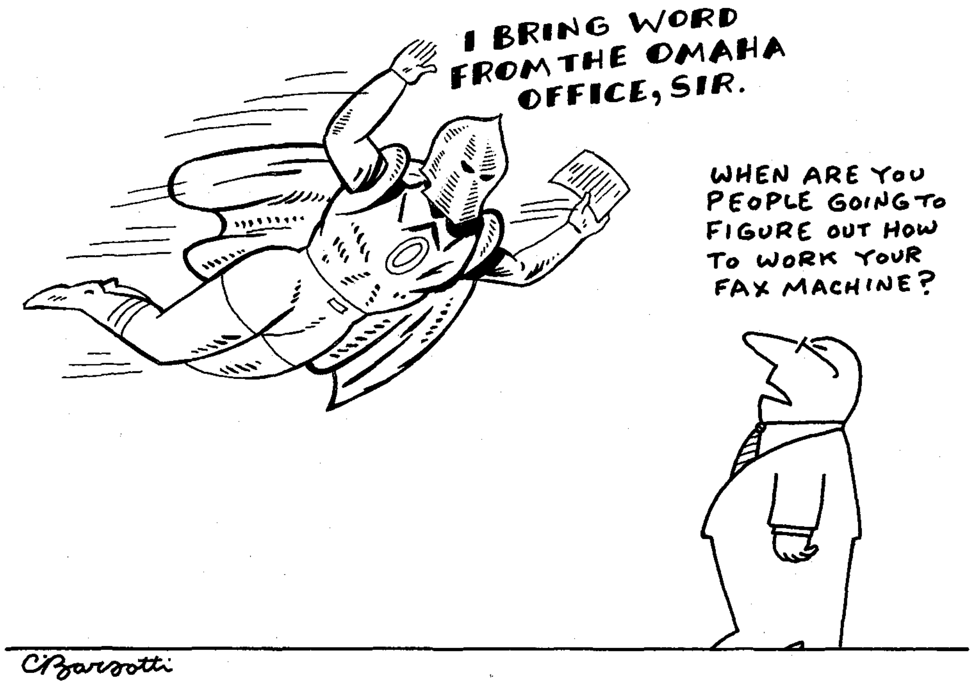
The men wore gray jackets and vests. They were aloof and apathetic, as if at a stranger's grave. Some had brought jars and teapots for the beer. There were only a few women, five or six. They were noisier and more impatient. One of them kept nagging, "Let me go ahead of you, out of respect for an old woman and mother!"

When they got their mug in hand, people would move aside in anticipation of bliss. Gray foam flecked the grass. Everyone had a small personal fire inside; once it was extinguished, people grew animated, lit up cigarettes, looked for a conversation. The ones still in line asked, "How's the beer, O.K.?" "Seems O.K.," the others answered.

I wondered how many beer counters like this there were all over Russia. How many people died and came to life again like this every day?

As I approached the crowd, I felt afraid: Why had I ever agreed to this? What was I going to say to these people—exhausted, grim, half mad? Who needed this ridiculous masquerade? They'd be furious at me.

I joined the end of the line. Two or


I BRING WORD FROM THE OMAHA OFFICE, SIR.
WHEN ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO WORK YOUR FAX MACHINE?
CBarsotti

• •

three men glanced at me without the slightest curiosity. The rest simply paid no attention at all.

In front of me was a Georgian or an Armenian in a railroad-uniform shirt. To my left stood a bum in canvas shoes with the laces untied. Two steps ahead, an intellectual was breaking matches trying to light his cigarette. He gripped his skinny briefcase between his knees.

My situation was getting more and more ridiculous. No one said a word to me, no one asked me any questions—what could they ask? Their only concern here was getting a hair of the dog. I had to talk for the camera, but what could I say to them—ask them who's last in line? *I* was.

I realized I had no money on me—I had left it in my regular trousers.

I saw Filimonov waving his fists from the courtyard, directing me. I could see that he wanted me to follow the plan—he was hoping it would make someone hit me over the head with a mug.

I just stood in line, and quietly moved along to the counter. I heard the railroad man explain to someone, "I'm behind the bald guy. The Czar's behind me. And you come after the Czar."

The intellectual spoke to me. "Excuse me, do you know Shcherdakov?"

"Shcherdakov?"

"Aren't you Dolmatov?"

"More or less."

"Glad to see you. I still owe you a ruble. Remember, we were leaving the Shcherdakovs' house together on Cosmonaut Day? And I asked you for a ruble for a taxi? Here."

I had no pockets; I stuck the crumpled ruble note into the opening on the back of my glove. I did not know Shcherdakov—a specialist in Marxist-Leninist aesthetics, an assistant professor at the Theatre Institute. A habitué of the vodka bar. "Give him my best," I said.

Filimonov headed over in a rage. Galina followed, sighing.

By now I was almost at the counter. The crowd grew denser. I was squeezed in between the bum and the railroad man. The end of my scabbard was pushed against the intellectual's hip.

Filimonov shouted, "I don't see the scenario! Where's the conflict? You're supposed to antagonize the masses!"

The line grew wary: here was some busybody with a camera trying to get people riled up.

"Excuse me," said the railroad man to Filimonov. "You're jumping the line."

"I'm carrying out my work responsibilities," Filimonov replied, thinking fast.

"So are we all," mumbled someone in the crowd.

The dissatisfaction grew, the voices got more aggressive. "There's all kinds of wise guys and jokers around here." "They take your picture and then they use you as a bad example, like 'Another Troublemaker.' " "We're just getting a drink in a perfectly civilized way, and these people come stirring up trouble." "A bum like that should be sent to the camps."

The crowd's energy was close to the bursting point. But Filimonov was angry himself.

"You've boozed Russia away, you vipers! You've lost the last remnants of conscience! Up to your eyeballs in vodka from morning till night!"

"Yura, enough! Yura, don't be an idiot, let's go!" Galina tried to pull Filimonov away.

But he resisted. And then came my turn at the bar. I took the crumpled ruble out of my glove and asked, "How much should I get?"

Filimonov calmed down immediately. "Get me a large. And a small for Galina."

Galina said, "I don't do beer. But I'll be glad to have a shot."

Someone complained, but the bum explained to the disgruntled, "No, the Czar was in line, I saw him. And the ass with the camera is with him, so it's O.K., it's legal!" The winos grumbled a bit more and quieted down.

Filimonov put the camera in his left hand and picked up his mug. "Let's drink to the success of our film! True talent will always make its way."

"You dolt," said Galina.

It was hard changing in the van, so they brought me home still in the emperor costume.

THE next day, I ran into Filimonov at the cashier's desk. He told me he wanted to get involved in human rights. So the filmmaking was over. The czar costume lay around my house for two years. A neighbor's boy took the sword. We polished the floors with the hat. Our extravagant friend Regina wore the frock coat for spring. My wife made a skirt out of the velvet breeches. I brought the driving gloves along when I emigrated; I was sure I'd buy a car first thing.

I never did get around to it. Didn't want to. I have to stand out somehow! Let all Forest Hills know me as "that crazy Dovlatov, the guy who has no car!" —SERGEI DOVLATOV

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Antonina W. Bouis.*)

A MODEL WORLD

MY friend Levine had only a few months to go on his doctoral dissertation, but when, one Sunday afternoon at Acres of Books, he came upon the little black paperback by Dr. Frank J. Kemp, he decided almost immediately to plagiarize it. It was lying at the bottom of a whiskey crate full of old numbers of the *Evergreen Review*, which he had been examining intently because he was trying to get a woman named Betty, who liked the poetry of Gregory Corso, to fall in love with him; he was overexuberant and unlucky in love and had just resolved—for example—to grow some beatnik facial hair. The little book was marked on the outside neither front nor back; it was a plain, black square. Levine picked it up only because he had been lonely for a long time and he idly hoped, on the basis of its anonymous cover, that it might contain salacious material. When he opened it to its title page he received an indelible shock. "Antarctic Models of Induced Nephokinesis," he read. This was the branch of meteorological engineering he was concerned with in his own researches—in fact it was the very title he had chosen for his dissertation. Beneath this, Dr. Frank J. Kemp's name was printed, and then the name Satis House—an academic vanity press in Ann Arbor; Levine had seen its discreet advertisement in the back pages of the *Journal of Applied Meteorology*. The date of publication was given, to his astonishment, as 1970, almost twenty years before Levine had had even the dimmest notion of the potential power of Antarctic models—a notion that, despite all his ascetic labor over the past year and a half, remained only partly elucidated. It was a radical conception of nephokinesis even today, and in 1970 sufficiently heterodox, no doubt, to have prevented Kemp from publishing his theory by any other means than paying for it himself.

Levine turned the page and saw that Dr. Kemp had, with a precision that struck Levine as tragic and fine, dedicated his work to the beloved memory of his wife, Jean, 21 May 1900–21 May 1969. Levine imagined the sorrowing, hairless scientist, slumped in a chair beside his wife's hospital bed on a spring day in 1969, his head filled with polar wind. Levine was literally horrified—the hairs on the back of his neck stood erect—at the ignoble fate that had befallen the widower's theory. It was like the horror he had felt, a few weeks earlier, when he had come across the row of bookshelves in the graduate library, where the bound dissertations were kept—a thousand white surnames inscribed on a thousand uncracked blue spines, like the grim face of a monument. It was a horror of death, of the doom that awaited all his efforts, and it was this horror, more than anything else—he really was only a few months from finishing—that determined him to commit the mortal sin of Academe.

I had been browsing among the Drama shelves, looking for a copy of anything by Mehmet Monsour, the fashionable Franco-Egyptian theatre guru, who was currently serving as guru-in-residence at the university's School of Drama. I was at the beginning of an affair with a guru-prone would-be actress named Jewel, and I had come with Levine to Long Beach only in the hope of finding something that would please her; Levine had been irritable, paranoiac, and unwashed for the past several months, and in general, I confess, I tried to avoid him. When I found nothing at all Franco-Egyptian in the Drama section I went to find Levine, who had said something about going for lunch to a local taqueria that served goat. It was the sort of thing one did with Levine, and I was halfway looking forward to it.

"Levine," I said, "let's go get those tacos." He was slouching against a fire extinguisher at the back of the store, completely absorbed in his reading, eyeglasses slipped down his nose, his mouth open. He suffered from a deviated septum and was a chronic mouth breather. His lank red hair covered one eye. He seemed unpleasantly surprised by what he was

reading, as if it were a friend's diary.

“What's that?” I said.

Levine looked up, his face first blank, then irritated; he had forgotten where he was, and with whom, and why.

“That book,” I said, with a nod. “You look fascinated. You look scared.”

With a sigh Levine stared down at the black book, and bit his lip. “It's going to be my dissertation,” he said. “Once I retype it.”

“You're going to plagiarize it?”

“I'm going to rescue it,” he said. “It and myself.”

“Is it on the same subject? There are *other* books on Antarctic models of induced nephokinesis?”

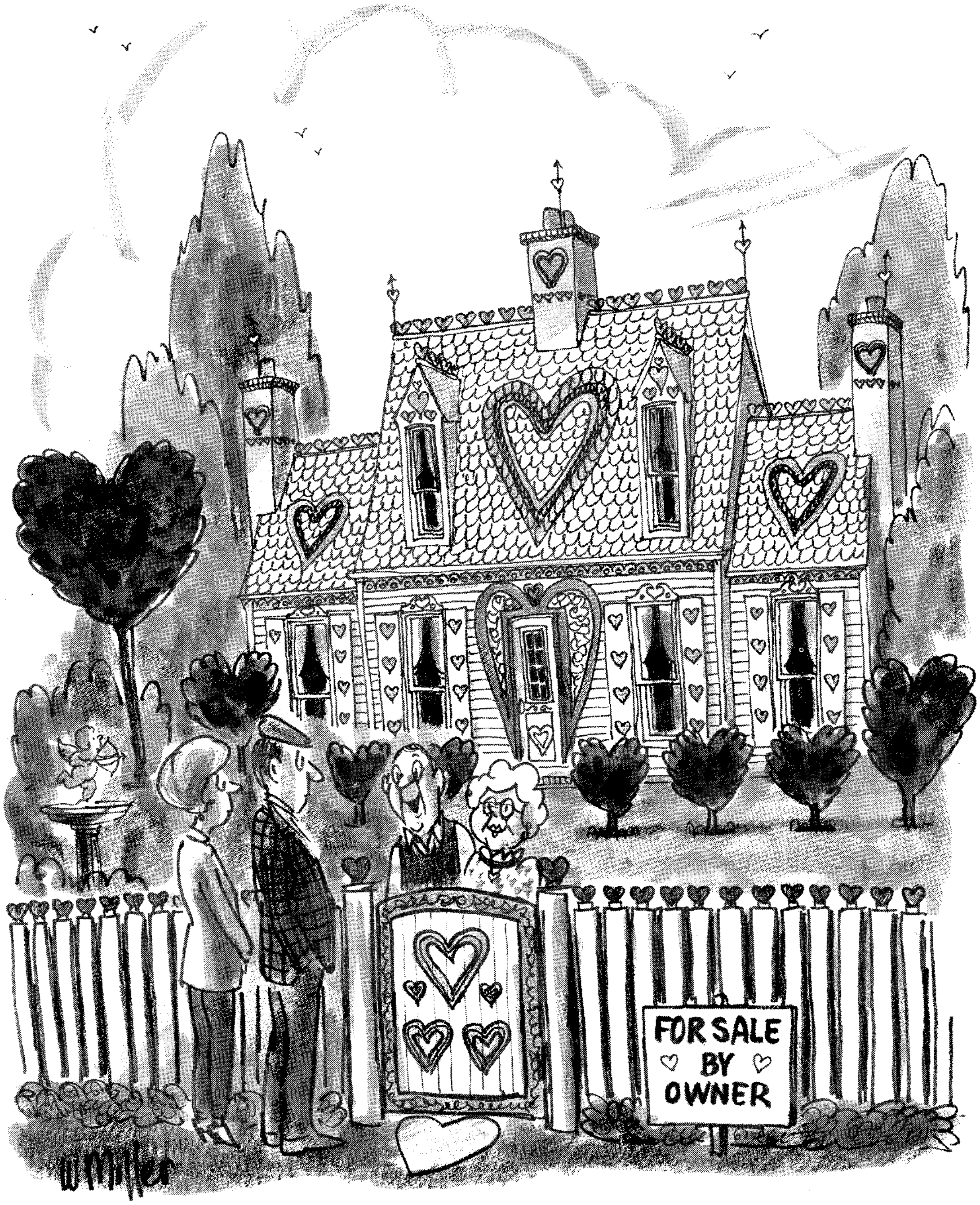
Embarrassed, afraid that I must disapprove of him, he nodded his head. Then, with the childish look of apology he wore when at his most abject—he always looked this way around Betty—he opened the book to its fly and held it out to me.

“It's only seventy-five cents,” he said.

He also said that he was too excited to eat anything, particularly goat, and so after he had paid his six bits we walked back to his car. As he pulled onto the freeway, Levine, when he saw that I was not going to censure him, began to expound on his dire plan, which was, quite simply, to retype Kemp's book on approved thesis paper, in the approved thesis font, within all the prescribed margins; receive his degree; and move to Santa Fe or Taos several months earlier than he had thought possible, where he would set himself up as a maker of ceramic wind chimes. And no one would ever know of his deception, he felt certain of that. He was the only person in the world, besides the author, to have read it.

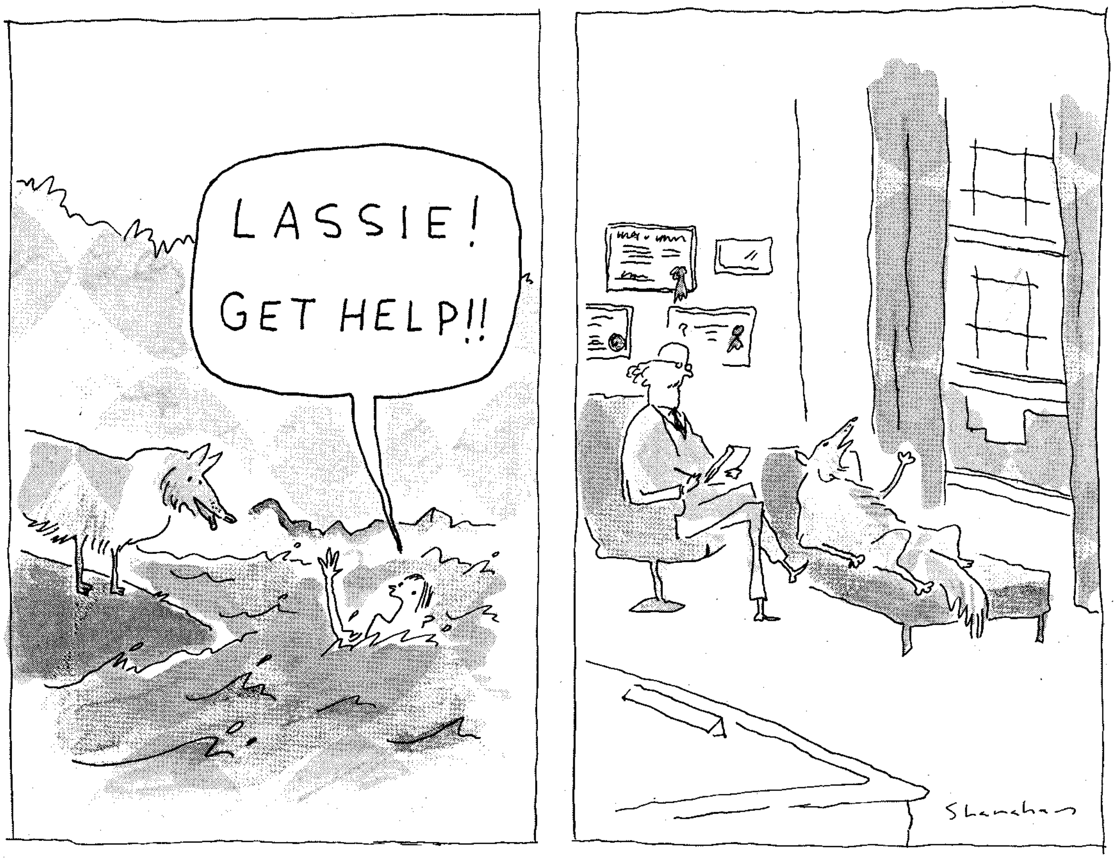
“Someone read it,” I said. “Or else how did it end up at Acres of Books?”

“Kemp lived in Long Beach. When he died, someone sold off his things, and this ended up at Acres. And there was only one left to sell off, because he burned the rest. In despair.”



“We worked on this place for years—a real labor of love.”

I stared at him. He was driving as cautiously as ever, both hands on the wheel, never exceeding forty-five miles per hour. He always blamed his meticulous driving on his car, a blue Rambler American that had been his grandmother's, but the truth was that Levine belonged to that large brotherhood of young men, often encountered in Academe, who are obsessively careful about two or three things—the arrangement of socks in their drawers, the alphabetical order of their jazz albums, the proper way to make a Bloody Mary—and slobs in every other regard. In any case he did not look particularly deranged, or desperate, as he wove his fantasies about New Mexico and the scattered estate of Dr. Kemp. He seemed completely certain of everything, in particular of success in his projected crime, and by the time we got back to the graduate-student housing complex, or Gradplex, he even seemed happy. I got him to invite me over to watch the Lakers game on his color television, for the first time in months. He had to retrieve the set from a closet, and, smiling, blow the dust from its screen in a small cloud. I think it was a nice evening for Levine. James Worthy scored thirty-five points, two with a reverse lay-up he sank while on his knees, and at halftime Levine went into his bedroom, called Betty, and was successful.



THE next morning at eight o'clock, Levine sat down at the kitchen table to begin retyping Kemp's book onto the sheets of archival bond he had purchased, along with three typewriter ribbons, two bottles of Liquid Paper, and a large bag of yogurt-covered raisins, on his way home from Betty's. The acid-free paper had a lifeless, creepy feel, like embalmed flesh, and he felt bad about consigning Kemp's words to it. It was foggy and cool out, and, a rapid typist, he planned to be done by the time the coastal morning burned off and it was glaring, limitless afternoon. There was a pot of coffee on the stove, he had unplugged the telephone, and the package of white raisins sat near at hand. He flexed his fingers, rolled in the first sheet of paper, and began to type.

He soon ran into difficulty, however, when instead of just transmitting Kemp's words mindlessly to his fingertips he made the mistake of reading them and grappling with the concepts they attempted to frame. This slowed his progress considerably, and by the time the sun emerged, around two o'clock, he was still mired in the second chapter, "Modelling on Cationic Residues Found in Austral Solstitial Winds," in which the crux of Kemp's thesis—that the ionized molecules of oxygen frequently found around quickly moving cumulonimbus clouds in the wake of a summer storm on the Ross Ice Shelf presented the likeliest model for nephokinesis—was forcefully argued.

Levine had skimmed through this chapter in the store the day before, paying more attention to the meteorologist's literary style, to see if it at all resembled his own, than to the burden of the prose, and now he found himself entranced. It was a creative, dogged, well-supported, even ingenious argument, and he felt a surge of custodial pride at the boldness of Dr. Kemp's mind. Levine had suspected—it had come to him in a dream, in fact—that Antarctic winds held the key to controlling the dreamy movement of clouds, but he had never really gotten beyond this one intuition. And here it all was! Laid down in charts and statistical tables, with almost a dozen sources that were entirely new to Levine. There was a massive Soviet study of cationic Antarctic winds, undertaken during the International Geophysical Year, which Levine had somehow missed, and there were as well the priceless results of three trips that Dr. Kemp had himself made to the Antarctic, aboard the Hodge, in 1963 and 1968. The argument and its advocate were made all the more poignant by the fact that the region in which Kemp had made the crucial measurements was the Bay of Whales, not far from Little America, on the Ross Ice Shelf—a region that had broken off from the continent in 1987 and was now melting. The Bay of Whales was no longer to be found on the map.

("Isn't that going to be a problem with your committee?" I asked him that night, as we were on our way to dinner at Professor Baldwin's. "Basing your whole theory on evidence that no longer exists?"

"That's all you guys do," he said—which stung me. I was engaged at that time in the observation of those subatomic particles, such as muons, that lead very short lives. I protested that evanescence itself was, in a way, the object of my studies— But I'm getting ahead of the story.)

It was nearly sundown when Levine finished his dissertation. His eyes were strained, his back and his neck hurt, but there was a sweet taste in his mouth, for he had regained his faith in the stoic nobility of scientific endeavor, and his regard for the austere beauty of its method. His New Mexican plans, the tinkling of wind chimes in a sono-

A CASTLE IN THE OLIVES

I

I crossed my meridian. Rust terraces, olive trees,
the gray horns of a port. Then, from a cobbled corner
of this mud-caked settlement founded by Ulysses—

swifts, launched from the nesting sills of Ulissibona,
their cries modulated to "Lisbon" as the Mediterranean
aged into the white Atlantic, their flight, in reverse,

repeating the X of an hourglass, every twitter an aeon
from which a horizon climbed in the upturned vase.
A church clock spun back its helm. Turtleback alleys

crawled from the sea, not toward it, to resettle
in the courtyard under the olives, and a breeze
turned over the leaves to show their silvery metal.

Here, clouds read backward, muffling the clash
of church bells in cotton. There, on an opposite wharf,
Sunday in a cream suit, with a gray horned mustache,

strolled past wooden crates, and the long-shadowed Sabbath
was no longer Lisbon but Port of Spain. There, time sifts
like grain from a jute sack under the crooning pigeons.

Sunday clicks open a gold watch, startling the swifts
from the opening eye of a tower, closes it, then slips the sun's
pendulum back into its fob, patting it in with a nod.

Sunday strolls past a warehouse whose iron-ringed door
exhales an odor of coffee as a reek of salt cod
slithers through the railings. Sunday is a widower

in an ice-cream suit, and a straw with a mourning band,
an old Portugee leathery as Portugal, via Madeira,
with a stalled watch for a compass. When he rewinds its hand

it raises an uproar of docks, mulatto clerks cowed
by jets of abuse from wine-barrelled wholesalers,
winches and cranes, black drivers cursing black loaders,

and gold-manacled venders teasing the Vincentian sailors
folded over the hulls. Then not a single word as
Saturday went home at one, except from the pigeons

and a boy rattling his stick along the rusted staves
of a railing, its bars caging him as he runs.
After that arpeggio, Sunday hears its own footsteps

making centuries recede, the ebbing market in slaves,
and sugar declining below the horizon. Then Sunday stops
to hear schooners thudding on overlapping wharves.

II

Across the meridian, I try seeing the other side,
past rusty containers, waves like welts from the lash
in a light as clear as oil from the olive seed.

Once the world's green gourd was split like a calabash
by Pope Alexander's decree. Spices, vanilla
sweetened this wharf; the grain of swifts would scatter

in their unchanging pattern, their cries no shriller
than they are now over the past, or ours, for that matter,
if our roles were reversed, and the sand in one half

• •

rous breeze, all his months of fruitless research, were forgotten. He had never wanted to be anything but a scientist. He leapt to his feet and dashed out into the gray little Gradplex living room, furnished with only a stereo and a folding aluminum and rubber-lattice lawn chair. His roommate, a graduate student in English, had been expelled from the university earlier in the month, after brawling with a professor over the supposed ties to Benito Mussolini of a female Italian semiotician who was an old girlfriend of the professor's, and now Levine had the place to himself. He lay down on the hard gray carpet and allowed the knuckles of his spine to crack and relax. A breeze blew in from the patio, through the screen door, and ruffled the hair on his damp forehead. Levine thought, as he had not since high school, about the way the breeze was composed of a trillion trillion agitated molecules that he could not see. He thought, with the wondering pedantry of a sixteen-year-old boy, about the way every object around him, including himself, his body, was made of invisible things. He got up, grinning foolishly, and went to the telephone.

Julia Baldwin, the wife of the head of his committee, answered the phone. "What is it?" she said.

"Is Professor Baldwin in?" said Levine, momentarily filled with doubt.

"Just a minute." There was the sound of the receiver rattling as she let it drop. "It's another one of your *God*damned students," he heard her say. Professor Baldwin mumbled something apologetic to her and then said hello.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, Professor Baldwin," said Levine. "It's just— Well, I've been looking into solstitial winds at Ross, and I think—I think I may have stumbled onto something really big. And, well, it kind of scares me, sir, it's so big. I'd kind of like to talk to you about it, if that's all right."

"We're having company, Levine," said Professor Baldwin. "One of my wife's instructors is coming to dinner. What is it, this big, scary thing?"

Levine filled him in briefly on the nature of Kemp's argument for Antarctic models, without, of course, saying anything about Dr. Kemp. He said that in his opinion a practical method of cloud control was now ten years closer than it had been yesterday. At first Professor Baldwin interjected such comments as "Yes, yes," and "I see," but when Levine had finished he was silent for a long time. Levine could hear Mrs. Baldwin, beautiful Julia, shrieking with laughter in the background.

"Perhaps you'd better come over," said Professor Baldwin. "I'll have to ask Julia. Hold on."

Levine jumped up and down while he waited, and watched the last red pennant fade from the evening sky. One of the things he loved best about

replicated the sand in the other. Now I had come
to a place I felt I had known, an antipodal wharf
where my forked shadow swayed to the same brass pendulum.

Yes, but not as one of those pilgrims whose veneration carried
the salt of their eyes up the grooves of a column
to the blue where forked swifts navigated. Far from it; instead,

I saw how my shadow detached itself from them
when it disembarked on the wharf through a golden haze
of corn from another country. My throat was scarred

from a horizon that linked me to others, when our eyes
lowered to the cobbles that climbed to the castle yard,
where the coins of the olives showed us their sovereign's face.

My shadow had preceded me. How else could it recognize
that light to which it was attached, this port where Europe
rose with its terrors and terraces, slope after slope?

III

A bronze horseman halts at a wharf, his green bronze
cloak flecked with white droppings, his wedged visor
shading the sockets' hyphenating horizons,

his stare fixed like a helm. We have no such erections
above our colonial wharves, our erogenous zones
are not drawn to power, our squares shrink the directions

of the empire's plazas. Above us, no stallions paw
the sky's pavement to strike stars from the stones,
no sword is pointed to recapture the port of Genoa.

There the past is an infinite Sunday. It's hot, or it rains;
the sun lifts the sheets of the rain, and the gutters
run out. For those to whom history is the presence

of ruins, there is a green nothing. No bell tower utters
its flotilla of swallows memorizing an alphabet,
no cobbles crawl toward the sea. We think of the past

as better forgotten than fixed with stony regret.
Here, a castle in the olives rises over the tiered roofs
of crusted tile but, like the stone don in the opera,

is the ghost of itself. Over the flagstones, hooves
clop down from the courtyard, stuttering pennons appear
from the mouths of arches, and the past openly grieves

from the "O"s of a Roman aqueduct; silver cuirasses
flash in the reversible olives, their silvery leaves,
and twilight ripens the municipal canvases,

where, one knee folded, like a drinking deer, an admiral
with a gray horned mustache and foam collar proffers a gift
of plumed Indians and slaves. The wharves of Portugal

are empty as those of the islands. The slate pigeons lift
from the roof of a Levantine warehouse, the castle in the trees
is its own headstone. Yet, once, Alexander's meridian

gave half of a gourd to Lisbon, the seeds of its races,
and half to Imperial Spain. Now Sunday afternoon passes
the empty cafés, their beads hanging like rosaries,

as shawled fado singers sob in turn to their mandolins
while a cobbled lane climbs like a tortoise, and tiredly raises
its head of a pope at the limp sails on washing lines.

—Derek Walcott

* * *

meteorology was that its domain encompassed sunsets.

"Come in an hour," said Professor Baldwin. "It's fine. In fact, my wife has suggested that you invite your friend Smith. We have a whole salmon."

"Thank you," said Levine. "I'll call him."

It was, of course, this same Julia, or Jewel, Baldwin for whom I had hoped to find that volume of Franco-Egyptian dramatic theory, and I told Levine that I would be more than happy to accompany him.

THERE were coyotes out laughing and looking for pussycat in the foothills above the Facuplex when Levine and I came up the driveway to the Baldwins' house, on Froebel Lane. This entire neighborhood, with its skinny new trees on their crutches, its fresh-rolled lawns, its streets named for famous educators, had not been here six months before, and Levine and I had often walked up, carrying our binoculars and a six-pack of beer, to a couple of flat boulders that had stood not far from the present site of the Baldwins' Japanese station wagon. Among a few other things, we shared a soft spot for birds and small animals, although he knew far more about them than I, and we had once been enchanted by the sight of two red rattlesnakes, somewhere in the vicinity of the Baldwins' front door. I reminded Levine of this.

"They were doing it, too," he remembered. "Making love like a couple of snakes."

He rang the doorbell and straightened his necktie. I had told him no one else would have one, but he'd insisted on wearing his. The only tie he possessed, it was at least twenty-five years old, brown, with a vaguely birdlike white figure, inside a pattern of concentric circles, against a grid. He called it his Radar Duck tie, and he generally wore it only on first dates and for court appearances. I was just going to tease him about it for the hundredth time when the door was opened by a large, portly man with very dark skin and gray hair, wearing a bathrobe over a pajama top and sweatpants. The bathrobe had a rodeo motif and was printed with leaping cowboys, lariats, and brands. This was Mehmet Monsour.

"They are having a bitter argument," he said, grinning delightedly and offering us his big brown hand. "Please come in."

We followed Monsour into the tiled living room, sat down at opposite ends of an elderly Danish modern sofa, and folded our hands in our laps. The Baldwins bawled and pleaded in another room. Monsour went to a battered recliner and eased himself backward, taking up a large can of malt liquor and the remote control for the television. Wearing a look of rapt scrutiny, as for the turns of a Berma or a Norma Desmond, he flipped back and forth from a courtroom-simulation program to a talk show on which three transsexuals were discussing the male lives they had abandoned; we'd evidently interrupted his theatrical studies. Like most acting teachers, he was famous chiefly for the whimsical and slightly cruel discipline he imposed on his pupils, and for the unconventional sources of his difficult productions. (Six months later I read in the Los Angeles *Times* a respectful review of Monsour's "harum-scarum" new play "Divorce Court.") I had met him only the week before, when Jewel took me to his messy room at the Kon-Tiki Motor Lodge, but he showed not the faintest recognition now, and in fact ignored both Levine and me completely. After five minutes we looked at each other and rose simultaneously to our feet.

"Just tell Professor Baldwin I'll see him tomorrow," said Levine.

"Sure thing," said Mehmet Monsour, waving us brightly away.

We went to the door and were about to go out when Professor Baldwin came to retrieve us. His hands were in the pockets of his gray cardigan, and he was wearing the cool, bored demeanor someone in a store attempts to adopt when he has just broken an expensive item. He looked as though he were going to whistle a little song.

"Where are you going?" he said mildly.

"Oh," said Levine. "Nowhere."

"We just got here," I said. "Just this minute. How are you, Professor Baldwin?"

"We don't have to stay for dinner," said Levine. "We can leave right now." Faced with the substance and strife-haunted eyes of his chairman, and not just his disembodied voice on the phone, Levine felt his feet begin to grow a little cold.

"Nonsense. Julia's just getting dressed. Have you met Mehmet? Met Mehmet. I bet you haven't met Mehmet yet." He gave a small laugh, and I could see that he mistakenly felt the rift in his marriage to have been opened and occupied by Mehmet Monsour, and that he consequently liked to make fun of his visiting, untenured colleague. I felt sorry for Baldwin all at once and wished that I hadn't come. He brought us back into the living room, and then we four sat and watched the television, wondering what it might be like to become a woman. No one spoke. I waited for Jewel to emerge, trying to guess which outfit she would wear. She had a pair of old Levi's I liked, with a rip in the seat which showed bare skin when she bent forward.

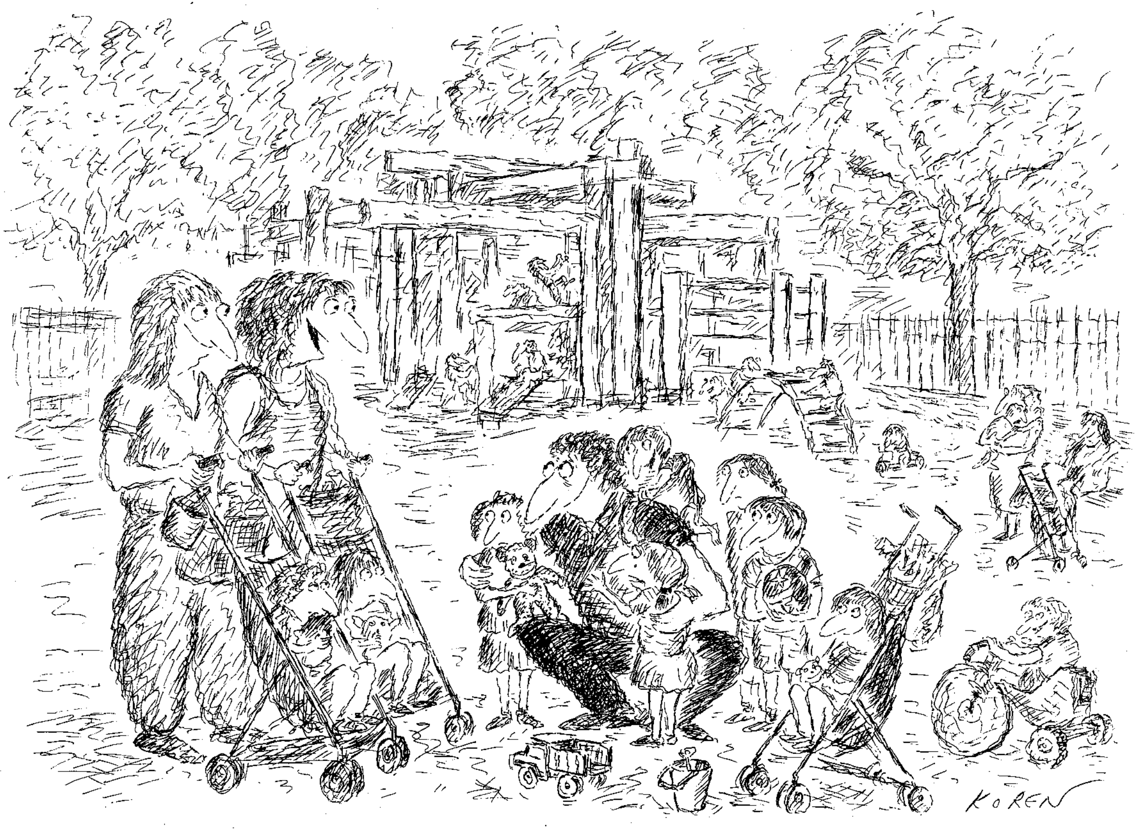
"Mr. Smith!" she cried when she appeared at last, in a purple sarong, and took my hand. "Mr. Levine! It's so good to see you!" She attempted, as had her husband, to seem as though she had never in her life raised her voice, let alone in the past quarter of an hour, but her cordiality was brittle, sarcastic, and even a little frightening, as though she were doing Shaw.

"Now, if you gentlemen will just give me twenty minutes," she said, going around to Mehmet Monsour's chair to give his gray head a fond pat. "Everything's almost done."

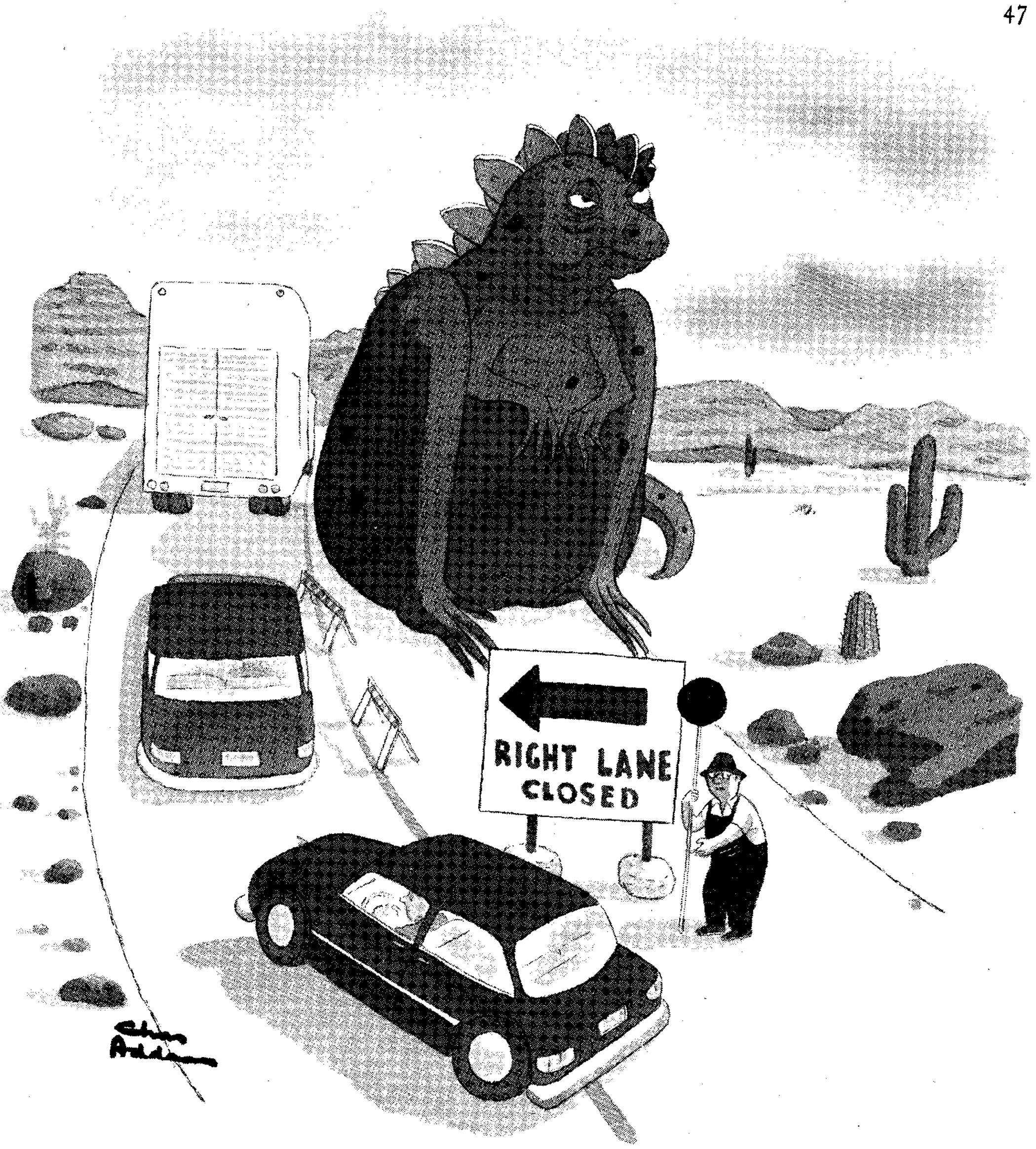
"Let me help you, Mrs. Baldwin," I said.

"Good," said Professor Baldwin. "Levine, let's you and I sit in my office for a few minutes and talk."

Levine stood instantly, as though summoned to the bench, and followed Professor Baldwin down the hall and into the small room at the back of the house where Baldwin did his revolutionary work on the so-called greenhouse effect. The room looked out over the canyon, toward the mountains, and was furnished with a single cinder-block-and-plank bookcase on which were massed perhaps a hundred books. A much wider plank spanned two sawhorses to make the professor's desk, at which he sat in a Barcelona chair that had belonged to his father-in-law, an architect. There was only a kitchen step stool in the corner for Levine. Although relatively young for a full professor and a laureate of atmospheric science, Baldwin possessed the hard-won virtues of an older man: caution, resignation, frugality. The few strands of black hair on his prematurely lunar head seemed, like his spare office,



"We've been admiring your fathering techniques."



like his marriage, to be the conscious result of an effort to get by with as little as possible, as though he were preparing for the imminent decline of the biosphere. His only indulgence, aside from a small framed photograph of his wife in a parka on a Falkland island, was his computer—an expensive machine capable of animating color images in three dimensions, which he had bought with some of the money from his MacArthur Fellowship, and which was now running a long, slow simulation of worldwide ozone accretion.

"That's the man my wife is having an affair with," he said, reaching into a cardboard box on the floor beside him. He took out a Baggie filled with marijuana and a small water pipe.

"Smith?" said Levine, and a light went on in his head. I'm afraid I had never told him anything about it.

"Mehmet," said Baldwin, spitting out the last syllable. "Not Smith. It's driving me out of my wits."

Levine didn't know what to say to this. He and his committee chair were not friends. There were one or two graduate students who spent a lot of time in his office on campus, talking about Robert Heinlein and Buckminster Fuller, but they were not Professor Baldwin's friends, either, really. Perhaps Professor Baldwin didn't have any friends.

"Never mind. Forget it." He gave his head a shake. "Tell me about this Ross thing," he said, and lit the pipe. As he inhaled, the professor raised his eyebrows, and lowered them as he blew out. He and Levine passed the pipe in near-silence for several minutes. The room filled with miniature cumulonimbus clouds. Levine looked at the titles of the books on the shelves without registering them until his vacant gaze fell upon a slender black spine at the upper-left-hand corner of the bookcase, unmarked, exactly the same height and thickness as the spine of Dr. Kemp's book.

"Oh my," said Levine, exhaling a thick plume.

"What?" said Professor Baldwin. He looked toward the bookcase as if there might be a large spider or rodent crawling across it.

"Were you a student of Dr. Kemp?" Levine could see Baldwin, a little heavier, with hair, standing beside his brave mentor, frost on their faces, against a background of auks and green icebergs. They had been inseparable.

"Dr. Kemp?" Baldwin frowned. "I never heard of him."

This did little to reassure Levine. Even if it were not Dr. Kemp's book on this particular bookshelf, it might as well have been—the book was out there somewhere, waiting; he was going to be found out. He was not in the least surprised, and the sudden renascence in his heart of defeat, of the sense of failure, was almost a relief, as though he had loosened his necktie and unbuttoned his collar. There was no easy way out of the prison of his studies, and he had known this very well until yesterday. His plagiarism had been only an act of self-deception.

"It is Smith," he said, with a feeling of great detachment from the words he spoke.

Professor Baldwin was staring intently at the face of his wristwatch and seemed not to have heard.

"It isn't that Monsour guy," said Levine, abandoning both of us to our fates. "I think it's Smith, sir."

Now the professor looked up at Levine and bit his lip. He was go-

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R. Chast

ing through the evidence in his mind.

"You could be right," he said. "That sounds feasible."

He replaced the pipe and the plastic bag, carefully, then stood and steadied himself against his desk. On the screen of his computer a model world of weather slowly overheated and drowned.

"What are you going to do?" said Levine.

"I haven't decided yet," said Professor Baldwin. "But something. Him I'm not afraid of." He strode to the door. "A bad student I know how to handle."

"A bad student?" said Levine, rising with a wobble to follow Baldwin out of the cloudy room.

As he switched off the light, Baldwin smiled weakly, as though seeing that his phrase had perhaps not been appropriate.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"Professor Baldwin," said Levine. "What if all of my numbers came out of the Bay of Whales? That wouldn't be good, would it?"

"That wouldn't make any difference at all." He stepped aside in the hall to let Levine pass. "After you," he said.

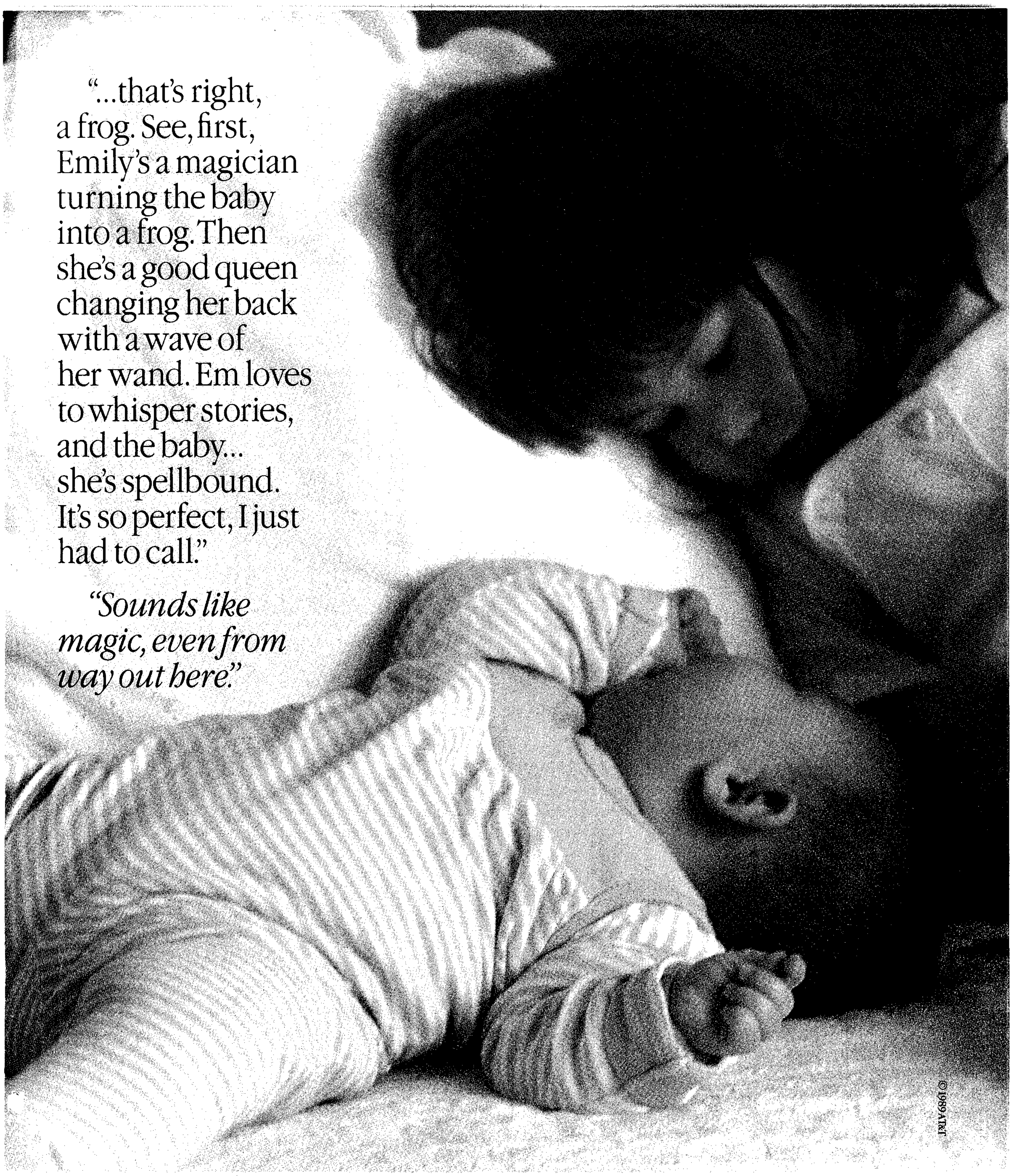
THE party was in its second hour, the bones and oily plates cleared from the table, when Mehmet Monsour was begged to demonstrate one of his famous little games. He and Jewel had done most of the talking during dinner, discussing the theatrical abilities of Bill and Luke and Clothilde and Janet, and particularly of Jewel; malt liquor made Monsour incredibly voluble, it seemed, as with each tall can he came to dominate the conversation more and more, and his stories—how I hate men who tell stories at dinner!—grew increasingly sordid and disturbing. He had been all around the world. Professor Baldwin, Levine, and I were abandoned to our disparate silences. Every time I looked at Baldwin, he was looking at me, beaming at me, really, as though he were in on some happy word of my fortunes, as though I had won some prize. I could hardly eat a thing. Levine nodded his head so intently at the things mentor and pupil were saying that I could see he wasn't listening to a word.

"And so I simply stole it. It was not mine, and it could be of no real practical use to me—you see that," Monsour was saying. He had gotten loud and a little gross in the course of the evening—his bathrobe was all untied and some of the crucial buttons of his pajama top had popped open—and I remembered a piece of advice my father had once given me about never drinking anything that had a number in its brand name except Vat 69. "While on the contrary, as I look back on it, this radio was her only connection, aside from me, to the outer world. It was precious to her. When I left, she would be cut off completely, as you can see." He shook his head at the memory of this wickedness he had practiced, but with a wistful smile, as though he had long ago forgiven himself.

"I've already heard that story," said Jewel. She had also been drinking malt liquor; the continued adhesion of her sarong was in some doubt. "I told it to you, Baldwin."

"Oh, yeah, I remember," Professor Baldwin said, smiling at me now with perfect fondness. He turned to Mehmet Monsour. "Why don't you tell these two about that game? That sounded like a *bear*."

"Oh, let's play it," said Jewel. She was sitting next to me, and as she said this she nudged me lightly with her left elbow. I was certain now that some-



"...that's right, a frog. See, first, Emily's a magician turning the baby into a frog. Then she's a good queen changing her back with a wave of her wand. Em loves to whisper stories, and the baby... she's spellbound. It's so perfect, I just had to call."

"Sounds like magic, even from way out here."

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Fidelity and Fragrance

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In the past ten years the perfume industry has expanded rapidly. Of the over 500 fragrances available today, the vast majority are recent arrivals.

While many women are attracted to these new fragrances simply because of their novelty, others remain loyal and, in olfactory terms, monogamous. It is no wonder that the interest in the "classics" persists and grows.

There is something reassuring about olfactory predictability. The right fragrance, at the right moment, on the right person, can be soothing and comforting, or exciting and intriguing. It may or may not be delightfully elegant, but always enhances identity. The perfume "classics" seem to accomplish this very well. Often imitated, they have been on the market for years. Yet, in spite of this, they have succeeded in maintaining a perpetually contemporary quality, immune to the passage of time.

The new traditionalists love these fragrances. Bias tends to run strong in this business. So does mine. It should be no surprise to the reader that I consider CALANDRE by PACO RABANNE to be one of these "classic" fragrances. The brand inspires great fidelity.

CALANDRE has been loved in America for twenty years. It is as new today as the day it appeared in the Fifth Avenue windows of Lord & Taylor on September 27, 1969. Tempus Fugit.

Fernando Aleu, M.D.
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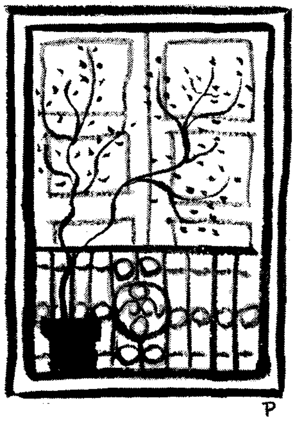
thing unpleasant lay in store for me and certain also, for the first time, that as a person I meant very little to her. I was just another way of irritating her husband.

"It is quite simple," said Monsour, whirling on Levine and catching him off guard. Levine sat up and folded his hands scholastically in his lap. "In fact, it is hardly a game at all. We turn out all the lamps." He rose from the table and gathered about him the flaps of his rootin'-tootin' bathrobe. The candle on the dinner table shed its lone light. "This is all right, Baldwin?"



"Sure it is," said Baldwin. "Quite all right. I don't think I'll play, though. I'm no good at this kind of thing."

He looked at Jewel and they blushed like a couple of lovers.

"Whatever you like. Fine." Monsour sat down again and picked up his drink. "And now, boys, I would like you to please tell us." He touched his hands together at the fingertips and contemplated the resultant structure. "What is the worst thing you have ever done in your whole, entire life?" He had asked this question of a thousand students over the past twenty years, and he paused after the fifth and ninth words in a way he had discovered to be particularly effective in eliciting a juicy response. "You, Mister, er—" He nodded his head at Levine. "Levine, I am sorry. You try first."

In the candlelight my friend's face looked warm and flushed, and although I didn't know the reason, I could see that he was about to unburden himself of success. He uncoiled the tie from around his neck and cast it on the table, then turned to face me, as did Baldwin, Jewel, and Mehmet Monsour.

"After you," he said.

I suppose cuckoldry, charlatanism, and academic corruption are not the only things that could have produced a feeling of unease like the one that now suffused the dinner party. It was as though we all knew that there had been a mild poison in the food, which was now taking effect, and we knew as well who the poisoner was, and we all knew that we knew. It was that sort of unease; the sort generated by a family on the brink of divorce or a team of researchers at work on a new type of death ray. I felt the frank encouragement of Jewel's fingertips on my thigh, pressing me to injure a man who was in some measure eagerly anticipating his injury, but her face, like her husband's and Monsour's and Levine's, and, I imagine, like my own, was uncertain and a little pinched.

Fortunately I had the presence of mind to tell the truth. I told them that as a child I had had a reputation for honesty and probity of which I felt miserably undeserving. I said, shame already beginning to mount in my belly, that one summer evening I had gone barefoot down the sidewalk in our deserted neighborhood, set free from the dinner table earlier than anyone else. I had heard a distant lawnmower, a sprinkler, TV gunfire. I had passed the garage of a friend named Mike, who just that day, I knew, had been given a new toy car; the garage door was raised and I could see a card table on which stood some jars of model paint, a half-constructed model bomber, and the new red Matchbox. For no particular reason at all I grabbed a brush and a jar of silver paint and blotted out the windshield and rear window of the toy, threw it to the ground, stepped on it, and then ran home. The horrible part had been afterward, when I returned to Mike's house to find all the neighborhood children standing around denying that they had been vandals. "Smith didn't do it," Mike's older brother had said. "That's for sure, anyway." That night as I got ready for bed I had discovered two streaks of glitter on the sole of my foot.

"You're making it up," said Mehmet Monsour, with a mysterious, Nilotic laugh. "Well done."

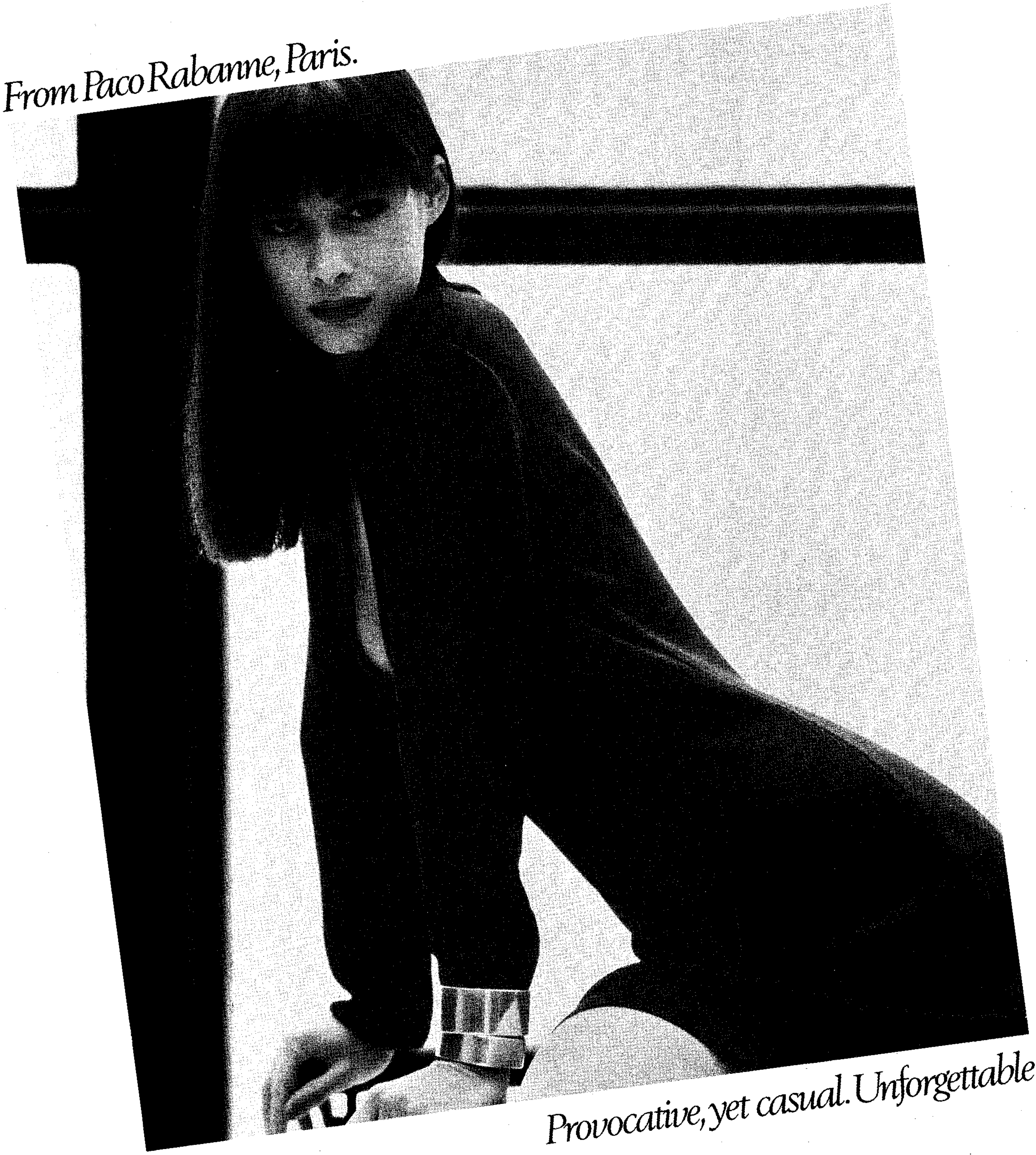
"I didn't believe it," said Jewel. She stood up from the table and began to clear the rest of the dishes.

"Neither did I," said Baldwin, and I suddenly found myself free of his unbearable look of kindness.

"What about me?" said Levine.

"I'm so bored!" said Monsour, in a cheery voice, as though announcing his intention to take a brisk postprandial

From Paco Rabanne, Paris.



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swim. He rose from the table and went back to the television.

I WAS surprised, as I took my leave of Monsour that evening, when he asked me to attend his next Grand Seminar, at a local ice rink, later in the month—so surprised that I consented. Monsour's interest in me may have irked Jewel; she stopped calling. I guess she had no more real use for me, if she'd ever had any. She did not attend the seminar, and I haven't seen her for a long time. In the ice rink, for forty-eight hours during which we imitated various animals, fasted, shrieked, and held our water, I began to learn something of the aboriginal connection between anguish and entertainment. The whole thing was a gruelling and silly but nonetheless eye-opening experience, and I guess I have to credit Monsour with whatever success I have since found on the stage and even, if this deal with Lucifex Pictures goes through, on the silver screen. I've written a screenplay, as a vehicle for myself, based on the heroic life of Werner Heisenberg. I haven't completely abandoned physics, you see. Of course I know what everyone says about Hollywood, and sometimes it is a little disheartening to think of making my way in a pit of savage vipers, but I have no reason not to consider myself equal to the task. As for Levine, his dissertation caused an uproar in the field after its second chapter was published in *JAM*. He dropped right into the tenure track at Caltech, with access to a huge laboratory and a twelve-million-dollar Cray computer, and when I went up to Pasadena the other day he told me, with a note of awe and delight in his voice, that the human race is now only a few years away, by most reckonings, from total dominion over the clouds. —MICHAEL CHABON

•

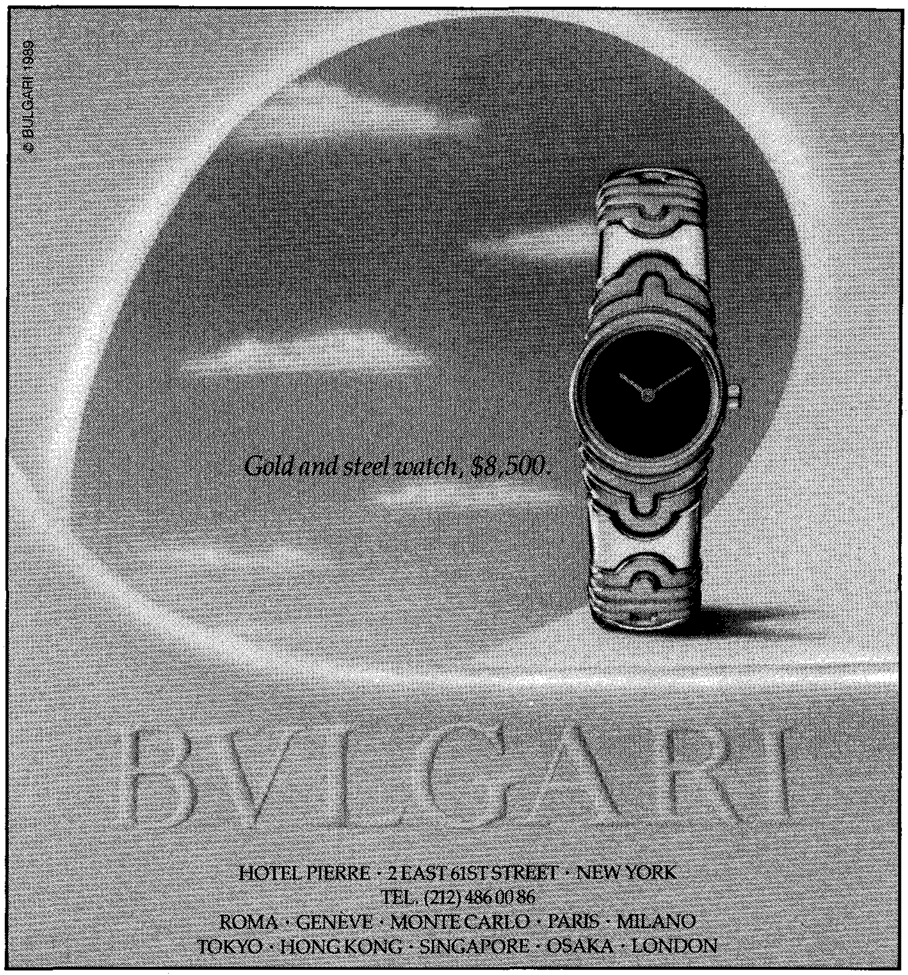
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

SIR, This morning I went into my garden shed to find a bumble bee (*Bombus terrestris*) buzzing on the inside of the window. When I enclosed it in a cloth to help its exit I noticed that the pitch of its buzz went up one octave. After releasing it I went to the piano and found that its original note was the C sharp below middle C.

I wonder if any of your readers have observed the buzz-note of other *Bombidae*.

Yours sincerely,
G.B.R. WALKEY,
14 Main Road, Newton Regis,
Tamworth, Staffordshire.



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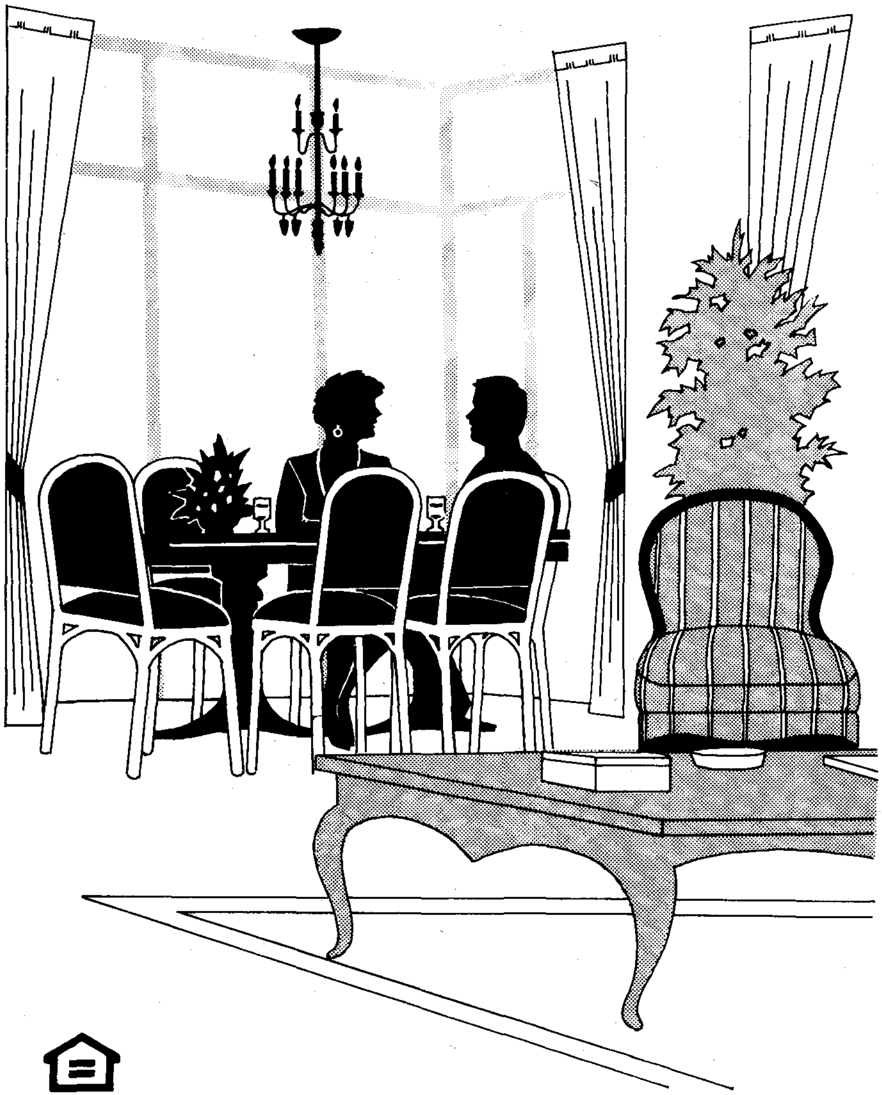
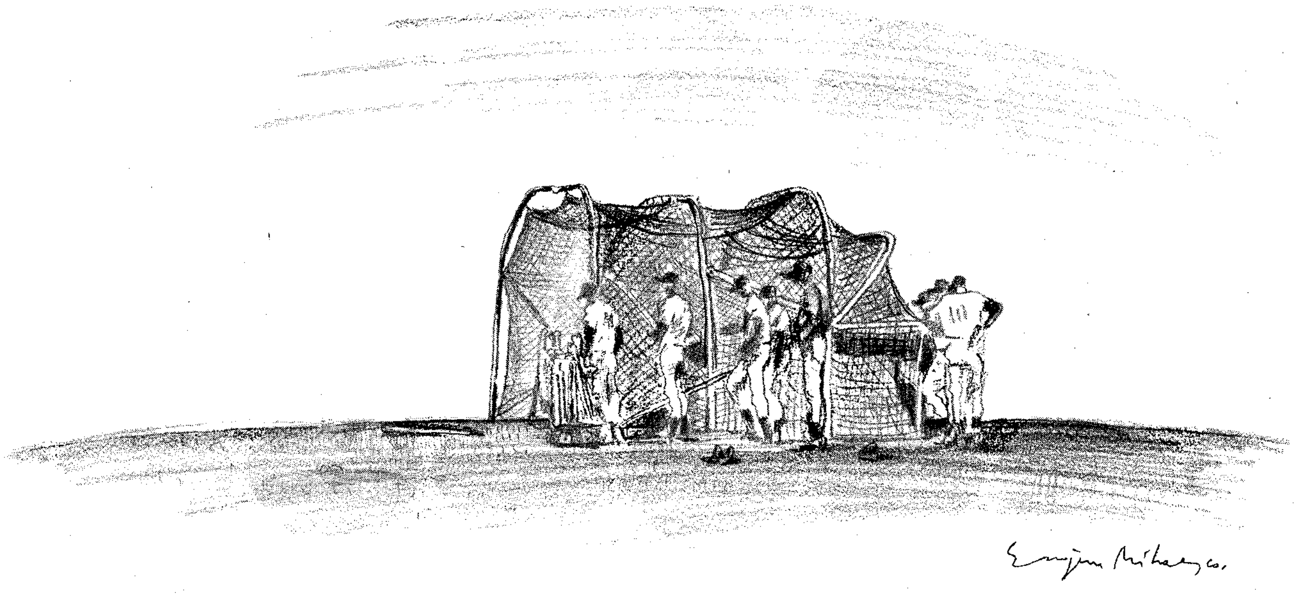


THE SPORTING SCENE

STATE OF THE ART



"IN those days, there was a wall behind the carbarns at Sixty-sixth Street between Third and Second, and we used to love to play ball there, because you knew you couldn't break any windows. There's a big high apartment house there now. I was a first baseman back then—I didn't start to pitch until later. I went to the Manhattan High School of Aviation, and we played our games on a field under the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. It didn't have no grass—just rocks and glass. The winos would drink there at night and throw their bottles out on the field. It had to be the worst place to play ball in the whole city. All we did back then was play baseball and talk about baseball—who was the best pitcher, who was the best hitter. In school, I was sort of like a bookie. I'd give six-to-one odds and the other kids could pick any three players for that day, and if the three got six hits between them, that kid won the bet. They'd always take DiMaggio and Ted Williams and one other. We'd bet a penny or a few cents at a time—anything we had."

The speaker seems to smile at the memory of this, but it's hard to be sure, because he's been smiling right along. He is pink-faced and chunky, with a round, tough jaw and a street-kid grin. His voice is faintly hoarse, but the gravel has always seemed part of his accent, which is old New York, Cagney New York. It's Whitey Ford, of course. He is sixty now, and in retirement, but he still comes South each February and puts in seven weeks as a spring-training coach and senior role model with his Yankees. We are sitting on a bench out along the right-field foul line at the Yankees' main field at Fort Lauderdale, but on this gray, blustery day it feels more like Labrador. Whitey has his paws buried in the pockets of his black warmup jacket, and there are tears in his eyes—the wind, not the memories.

"In school, we played twelve home games and twelve on the road," he says. "That was the season, and the rest of the summer was sandlot ball. We'd moved to Astoria, and some friends and me got up a team called the Thirty-fourth Avenue Boys. This bar, Moroni's, supplied us with the uniforms—the first we'd ever had—and Thirty-fourth Avenue was where the bar was. We played June, July, August, part of September. We used to play over by the old Madison Square Garden Bowl, where they had the outdoor fights. There were about five fields on one side of it, and another around at the back. Even when we had a scheduled game—a P.A.L. game or a Y.M.C.A. game—we'd go on and play by ourselves after. We'd play all day, play until it got dark. There were times on a Saturday or a Sunday when I'd get up to bat fifty times. You know, a Little Leaguer now might get up to bat fifty times in a *season*. I think we had more fun then. Any kid who really wants to play has to get out and do it on his own."

I ask when he began to pitch, and he says he filled in one summer when one of the Thirty-fourth Avenue hurlers had been injured. "I helped out once a week, and that was how it started. We all stayed together, and then the third year we won the Queens-Nassau League. The *Journal-American* ran playoffs between the boroughs, and we won the championship, up at the Polo Grounds. We beat a team from Bay Ridge, 1–0, in eleven innings. There were some scouts there and I pitched the whole game and hit a double. That was when they started contacting me. I'd just got through seventeen—I was going to be eighteen the next month. The Giants were after me, and the Yankees and the Dodgers and the Red Sox. They had a great bidding war and the Yankees finally got it up to seven thousand dollars, and I signed." He laughs and wipes his eyes.

Nothing in baseball is accidental, as Freud taught us, and though I had not been planning to sit down and talk to Whitey Ford this spring I jumped at the chance when it came. Ford is a few years younger than I am, but he feels like a baseball ancestor. As we all know, or should know, he was the center-stage pitcher at Yankee Stadium for sixteen years during the Yanks' Late Augustan era—the fifties and early sixties—and he won two hundred

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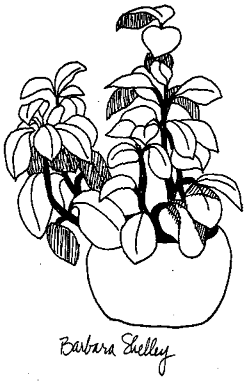
and thirty-six games. He went 25–4 in 1961, and 24–7 in 1963. His ten World Series victories and thirty-two consecutive scoreless World Series innings are standing records (the shutout skein surpassed Babe Ruth's mark of thirty), and helped him breeze into the Hall of Fame when his turn came. A midsized left-hander, he delivered his assortment of breaking stuff (including a devastating spitball, enemy batters claimed) and inside fastballs with commanding intelligence. He was brusque and imperturbable on the mound—the Chairman of the Board—and lighthearted in the clubhouse. Say "Whitey Ford" to a fan over forty-five and east of Altoona, and the sun will come out.



I had come to spring training this year with a sour, wintry taste in my mouth. Through the off-season, salaries had again gone skyward, while much of the other baseball news headed in the opposite direction. The love life of Wade Boggs, theretofore a matter of indifference to me, took up vast sectors of the sports pages, and Steve Garvey unexpectedly turned out to be a better father, or more of a father, than any of us had imagined. Roger Clemens maligned the Boston fans and then, in the course of a supposedly palliative follow-up interview, directed threats at the Boston writers as well. The camps opened, and Darryl Strawberry threw a punch at Keith Hernandez during a team photo session (Steve Wulf, writing a little later in *Sports Illustrated*, noted that this was the first time in memory that Straw had hit the cutoff man) and then staged a brief walkout, all because his agent had pointed out that he was not the highest-paid Met. Rickey Henderson was a tad tardy at the Yankee bivouac and tried to make amends by complaining that there had been too much drinking on the team last year. (All this, of course, was before the disheartening serious allegations and rumors about Pete Rose's gambling had surfaced—a matter still under review by the commissioner's office at this writing.) The money was harder to countenance, all in all, than the slurs and snits. The owners, who had been found to have illegally colluded to defraud players of their free-agency bargaining rights over two recent seasons, now seemed determined to uncollude with a vengeance. Fuelling the great winter bonfire of the salaries were new network-television contracts signed by the outgoing commissioner, Peter Ueberroth, during the off-season, under which CBS will pay one billion one hundred million dollars for four-year rights to the World Series, the league-championship playoffs, the All-Star Game, and twelve regular-season games per summer, and ESPN, a cable sports network, will pay four hundred million dollars for the rights to a hundred and seventy-five games per year for four seasons. These moneys will be shared equally by all clubs. By the end of the winter's signings and tradings and arbitrations, a hundred and seven players (out of the major-league total of six hundred and twenty-four) were drawing a million dollars or more for their services—an increase of forty-seven per cent over 1988—while twenty-one or twenty-two of them (various forms of deferred salary tend to blur the totals) had moved above the two-million-dollar level. During a one-week stretch in February, pitchers Dwight Gooden and Roger Clemens and Orel Hershiser ascended in turn to the Highest-Paid Player niche; Hershiser's three-year contract, calling for $2,633,333 per year (or $9,863 per inning, measured by his 1988 outings), put him ultimately at the top. Other star players and their agents will take their shots at this target in due course, and the first three-million-dollar salary cannot be far away. The average 1989 major-league stipend, by the way, comes out to $513,731.

Sometimes the money *not* paid to a player seemed as unsettling as the opposite. The Yankees, hoping to revivify their tottering mound corps, signed two durable, established lifetime .500 pitchers, Andy Hawkins and Dave LaPoint, for a combined total of $1,758,000, but failed to come to terms with the splendid Claudell Washington (the contractual difference between them is said to have been about twenty thousand dollars), who moved along to the Angels, leaving the team without an established center fielder. The Red Sox parted company with their prime lefty, Bruce Hurst, because they declined to pay him a full salary in 1990, when there may well be an owners' lockout or a players' strike, or both, during the negotiation of a new basic labor agreement; Hurst is now a Padre. And so it goes, or went. Like other fans, I have in recent years developed a rhinoceros-hide indifference to these pelting storms of greed and altercation, but this winter my patience began to wear thin. A great many fan friends felt the same way, to judge by conversations and letters that came my way. Not surprisingly, their anger seemed directed at the players rather than the owners, and in particular, since one can't quite find fault with a young man who picks up a sack of gold that has been thrown at his feet, at the quality of their play. "Nobody can bunt anymore." "Nobody can take a pitch anymore." "Nobody can hit the cutoff man" (Cf. Wulf, *supra*). "They only try hard when it's the last year on their contracts." These were the grumblings I heard all winter, and half heard behind my own rationalist answers and explanations.

I had no real replies to the complaints, or to the money, either, but then, as I sat beside Whitey Ford in that Florida windstorm, it came to me that I could at least try to get some of this straight during my spring tour, South and West. How good *are* the players these days, and how do they match up with their counterparts of twenty or thirty or forty years ago? How has the game changed in the ways it is played and in the ways its practitioners approach it? How much difference does the money make, and is anyone having any fun playing ball just now? I am not a sabremetrician by talent or temperament, so absolute answers would probably not present themselves. A recent book, "The Baseball Superstats," by Steve Mann, carries this arcane science to new levels. For example, the first step involved in calculating the "On-Base-with-Stealing" Superstat for a given player, requires one to employ the formula

$$\frac{H+BB+HP+(SB/2)-CS}{AB+BB+HP}$$

before moving along to the OBS Delta Value and the Ballpark-Adjusted OPS Delta, and much more. I could not end up with any such figures or formulas to prove a case, then, but I could at least talk to coaches and managers, to scouts

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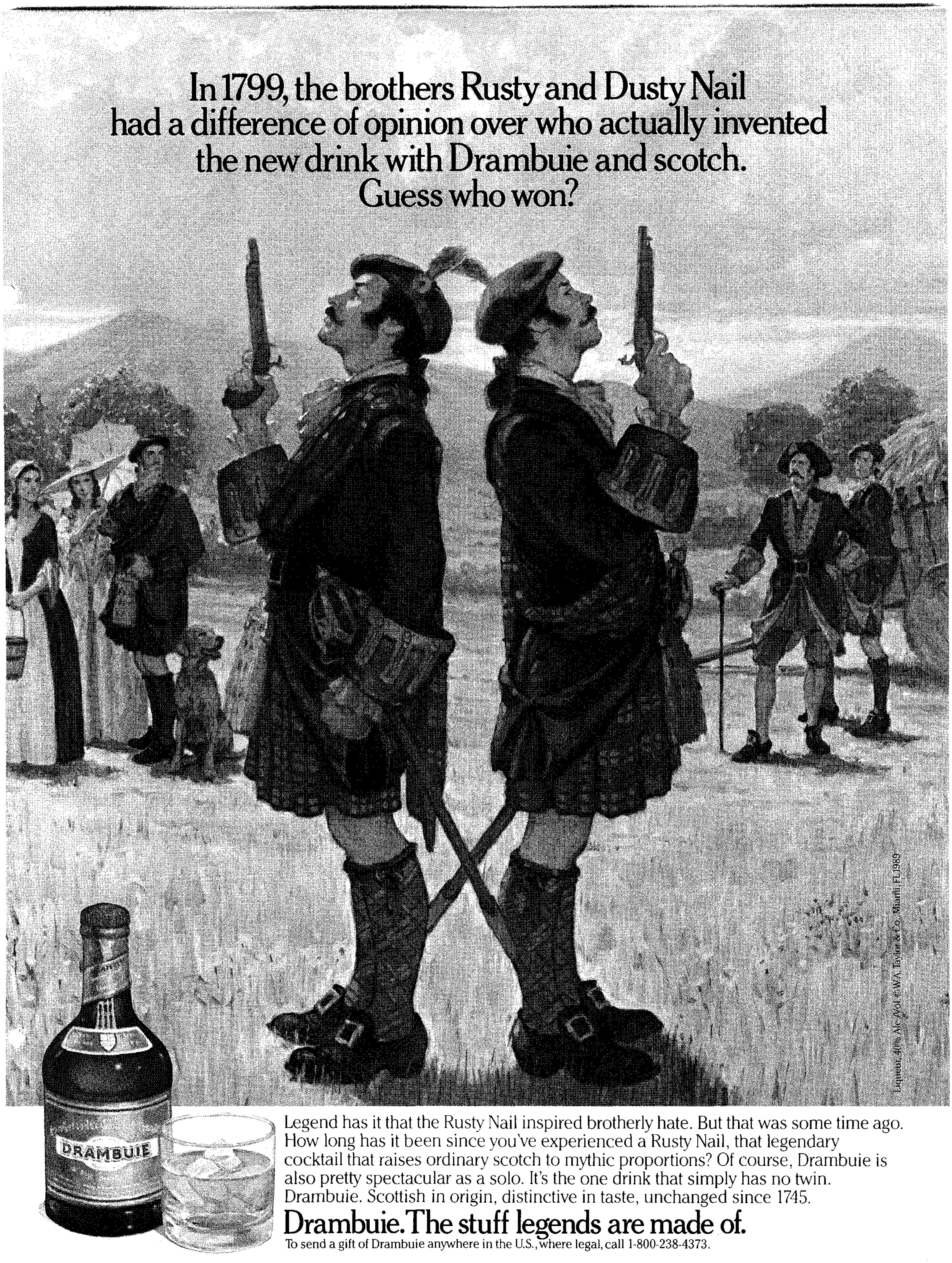

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and writers and front-office people, and to some contemporary players as well, and see how they thought the old ballgame (and the new one) was faring. With a little luck, I might begin to clear the air just by asking questions, and so recapture more of the feeling of warmth and easy pleasure that my talk with Whitey Ford had brought to the surface once again.

SPRING was waiting for me, in any case. Spring training isn't what it used to be—the games are sold out, the concession lines are endless, the traffic is dismaying, the newer parks are too big and overfenced, the players are farther away, the sweetness is thinned—but still . . . Driving to a spring ballpark early in the day, down some straight-line Florida back-country pike, or with the morning shadows still darkening one side of the nearest mesa, is good for a man's soul. An empty, fresh-swept diamond, with the lines relaid and the batting cage already in place and the early light painting the outfield lawns, makes one feel like a weekend guest at Versailles, or as close as most of us are going to get. You walk into the clubhouse, and the only person in sight—some youngster or other, somebody big—looks up from his newspaper in front of his locker and says "Good morning." No one in the manager's office, so you fix yourself a little coffee and walk out again, resettling your shades on your nose, and suddenly you feel like Ebenezer Scrooge throwing open his shutters to find that the sun is shining and it's still Christmas. The players drift in, and calisthenics come along (slow stretching is in vogue just now), and then B.P. and maybe a morning B-game before the park fills up and the scheduled game gets going, and though you watch and take notes and maybe keep score, you know that what you're really waiting for is something less: a glimpse, a bit of baseball talk, a laugh, a moment in a game—another spring snapshot to take home and magnet up on your refrigerator door. In Phoenix one day, Dave Henderson, the Athletics' center fielder, popped a good inside-out single to right field against a right-handed Mariners pitcher, and when I murmured with pleasure the straw-hatted friend next to me—Bill Rigney, an old manager and infielder—said, "Yes, but you can only do that on the up pitch. Try it on anything down and it's a ground ball, probably a double play." Yes, I knew that—or I know it now. In Scottsdale, a day or two later, the Giants' Ernest Riles singled into center field against San Diego, moving up the base runner from first—except that Roberto Alomar, the Padre second baseman, and Garry Templeton, the Padre shortstop, now staged a phantom double-play flip and throw of such energy and verisimilitude that the runner stopped in his tracks and headed back to first, where the throw from the outfield nabbed him at the bag. The crowd laughed and clapped, and a San Diego writer told me that the Padres would never have tried anything as lighthearted as that a year ago, under their disliked but now departed manager Larry Bowa. The Padres looked tougher this year, with Jack Clark and Bruce Hurst aboard, but there was doubt about the left side of their infield, which had already committed nine errors. "This club is short a president, a general manager, and a third baseman," the writer said. A few minutes later, the Giants' pitcher, Atlee Hammaker, got to first base when Tim Flannery dropped his measly pop fly behind third, and the writer and I murmured "Make that *ten* errors" in unison. Soon I was chatting with another friend about a celebrated impending Giants-and-Yankees trade: Will Clark, Hammaker, and Craig Lefferts in return for Don Mattingly—a "done deal," I was told. Should I write this down in my notes, I wondered. Naah.

PHOENIX: An early-March morning. A wild throw gets away from the infield during batting practice. The ball flies into the visiting-team dugout on one hop and cleanly knocks a bat out of the grasp of George Will, the Washington columnist, who is posing on the bench (in a tie and business suit) for a photo that will adorn the jacket of his forthcoming baseball book.

Eve Olitsky

WINTER HAVEN: Late afternoon. Watching the eighth inning of a Twins–Red Sox game from a low, just vacated box seat in short right field, I notice that the angle of the descending sun, out over third base, makes a perceptible shadow on the bottom of the ball as a Twins' reliever delivers each pitch. The teams change sides and Lee Smith comes in to pitch for the Red Sox, and now I can't see the shadow anymore. Lee Smith is quicker than light.

LAST year's games are resolutely forgotten in spring training—except by teams that came close and then lost. In Port St. Lucie, I heard some Mets players and Mets writers still replaying the fourth game of the National League playoffs, when the Mets had led by 4–2 in the ninth inning, with Doc Gooden breezing, only to fall victim to that sudden two-run Dodger homer by Mike Scioscia, and then to Kirk Gibson's game-winner in the twelfth. In Phoenix, I asked the Athletics manager, Tony La Russa, how much he had suffered after his team's poor showing in the World Series, and whether he still thought back to Gibson's spectacular pinch-hit home run that won the opener.

"I didn't suffer for more than a few days," he said, "but it still hurt in bits and pieces for a month after that. I still feel bad that we didn't get a chance to show our kind of total game—what we did so well before."

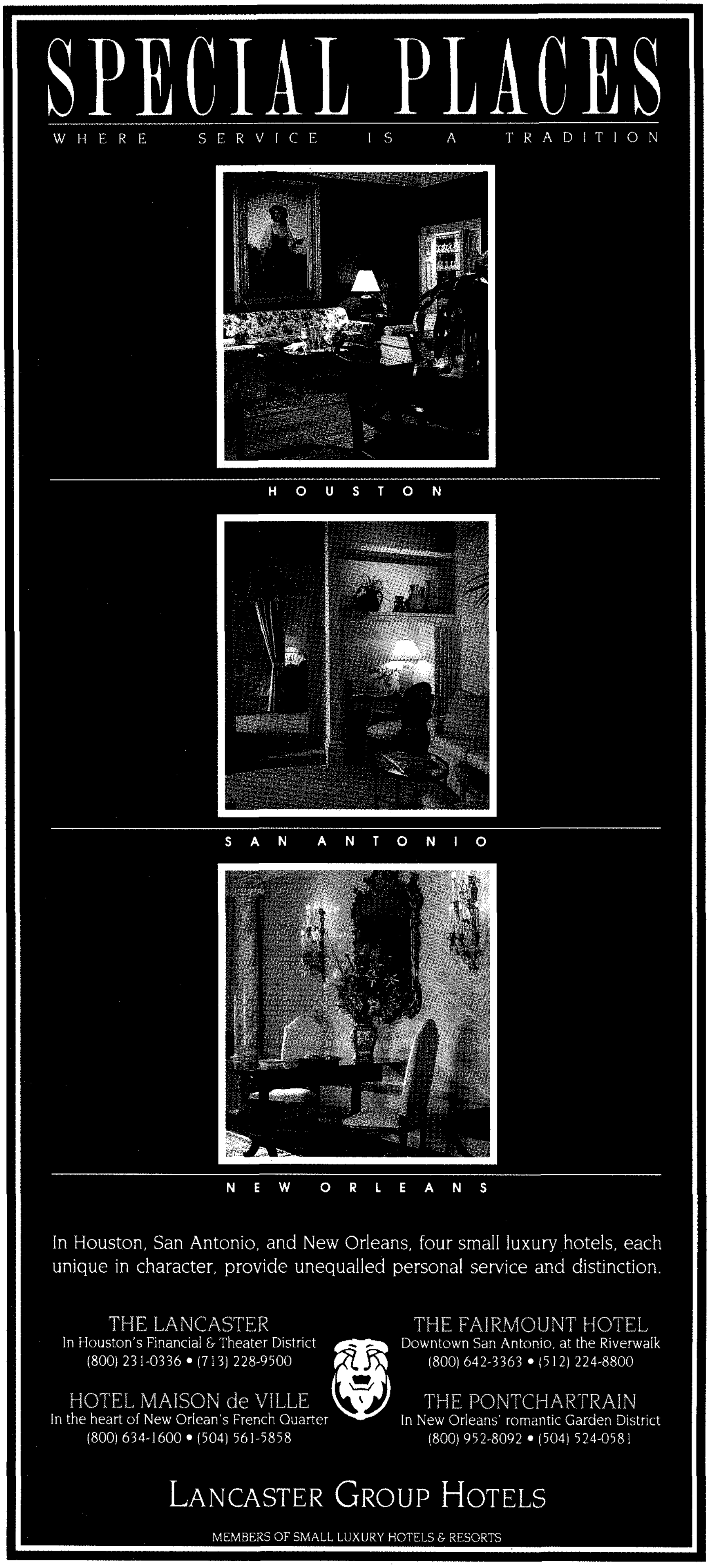
La Russa is sharp-featured, with piercing brown eyes, and his words come out in odd bytes and bursts. It turned out that his mind was less on the Gibson home run than on a grand slam whacked by his own José Canseco in the second inning of the same game, which had almost seemed to lull the Athletics to sleep. "Gibson's home run shouldn't have hurt us *that* much," he said. "Fisk hit that one for Boston in '75, and the Reds came right back and won the Series the next day. To me, we were on edge going into the Series. We were concerned about how things were going to go. We were just right. You know, this game is just edges—a mental edge, a physical edge. Then José goes boom, and for just a little time after that we felt, Well, now we know.

We know it'll be there. It's good to think you're going to make it happen, it's not so good to know it's going to happen. I think we went from perfect to just O.K. with that home run by José. Then Gibson came in and hit the home run, and Hershiser stuck it to us. They knocked us off that edgy, anxious position for good. The Dodgers recognized their position and they *pushed.* They played the game right. You won't hear me say it again, but for me José's home run cost us. We lost that anxious frame of mind."

Sparky Anderson, the Tigers' skipper, talks managerese quite differently: in long, hyperbolic flows—a river of unqualification. I found him in uniform in his office at Lakeland, where the Tigers train, sporting his customary shower clogs and meerschaum during a morning writer levee, and when I put my theme question to him, about how today's players measured up against their counterparts of the past, he happily opened the sluice gates. "We don't have a Babe Ruth today, a Willie Mays or a Mickey Mantle or a Stan Musial," he said, "but if you put *all* the players in a pot with the old ones, why, the ones today are so superior there's just no comparison. And you got to remember we had sixteen teams and now there are twenty-six. So we have to take out two hundred and fifty players and then look at the rest. What they all are is real good players. They're bigger, they're quicker—the level of talent is so great now that nobody stands above. They're all giants."

Another writer in the room started to bring up the they-never-hit-the-cut-off-man beef, but Sparky amputated him. "Who cares!" he said. "They've got so much talent *they don't have to execute well!* Sure, the mind part used to be better, because of the minor-league training, but the physical makes up for all that—you can see it every day."

Somebody else mentioned catchers. "Maybe we are a little short of real good catchers right now," Sparky said, "but that's because young guys today are too smart to want to be a catcher. Who'd want to do *that!*" He hurried along onto firmer ground. "Listen. Ty Cobb in his day was a great base stealer"—he gestured with his pipe at a large photograph of the glowering Cobb, in an old-fashioned black cardigan Tiger sweater, staring down on us



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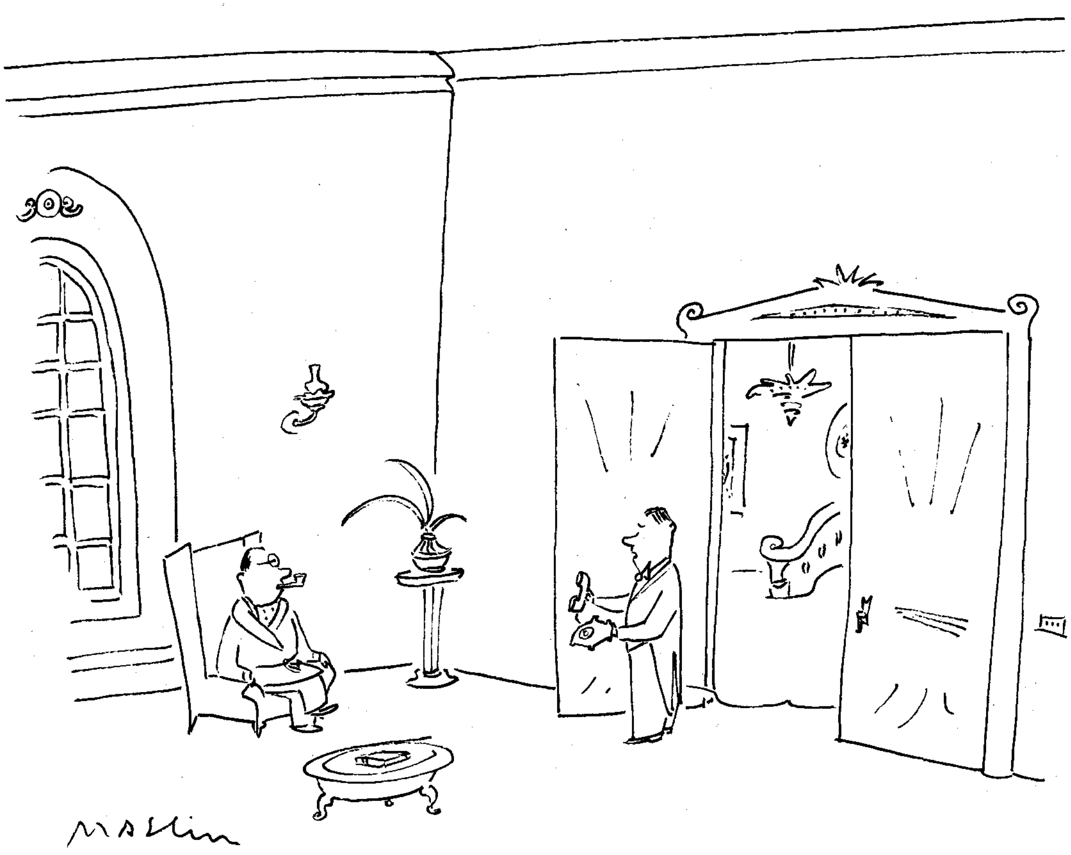


"Mr. Huffington, the voice of Mrs. Huffington."

from one wall of the room—"but there are a hundred guys in the league right now who are quicker than Cobb. Take a look at photographs of players in the twenties and thirties—they're dinky guys! They'd look like midgets out on this field today. Look at my pitching staff—Jeff Robinson is six feet seven, Morris is six-five, Henneman six-five, Alexander six-four. Why, six-four in the old days was *enormous*. That Freight Train Johnson could throw pretty fast"—it took me a minute to recognize the Big Train here: Walter Johnson—"but there was never a day when he could pick it up with Nolan Ryan. Or think about Mr. Lou Gehrig, and what we thought about him in his time"—he lowered his voice, letting us in on a terrible secret —"*but I ain't too sure he'd be playin' first base on the Yankees if Don Mattingly was on the roster!*"

There was more of the same (there's always more of the same with Sparky), and soon he was happily acting out variations on his Better Now theorem: Mike Tyson beating up on Joe Louis, Herschel Walker tossing the Four Horsemen aside like rag dolls. But Sparky had a point. When I got home from my trip, I went to the Baseball Encyclopedia and jotted down the measurements of a couple of old teams and a couple of new ones. I compared the 1939 World Champion Yankees with the 1988 Athletics, picking eight regulars and three pitchers from each club, and I found only one man on the old Pin-Stripers who weighed over two hundred pounds (it was Red Ruffing) and two (Joe DiMaggio and Lefty Gomez) who touched six feet two. Five of those Yankees were *under* six feet. By contrast, eight of the eleven Oaklands are six feet two or taller, and five of them weigh two hundred and ten pounds or more. Then I went to the other league and a later era, comparing the new World Champion Dodgers with the 1959 World Champion Dodgers, and the story was the same. Three of the older team went six feet two or more (Sandy Koufax, Don Demeter, and, of course, Don Drysdale), and two (Koufax and Gil Hodges) weighed as much as two hundred pounds. But eight of the current champions measure six-two or better, and seven of them weigh two hundred pounds or better. I'd known this all along, I guess, but still I was startled. O.K., Sparky: we're giants.

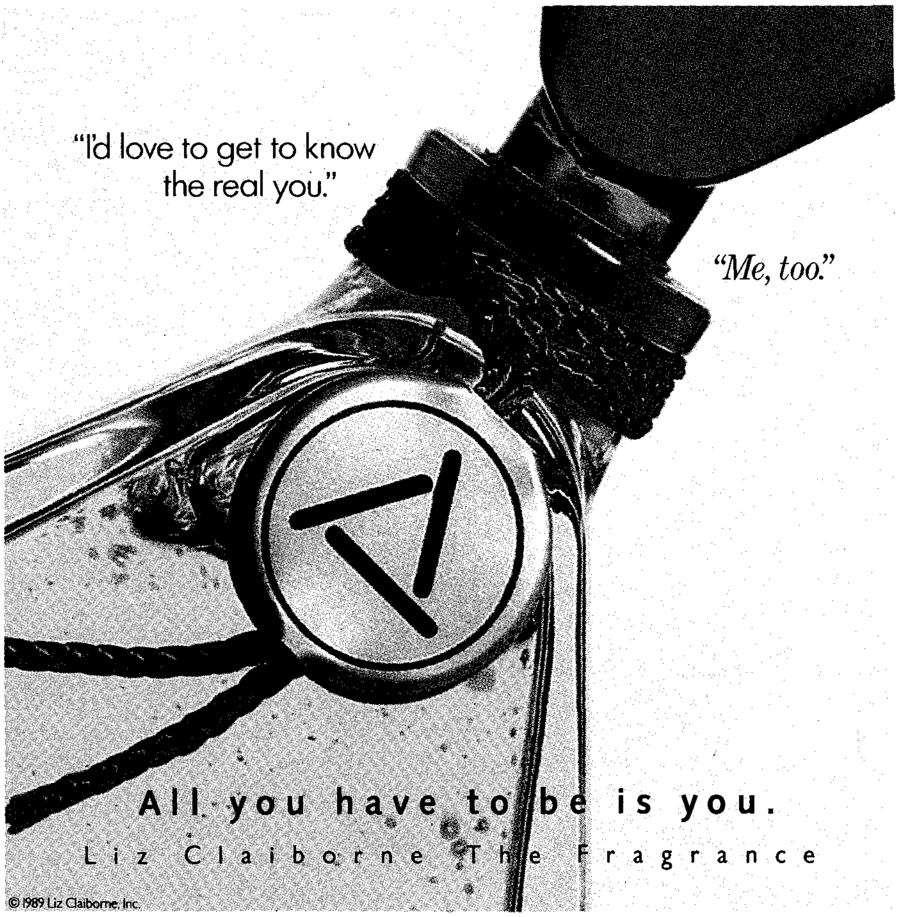
Somehow, I had assumed that my state-of-the-game questions would bring forth critical and sentimental responses from the older baseball people I talked to and more optimistic stuff from the younger respondents, but it didn't always work out that way. Jerome Holtzman, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who has been covering Chicago baseball for thirty-two years, told me there was no question in his mind but that the players were better now. "The hitters have to face tough pitching for nine innings now, instead of sitting back and waiting for a fading starter to lose his stuff," he said. "They see two or three big, tough pitchers, and then have to come up against the team's top reliever. One of the things that used to make the game easy for a hitter was seeing the same pitcher for four at-bats. Obviously, the money is more important now, and sometimes I wonder if the players are putting out as much as they could. But I watched one Cubs team—this was fifteen or twenty years ago—play through a whole season and never saw an outfielder dive for a ball. Not once." He blew out some cigar smoke (the Holtzman stogies look like fungo bats) and asked if I'd ever seen Pie Traynor's glove. "It was nothing—it barely covered his hand," he said. "How could he possibly have played as good a third base as Brooks Robinson? There's no way. The players are bigger and the gloves are bigger. How can the game be worse?"

I picked up an echo here: Whitey Ford talking about pitching, in our windblown colloquy. He said that when he ascended to the majors, in 1950, his armament had consisted of a fastball, a slider, and sort of a change-up, the last of which he had hastily picked up from Eddie Lopat and Jim Turner. That was enough, he said. "Now the pitchers are coming up out of college and they got the split-finger, fastballs, sinkers, changeups, good sliders," he told me. "It's a lot different. They're all bigger than before, and they throw as hard as they can for as long as they can, and then they got John Franco or Dave Righetti to pick them up. You can't go into a town now and figure you're gonna sweep. Every club has two, maybe three good pitchers. It's tough. It was easier to have a dynasty in the old days. If we'd had a playoff every year, the Yankees wouldn't have won so much. You know, we lost out to the Indians in 1954, even though we won a hundred and three games. With just a little more luck that year, we'd have been in ten straight World Series. It was so regular my wife always thought the Series check was part of my salary."

SCOTTSDALE: Midgame. Three National League presidents—the outgoing incumbent, Bart Giamatti, who will soon take up the reins as the new commissioner; his predecessor, Chub Feeney; and the incoming prez, Bill White—are sitting together in the sunshine, stuffed into a little Giants box down the third-base line. An old fan, heading out for beer, spots the tableau and yells, "Hey, Chub! Looks like Mount Rushmore!" None of them blinks or smiles.

WINTER HAVEN: Pregame. A ten- or twelve-year-old boy sitting behind the visiting-team dugout before the Twins–Red Sox game calls over the top, "Is Gary Gaetti on the bench?" "Yeah," a writer calls back. "He's right over here." Instantly, the boy scrabbles in a bag, finds what he needs, and makes a cast over the roof of the dugout. His rig is the cut-off bottom of a plastic Coke bottle suspended on a string and containing a Gary Gaetti baseball card and a ballpoint pen. The boy jiggles the bob invitingly a few times, but Gaetti isn't biting. When he comes up onto the field, heading for the batting cage, the boy reels in and prepares to rebait.

MY visit to Lakeland and Tigertown came on an exceptionally busy morning that successively featured Margo Adams, the Discovery liftoff, and the Lasorda Dodgers. Wade Boggs' unexemplary friend, a guest on the Geraldo Rivera tell-a-thon, was rapturously watched on a clubhouse television set by the entire Tiger squad, who groaned when the show was preëmpted by the moment of liftoff. But a minute or two later someone outside put up a yell, and all the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Tigers came out into the sunshine to watch and cheer the event, live: a fingerlet of white smoke climbing the horizon out beyond right field. The Dodgers’ travelling celebrity show, which turned up a bit later, brought new faces, like Eddie Murray and Willie Randolph (the old Yankee perennial, who had gone West as a free agent over the winter, called out cheerfully to some Tiger buddies as he walked onto the field, and then threw open his arms and said, “I’m free! I’m free!”); a dieting, trimmed-down Lasorda (“My brother came down last week and fixed pasta, and *I did not eat it!* I’ve faced the truth: I was addicted to linguine”); and mammoth, turn-away throngs at the ticket windows. The fans who did get in were treated to one of spring baseball’s most delectable rewards, the public humiliation of a baseball idol, when the Tigers jumped all over Orel Hershiser, combing him for ten hits and ten runs in the course of his five-inning stint; five of the runs came in on a pair of homers by a hitherto peaceable Tiger extra named Scott Lusader. Orel said later that this was spring and he’d just been getting in his work. These Chinese New Year explosions of base hits, rocketlike homers, and clustering homebound base runners are a March staple and, being harmless, provide more fun than if they came along during the serious business of summer. This year, I missed a fourteen-run ninth inning that the Athletics compiled against three Giants pitchers, but I did catch the next game between the same Bay rivals, when the Oaklands tacked on seven more in their last at-bats. I was at Bradenton when the Blue Jays hammered four doubles and three triples in one inning against a young Pirate right-hander (never mind his name), but nothing approached the firestorm I saw inflicted by the Cubs upon Eric Plunk, a fastballing Oakland reliever. Plunk, who had surrendered a grand slam on his previous outing, threw hard but straight on this occasion, and gave up a roped single, a triple, a homer, another triple, and a double in swift succession before being taken from the field by a representative of Amnesty International.

Bradenton, I should add here, is an absolute exception to my warnings about the harsh new look of spring baseball. I hadn’t stopped by the Pirates’ training camp there in six or seven seasons, but when I walked out onto McKechnie Field once again and espied its immemorial tiny grandstands shaded by tilted roofs, its rickety folding box-seat chairs, its high-school-style bleachers, its perching green corrugated-iron press box, and its neighboring palmettos and little back yards, I felt myself stepping into a glass-ball preservatorium. (A longer look at this Glocca Morra, and at some of the Pirates people and players there, is to be found in a small, happy new book, “Spring Training,” by William Zinsser.)

Some of the pitching this spring was better. Roger Clemens and Frank Viola, the two most recent American League Cy Young hurlers, had at each other in Winter Haven, and worked four modest but evocative innings apiece, each surrendering one run. While I was watching Jimmy Key, the prime Toronto left-hander, in action against the Cards at St. Petersburg a few days later (he was fair for four innings, then racked), it suddenly occurred to me that a musician fan might someday find a different use for the standard music sheet, with its printed staff lines, and on it record each at-bat and inning composed by a pitcher like Key or Viola, who understands speeds; the published post-game capriccio or rhapsody would appear as notes (slow, fast, real slow, fast, *fast*) affixed in their various up or down, in or away locations, and scored for the various instruments (slider, fastball, curve, sinker-slider). Reread and hummed by winter lamplight, it could bring back the music of the spheres. Clemens, to go back a bit, had abandoned the writer boycott he had threatened earlier in the spring, when he announced that he would remain mum except on his game days, on which he might deign to respond to written questions handed in by the media. It was a shame, in a way, because the Boston *Herald’s* George Kimball had already drafted (and published) a list of his first questions for Clemens: “What is the capital of Vermont?” “What is the Green Line stop between Arlington and Park Street?” “Who wrote ‘The Satanic Verses’?” And so forth. He predicted a low S.A.T. score for the Rocket.

I was lucky all month in the pitchers I drew. Early in my stay in Arizona, the Angels were visiting the Oaklands, and here came Jim Abbott to throw a couple of middle innings against the Bay Bashers. Abbott, a non-roster rookie, was the celebrated left-hander who had distinguished himself as a college pitcher at the University of Michigan and then led the Team USA squad to a gold medal in the baseball exhibition event at the Olympics last September. He was also a recipient of the Sullivan Award, which goes each year to the nation’s outstanding amateur athlete. He has been the focus of extraordinary attention, because he has fashioned this shining early career in spite of a birth defect that deprived him of a right hand. He seemed a bit nervous in his brief stint, giving up three walks and a run, but he captivated the full-house Phoenix Stadium audience when he fanned José Canseco (“Wahooo!”) on an inside breaking pitch. He looked tall and loose out there, and showed us a fairish fastball with a little bite on it, and I noticed that the batters (and his catcher, too) seemed to be having a hard time picking up his pitches. Abbott thrusts his shortened right arm into his glove while he delivers each pitch and then transfers the mitt to his pitching hand with a nearly invisible gesture—a continuation of his motion, it seems. An even more remarkable move comes when he fields the ball and then has to get rid of the mitt before he can throw. I watched him do this again and again as the catcher returned the ball after each pitch, and once again, much more quickly, when he fielded a come-backer to the mound and tried for the force play at second. The move almost looks magical: he appears to cross his arms for an instant, and the ball is in his bare hand and the mitt back in place on the other arm. I couldn’t follow it, even with my binoculars, but he showed us the trick in the clubhouse, where twenty or more reporters came to visit him after his work: he turns the mitt pocket side out at the moment he pins it against his chest with his right arm, and the ball rolls into his hand at the same instant it comes free of the glove. But “trick” is the wrong word. As Abbott reminded us, he has been fielding and throwing this way ever since he began playing catch with his father as a boy, so it is entirely natural for him. He is tall and broad-shouldered, with a friendly, intelligent gaze: just another enormous young ballplayer of the eighties—except for the endless interviews, of course. Fielding that bouncer back to the mound in his second inning, he had seemed to have trouble getting the ball out of the glove, and the delay cost him the second out of a potential double play. When one of the writers asked him whether this extra instant was attributable to his handicap, Abbott said, "If I'd had two hands I might have bobbled the ball and dropped it." He went on to tell us that the best part of his spring had been the message he had been given by his manager, Doug Rader, on his arrival in camp: he was here because of his ability. He had a good spring, it turned out, and when the Angels went back to Anaheim to start the season Abbott went with them. He is their fifth starter.

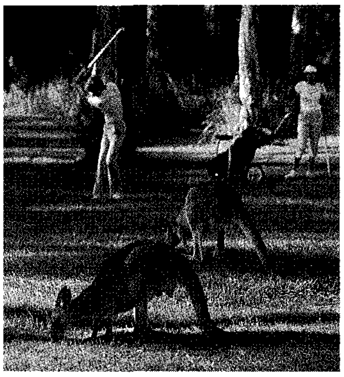
PHOENIX: Midgame. Calvin Schiraldi, the Cubs reliever, lets fly a pitch to the screen while working against an Oakland batter (there is no one on base, so it doesn't go down as a wild pitch), and some young fan near me yells out, "Nuke! Nuke!" I am puzzled until others in my row remind me that the reference is to Nuke LaLoosh, the scatter-armed rookie flinger in "Bull Durham."

LAKELAND: Pregame. Chatting with Mickey Hatcher, the engaging Dodger supernumerary who had such a wonderful Series last fall, a couple of writers urge him to retell some adventures from his picaresque minor-league past—the Mama Grizzly Bear story, perhaps, or the Mighty Midnight Pool Dive in the Dominican Republic. Hatcher's face lights up for a moment, but then he says, "Aw, no, I can't do that, guys. I'm doin' a book, and they told me to hold back on all those old stories now."

Art is everywhere.

AS I continued my state-of-the-game inquiries at various stops on the Arizona-Florida Trail, I noticed that most of the senior baseball men I was consulting seemed reserved or downright reluctant in making what might be taken as criticisms of the large, well-paid young men on the field today. Many of the Nestors brought up the

One of the daily rituals practiced by natives of the mysterious continent of Australia.



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dilution-with-expansion factor that Sparky Anderson had mentioned. Tommy John, who has pitched in the majors for a quarter of a century (he made it onto the Yankee team again this spring, at the age of forty-five, after being let go last fall, and went on, splendidly, to start and win the opening game of the 1989 Yankee season), pointed out that everyone in the game is in extraordinary shape now and that the level of pitching is higher, but then summed up with "There are more talented people playing than there used to be—and also some who shouldn't be here at all." The talent, he went on, was much better distributed around the leagues nowadays. "Back when I was with the White Sox, in the sixties, Al Lopez used to say, 'Play the Yankees and the Twins and the other good teams even, and try to make your season off the other clubs.' And that's what we did. Some of those second-division clubs—the Kansas City A's and the Angels and the rest—were just hapless. We'd play them eighteen games and win sixteen. The competition is better now, right down the line."

Ted Simmons, brusque and deep-voiced, told me that the biggest changes he had seen in the game in his twenty-one years as a catcher (he retired from the Braves last fall, and is now director of player development with his old team, the Cardinals) were in team speed and pitching. "Wills, Aparicio, Brock—that was about it twenty years ago," he said. "Now each team has at least three players who can steal thirty or forty bases, so the whole philosophy of baserunning has turned around. And now the National Football League has taught us there's such a thing as *large* speed—a guy who's two sixty and can run a four-seven forty. A Canseco is a beautiful thing."

Simmons believes that expansion has inexorably brought about a thinning of talent, which means that there aren't as many ninety-mile-an-hour fastballers on each team as there once were—but this, in turn, has produced a great number of pitchers who can throw the full modern repertoire of breaking balls and changes, even on the three-and-one pitch. "And that's a *revolution*," he said.

I asked if he had preferred pre-expansion ball, and Simmons, an All-Star-level pragmatist, instantly said, "Depends what you want. If you like true-to-the-bone, down-the-middle baseball, sixteen teams is where it's at. I never played pre-expansion ball, but it's what I grew up on, and it was the pure thing. But if you want something for projecting the game so more people can watch it and enjoy it and love it and see its subtlety and its beauty, then you can make the other arrangement."

Whitey Lockman, a Polo Grounds Galahad with the dashing 1951 pennant-winning Giants, and later a coach and manager for the Cubs, is a senior Montreal scout these days: a thin gent with a beaky, friendly face under a little canvas hat. He said there was no question in his mind but that the major leaguers were better and faster now—and much larger. "I remember how it felt when a Willie Mays or a Monte Irvin would turn up once in a while when I was playing," he said. "They were *so* strong—we were just in awe. Now all the players look like that. This year-round conditioning has sure made a difference. In the old days, spring training was sort of mild, but the need for it was a whole lot clearer. I can remember going to early Giants camp in Arizona—at the Buckhorn Mineral Wells, in Apache Junction. The players would hike up a little mountain there and then come back down and take a mineral bath. It doesn't seem like much now, but they were taking off *pounds*."

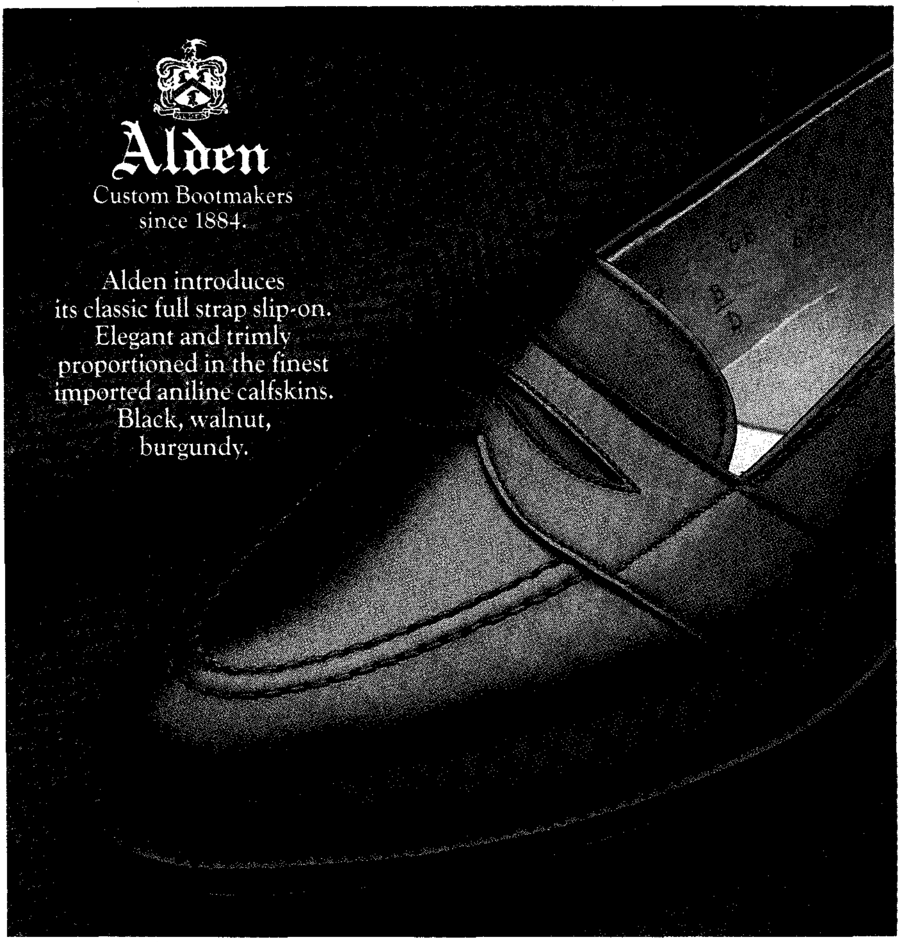
He talked about the improvement in pitching and in instruction, and then, almost reluctantly, he added, "I don't think some of the players have as much fun playing the game as we used to. Nobody wants to look bad out there, but sometimes you see guys hanging back a little, and that may be because of the money. Then, there's all this charting and planning. Leo used to manage by the seat of his pants. I know the game is more sophisticated today, but what's the fun of looking at a computer printout?"

But let's wheel in some louder critics. Ron Swoboda, an ebullient Mets outfielder who shocked the Orioles with that breathtaking catch in the 1969 World Series, is a television sports commentator in Phoenix these days, and a great admirer of college baseball. "Watch A.S.U. or L.S.U. or Texas Sunday nights on ESPN, and see if you don't think the quality of play is higher than it is in the big leagues," he said to me. "They've had outstanding coaching, and they all pay attention to fundamentals. Watch their outfielders and then ask yourself what you see so many big-league outfielders doing now. You'll see a guy attack the ball from the wrong angle, get his feet tangled up while he comes up with the ball, take four or five steps, and then throw home on the fly, much too late, and the announcer says, 'Great arm.' Bullshit. But you sound like you're whiny if you say this. I think college kids still listen to their managers, but that authority is gone in the majors. A big-league manager who's telling the truth will admit he can't tell somebody who's making eight hundred thousand dollars to do a little of this and a little of that—run over there and back up that play. I think the habit of doing things right goes away when you go up to the big show, especially with outfielders. Infielders have to be more alert, because you can look so bad out there, but some of these outfielders—" He threw his arms wide.

I asked Swoboda if he thought players had talked about the game more in his day than they do now—clubhouse talk. "We talked about women," he said, with his toothy grin. "But then we went out to the bars and talked baseball there. No, I don't hear that much anymore, and I believe you have to talk the fine points if you're going to play this game well."

Tim McCarver misses the non-stop baseball talk in the clubhouse, too. One of the very few men to play in the majors in four calendar decades, he put in more than twenty years as a catcher for the good Cardinal clubs of the sixties and the good Phillies clubs of the late seventies, and is now a nationally known sportscaster, with ABC and the Mets. Vivid, articulate, passionately into the game, he can sometimes expound upon a particular baseball idea or game situation over a span of two or three innings. "I've never been one of those guys who said, 'In *my* day . . . ,'" he told me in Port St. Lucie. "I *hate* that. But the one thing I can say about my day is that the guys seemed to be more conscientious about doing the right thing in a game, and knowing what the right thing was. I come down to the clubhouse twenty minutes after the game now, and half the players are gone. Nobody is sitting around talking baseball, talking how the game is played. We really have to remind ourselves, too, that the major leagues are the main training ground for a lot of the players, because they come up so quickly now. I mean, look at Gregg Jefferies trying to bunt in—what was it?—Game Four of the playoffs last fall. What a ridiculous attempt—stabbing at the ball like that! The fans reacted, of course—*they* knew how the bunt should be made—and Davey changed the signal and had him hit away, and he flied out to left field. It was the twelfth inning, I think, and that run never scored. I don't think every outfielder even knows why you're supposed to hit the cutoff man—not just to stop the base runner from moving up but because the ball gets to the catcher faster that way. They don't *know*. Not many guys work on things. Jack Lamabe came over to the Cardinals in July of 1967—it was our only roster change all year—and he told me that once when he was playing for Stanky's White Sox earlier that year he'd failed on a bunt during a Saturday game. Well, Stanky said, 'I want you out here in uniform, ready to go, at nine-thirty tomorrow morning,' and that's what Lamabe did. Stanky was there, and he threw to him in the cage and made him bunt a hundred and fifty times. That's a lot of trouble to prove a point, but I wish it happened more now. The essentials are still being taught, but I'm not sure they're being learned. Hitting the cutoff man, bunting, being aware of your on-base percentage don't seem very important when it comes time to renegotiate a contract or go to arbitration, so nobody is exactly paying attention."

It came to me more than once as I listened to these middle-aged baseball men that perhaps what they missed most of all wasn't just properly executed plays, or more clubhouse baseball talk, or more respect for managers, or a slower, more careful preparation of youngsters coming up through the mi-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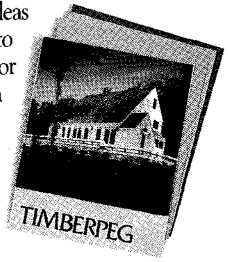

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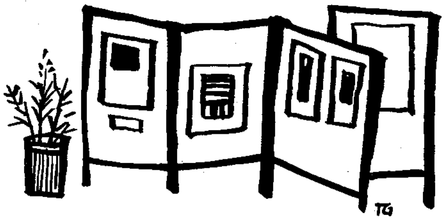
nors, or the two eight-team leagues, in which each team kept the same players year after year and thus seemed (to players and fans alike) as quirky and distinguishable as each of the faces around the family dinner table at Thanksgiving, or a sport in which there were a few established great stars playing in concert with a supporting cast of capable, modestly paid journeymen, or a time when newspapermen were close companions to the players and did not write about the private lives or midnight misadventures of the team they covered, and so forth. What they missed was the ordered, much smaller world of a generation or two generations ago, in which baseball itself stood as a mansion, the most familiar and stately structure in the land. All that is gone. Whitey Ford signed on with the Yankees as a sandlot prospect and put in his necessary work in the minors, racking up 13–4, 16–8, and 16–5 seasons. He was 6–3 with the Yankees' Kansas City AA farm when, with the off-speed pitch at last mastered, he ascended to the big club in June of 1950. "In those days, everything was understood," he had said to me. "When I joined the Yankees, with Yogi and Billy and all, we just figured we were going to spend the rest of our careers there. It wasn't three years here and then whoever offered you the most money. So I always figured and thank God it worked out I could stay with the Yankees."

There was more fun to it, he said. There were more doubleheaders then, so Monday was mostly a day off. There were fewer night games—and more nights to go out with your friends. "Where can you *go* after a night game?" Whitey said. "You have a couple of beers and you go home to bed. Then, too, I think all those trips on the trains made you closer together. You'd get on a twenty-four-hour Pullman ride to St. Louis and—well, you had all that time."

I share the sense of loss I heard in these words, and, like other fans, of course, I have noticed the disregard for details, the scorn for work well and properly done, that Swoboda and McCarver talked about. Those baseball crafts, like Shaker furniture or nineteen-thirties M-G-M movies, may no longer be readily available, but I don't think we should stay home and wring our hands about it. Baseball lives may have been simpler and all the same back in Whitey Ford's day (although I doubt it), but they strike me as being so various today as to resist summary.

Joe Magrane, the enormous blond movie-star-handsome young left-hander with the Cardinals, bolted up through the minors in two very short seasons, was sent back down to Louisville at the end of the Cards' spring training in 1987 (he'd been a non-roster invitee), and then was called back in the same month and took up a place in the rotation. Injuries to other pitchers, including the irreplaceable John Tudor, had a lot to do with the promotion, to be sure, but not many twenty-three-year-olds get to start the first and seventh games in a World Series, which is what Magrane did that fall against the Twins. Last year, in spite of a won-lost record of 5–9 (the Cardinals' hitters sustained him with a gruel-thin sub-three-run offense in the games he pitched), Magrane finished with a 2.18 earned-run average, the best in the National League. When I talked to him in the clubhouse at Al Lang Stadium—he had worked four innings against the Blue Jays, and his bare left shoulder was still pink from its post-game icing—he told me that he still wished he had those rookie-year World Series innings back (he was the loser in Game One and was driven out in the fifth inning of Game Seven, which the Twins also won, to capture the championship). "My mentality was *Dear God, don't let me screw up*, instead of *I'm going to whip your ass*," he said, shaking his head.

Magrane is no longer a rookie, but in a way he never was. Arriving at the Cardinals after three years at Arizona and that rush up through the minors, he had good looks, a quick tongue, a lively and educated curiosity, and something like absolute assurance. "All those smarts sort of put the other guys off," a Cardinals writer told me. "They'd never seen anyone who seemed so—well, so *stately*. But they sure loved him when he pitched." Not surprisingly, Magrane was subjected to some elaborate clubhouse put-ons, including a photo date with a fashion photographer from *GQ* concocted by his teammates. (Not surprisingly, *GQ* later invited him to keep the date, and has already published the modish feature.)



Magrane told me that he was probably less sophisticated than he sometimes appeared to be, and recalled living on room-service meals at the team hotel in New York during a Mets series, because he didn't know how to face the big city. Now he has become close to a teammate—Dan Quisenberry, the quirky and engaging veteran sidearm reliever—who took him to the Dali Museum in St. Petersburg this spring, and has introduced him to the theatre and to first-class restaurants in New York and Chicago and Los Angeles.

Magrane talks about his minor-league days with almost the same fervor and nostalgia that I heard from Whitey Ford discussing the old Yankees. "Two weeks after I was playing in the College World Series, I was winding in and out of Appalachia on an old school bus," he told me. "The first day I checked into our hotel in Johnson City, Tennessee, there was a police shootout going on in the parking lot across the street. That was a real no-teeth league—the fans, I mean. It was a lot like 'Bull Durham.' The worst bus drives came the next year, in the Texas League. You could do twenty-five hours on the road to El Paso—long enough to read most of 'War and Peace.' I took a lot of music along, especially country and bluegrass, because it has that bouncing-down-the-highway feel. Back then, there was a tremendous camaraderie in the minors. We were all the same age and in the same boat, with the same piss-poor conditions and a lot of wondering where you were going to end up. It's real different up here. Everyone's making a lot of money"—everyone but Magrane, so far, who, still short of free agency, will earn a hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year. "Everyone's rushing out of the clubhouse. It's just businesslike. It isn't much like my dreams of what it was going to be like when I got up here."

The Dave Stewart story is something else. Now thirty-two, Stewart put in six full years climbing the Dodgers' minor-league ladder—Bellingham, Danville, Clinton, San Antonio, Albuquerque twice—before being given a place on the big team's pitching roster. Part of the delay was because he had been a catcher when the Dodgers signed him, after he attained High School All-America honors in football and baseball at St. Elizabeth High School in Oakland. He grew up in one of the black sections of Oakland, less than a mile from the Coliseum, where the A's played; summers, he hung out at the park. He became a starter in his second summer with the Dodgers, but was traded to the Texas Rangers in midseason of 1983, when he had a combined record of 10–4 with the two teams. Then things fell apart—a 7–14 year, and then 0–6. He was dealt off to the Phillies, and underwent an elbow operation, but was given an unconditional release in May of 1986. The rest of the story—the rest of the movie—is better known. He was picked up by the Oakland organization a couple of weeks later and signed to a Class AAA contract with its Tacoma club, and then brought up almost at once to the Athletics. Given his first start against the Red Sox on a nationally televised game at Fenway Park (it was Tony La Russa's first day as manager of the club), he beat Roger Clemens, 6–4, and took up a permanent place in the rotation. His 20–13 won-lost record the following year and 21–12 last summer made him the only repeat twenty-game winner in either league. The scouting reports on him include the ultimate professional accolade: "Can beat you on an off day."

"I never gave up on the idea that something positive was going to happen," Stewart told me in Phoenix. "I always believed if the opportunity came I'd take advantage. I think the moment you give up on yourself, that door closes."

Stewart is monumentally composed. He has a narrow, turned-down mustache that, with his oddly slitted eyes, gives him something of a Fu Manchu look under his curved-bill, pulled-down cap. He speaks in a surprisingly thin, piping voice. He is polite, easy—at home with himself and with all comers. The fortitude he mentioned had been accompanied by a killer forkball, which only the Athletics' brass believed in and encouraged. "With Texas and before that, they just didn't want me to throw it," he said. "They told me to stick it in my pocket. It takes you a while to get comfortable with a pitch like that, and they didn't want to give me that time. Then I came with the A's, and Tony and Dave Duncan said to go ahead and throw it and make it my own."

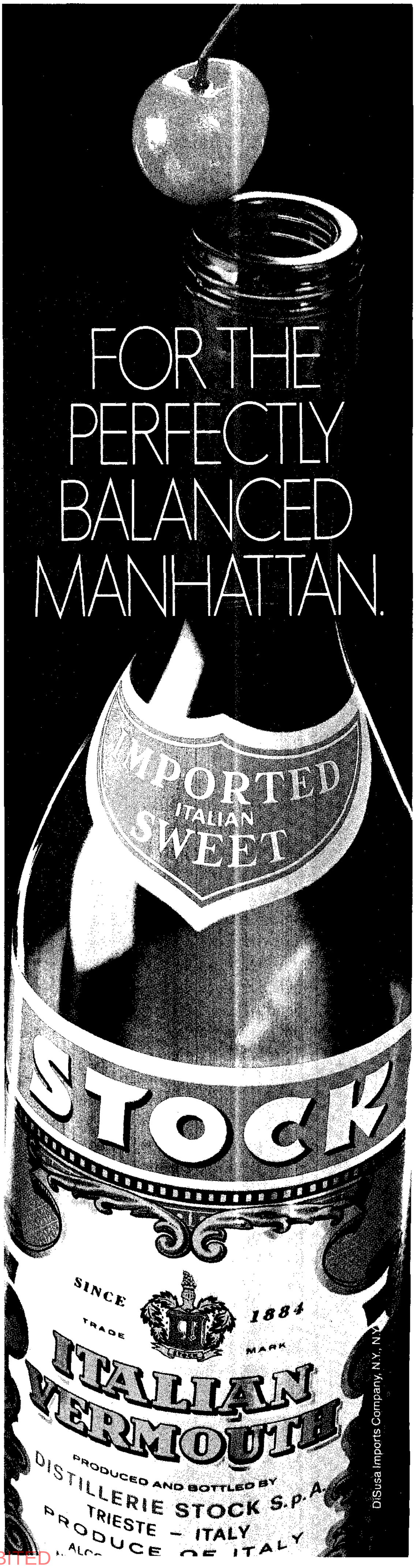
Stew is comfortable with the thing now. When I asked him to show me how it was delivered, he buried a ball deep in the cleft between his first two fingers (the middle finger seemed to angle off like a railway junction) and then reminded me that this wasn't the new split-finger mode but the plain, old-fashioned, down-breaking forker. Facing a predominantly left-handed lineup, he throws the pitch about thirty per cent of the time, and perhaps less against right-handers, who get to see more of his curveball. "Actually, I've got three forkballs," he said. "There's the harder one, and then a medium-speed that's a nice changeup, and the slow, which is slow, slow, *slow*. With the hard one, you get less break—maybe only four or five inches."

I asked how the pitch moved, and he said, "I can make it break away from left-handers or go the other way." He smiled slowly. "I can make it do anything I want."

I asked Stewart if he brooded about the fact that his feats and his record would be much better known if he played in New York or Chicago, or if he had stayed with the Dodgers.

"I've accepted that," he piped. "I could be in New York and be recognized and not too happy, or I could be in Oakland, the place where I was born and where I'm with this great ball club and totally happy. I know which one I'd choose."

Oakland is happy with Dave Stewart, too—and not just because of his pitching. Many players do community work in the off-season now, but perhaps none of them with the anonymity and fervor and persistence that he brings to the work. With a little prodding, he talked about some of the organizations he has founded or become part of—his own Kids Corps, which involves tutorial programs, training programs, summer jobs, and summer recreation groups for Bay Area children; the Reader-Leader High School Literacy Program, which firms up fundamentals for graduating or departing students; the Promise Program, which involves the Oakland public-school system and attempts to place B-average high-school kids in a college for at least two years, at minimal fees; and so

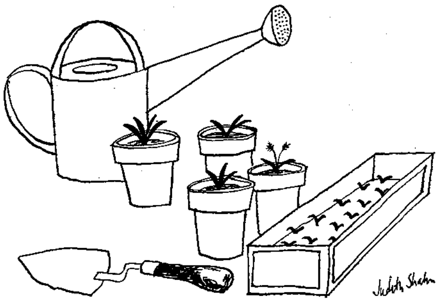


on. He is on the board of directors of the Oakland branch of the Boys Clubs of America and is active in various local and national anti-drug programs. He raises funds, makes speeches and appearances, does administrative work, and has put something on the order of two hundred thousand dollars of his own money into community work. It is hard to write about all this without sounding like the dupe of a carefully laid public-relations plan, but I had no such feeling with Dave Stewart. Rather, I felt I was hearing about something quite private. He is unmarried, and I think Oakland boys and girls may be his family. He certainly lives with them: he told me that he put in six or seven hours a day in Oakland community work right through the off-season. Earlier in the morning of our talk, I had spotted him autographing programs and baseballs and pennants and stuff for fans—kids, for the most part—who had come clustering down along the front row of stands by the left-field bullpen mounds. He was the only player out there, but he kept at it, signing and chatting in the sunshine, for twenty-five minutes.

RIGHT along through these spring games and talks, I had it in mind to ask some players about the money and what it meant, but I held back. It seemed unlikely that any of the young millionaires would readily open up on request and talk about something beyond their contracts, their agents, and their dealings with the clubs or with the arbitrators, so I ended up going to a friend, Ron Darling. (It wasn't my plan, by the way, to talk to so many pitchers this time around; it just happened that way.) Darling, of course, is one of the prime right-handed pitchers of his time: a pillar of the puissant Mets pitching corps, who has gone 73–41 in his five-plus years as a starter. He is a New York fixture—a fashionable young celebrity married to a beautiful model; a former restaurant owner; and an honored participant in statewide anti-drug programs. He is also thoughtful and introverted—almost too much so, the rap goes, to be a dominant pitcher. I first saw him eight years ago, when he pitched for Yale in a famous N.C.A.A. regional college baseball game and threw a no-hitter for eleven innings against Frank Viola and St. John's, only to lose in the twelfth. Not an ordinary ballplayer, by any means. This winter, he signed a new three-year contract with the Mets, worth 5.3 million dollars. What he said about money and ballplayers during our talk at Port St. Lucie was not the reaction I might have received from some of the other enormously paid contemporary stars; at the same time, I believe that none of them would find Darling's response wholly unfamiliar.

He said at the outset that the money never entered his mind when he was on the mound, whether he was pitching well or struggling on an off day. Salary was neither a motivator nor a distraction for anyone "out between the lines," in his opinion. He does think about his salary at other times, however—partly because looking after it has become so much more complicated. He used to keep track of his own finances, but after signing his new contract in January he put his fortune in the hands of a management corporation, staffed by financial consultants, tax strategists, charity advisers, and the like. He has set up annuities for his parents, and trust funds for his wife and infant son. Money took up much more of his time than it used to, he said, and so did the talks and tactics that led to the new contract. "It used to be that when your contract was up you just went in and negotiated it," he said. "Now, with arbitration and all these sexy new clauses that the agents put in, you have to figure in advance who's going to do the negotiating for you, how the club will be doing it, who will be in the room, who will be on the phones. Your whole winter is spent on this stuff."

The meaning of the money has changed as well. More and more these days, he said, contracts were looked upon as a mark of status—where a player stood in relation to everyone else in baseball and, in particular, on his own club. He guessed that this was the reason for the Darryl Strawberry fuss in camp this spring. He thought the salaries now paid didn't have the same meaning for different players on the same team that they did, say, when a Koufax or a Drysdale was being paid a hundred thousand dollars on the old Dodgers and the rest of the team earned less. The difference didn't seem so unbelievable then.



"Unbelievable" was a word Darling used often in our talk. "I'm being paid over two million dollars this year, counting my signing bonus, and I don't think anyone can believe numbers like that," he said. "There's no such thing as a two-million-dollar pitcher, there's no such thing as a five-million-dollar rock singer—but that's where the rates are now. You can't put that kind of price on what anyone does. Last year, I was paid a million fifty and I went seventeen and nine pitching. If I end up doing the same thing this year, does that mean I'm having a lousy season? Sandy Koufax got a hundred thousand and went twenty-seven and nine—so what are the rest of us expected to achieve on that scale? Even Cy Young couldn't have a two-million-dollar season."

He mentioned the fans several times, and said he understood their confusion and their anger about the salaries. "'Overpaid babies' is the cliché, and I think that sticks in every player's mind," he said. "The money means different things to different players, but some of them react in ways that just kill the rest of us—they go out and buy seventeen cars and five homes, and they wear a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry at all times. You have to expect that, I guess, but still . . . You know why the fans get on you sometimes, but that criticism can make you cynical after a while, no matter how hard you try not to let it happen."

Darling speaks quietly, and even gravely, by custom, but at times here he looked almost stricken. "I'll tell you the truth—it makes you sad sometimes," he said at last. "I think about this often. I could do all the charity work in the world, but the bottom line is I'm still a rich, rich young man. Most of the players come from modest families, like I do"—Darling's father is a career officer in the Air Force—"so this is real hard for them. I remember last year when I won my first arbitration and got that million fifty thousand. After it was done, I figured we'd go out and have a few beers and enjoy it. But when I got the news from my agent over the phone I just got real sad. My wife said 'What's the matter with you?' and I said I had to call my dad and tell him the news. The thing was, I didn't know how to tell him. It didn't make any sense. How do you tell a man who's worked hard all his life and who's a better man than you are—I really, really believe that—that his son is going to be making a million fifty thousand dollars for pitching a baseball? It just blew me away. And the same thing happened all over again with this new contract I just signed. My wife said 'Oh, that's unbelievable!' but it ended up that night that she went out to dinner with some friends and I stayed home with my boy and did a puzzle."

CHANDLER, ARIZONA: Ninth inning. Strolling toward the parking lot along the path that tops a grassy bank beyond the left-field fence at Compadre Stadium, I say to my wife and son, "Let's wait a second and watch Hendu bat against Plesac." The drama, in truth, runs about four seconds. Dan Plesac, the long, loose Milwaukee relief ace (from our distance, a left-handed marionette), winds up and throws; Dave Henderson swings and then jumps entirely off the ground in his happiness, with the clean crack of his bat reaching us, oddly, just as his feet hit the ground again. The ball, gaining size and clarity as it zoom-lenses toward us, causes a sudden flurry of animation among the picnicking and sunbathing families on the sloping lawns before us: "La Grande Jatte" invaded by a spacecraft. The mammoth shot clears the top of the scoreboard, thunks once, and is souvenirized before our eyes. We go on home.

SPRING speculations of a more customary nature—the best teams, the shining rookies, the pick of the four divisions—should be expected here, but the regular season has overtaken this report, and I can only supply brief further backlighting to the accumulating business at hand. The Dodgers, I should have said, have deepened themselves wonderfully with their signing of the reverberant Eddie Murray to play first base and bat behind Kirk Gibson this summer. Last year, even during the unfolding and culmination of their triumphant season, they always looked charming and overmatched and gritty; now they scare you a little. The Yankees, by contrast, aroused only pity when I saw them at Fort Lauderdale, a few days before they were stripped further by serious injuries to Rafael Santana and Dave Winfield. I'll miss Winfield (he underwent an operation for a herniated spinal disk and is not expected back in uniform until late summer, at best), because he has continued to show us, down the seasons, that it is possible to play hard, hit the cutoff man (if not always the outside breaking ball), be rich and famous, and enjoy yourself, all while wearing a Yankee uniform. Talking with a cluster of writers at Fort Lauderdale one morning, he touched glancingly and cheerfully on several aspects of this work ethic. He has stuck with the Yankees in spite of his "situation" (the long-running legal and emotional harassments and insults he has suffered at the hands of his employer) and his clear opportunities to play almost anywhere else he wishes, because his teammates care for him. "We hug each

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other and laugh in the clubhouse," he said, "and that's enough." He said that putting out all through the long season requires a man to wind himself up like a clock that lets out slowly, one tick at a time. He said he had recently made a mental list of forty-six separate personal characteristics, each one of which helped make him a better ballplayer. He told us—and I have thought sadly back on this, of course, now that he is laid low—that competition for every position was a good thing to see on a ball team, but that right field for the Yankees was not available. "It just isn't," he said, with that slow, enormous smile. "It's *mine.*"

Among touring road companies whose paths briefly touched mine, the Blue Jays, the Expos, the Brewers, the Padres, and the Twins won my coveted Golden Hedge Award as possible winners or contenders or third- or fourth-place finishers or real nice guys in their divisions this summer, on the basis of observations made over a handful of spring innings per club and serious gossip collected at the fashionable scribe-tanning sector of each camp. The Twins' boisterous clubhouse, I learned, has been less carefree since the departure (by trade) of Tom Brunansky last summer, and with Gary Gaetti's new born-again glumness. Then again, there is always Kirby Puckett. Watching him thundering in from third base against the Red Sox in customary style (running, he suggests a "Wide Load" truck trailer that has come loose halfway down Pikes Peak), I felt good all over all over again. In case you haven't been noticing, Puckett has batted .339 across the past three seasons, with an accumulated six hundred and sixty-four hits, eighty-three home runs, and three hundred and sixteen runs batted in; if one could wrap up a baseball hero and deliver him to a shut-in or a favorite grandson under the Christmas tree, he would be my choice. He already fills this role with the twelve-and-under set in the Twin Cities, and when somebody asked him recently why he got on so well with kids he said, "Maybe it's because I'm more their size."

The Brewers, who finished in a tie with the Blue Jays for third last year, only two games behind the division-champion Red Sox, would be a fine choice to win the division this year, except that their Blue Cross may be running out. Harry Dalton, the Brewers' genial general manager, went over the patients' charts with me one morning in Chandler, as he and I seemed to have been doing at this same time of year ever since Robin Yount was in the Little League. Teddy Higuera: spinal surgery in January, threw without pain this morning (I was there). Dale Sveum: broken leg reset in November, still sore and on the disabled list. Glenn Braggs: shoulder surgery last August, feeling much better. Juan Nieves: slight rotator damage but now tossing lightly again. When I asked whether this Gray Lady role wasn't becoming a little tiresome for him, he said, "I think somebody around here broke a mirror in 1982. If I'm right about that, the seven years are up and we'll be fine this summer."

My only clear picks, then, were the same two clubs I would have chosen while packing my Reeboks and No. 8 sunscreen at the beginning of my trip: the Mets (because of their depth and all that pitching, and because they gave Mookie Wilson a million-dollar contract last winter) and the Athletics (because they shake the ground and want to play October over again). Not a very fruitful three weeks, one might conclude, but that would leave out the flavor. It would leave out a morning workout in Phoenix, for instance, a day or two before the end. The Athletics were to play over in Scottsdale that afternoon, so there were no ticket takers outside the park and no overzealous guards in the stands during batting practice. A five-year-old girl sat cross-legged on the roof of the Oakland dugout, with a stuffed toy rabbit propped up beside her, watching calisthenics. Not far away, a headless boy sprawled by the outer rim, watching, upside down, whatever was going on in the dugout. Sixty or so scattered fans lounged in the stands and took in the workout and B.P. unimpeded. In time, the players came in off the field and climbed into their bus—all except José Canseco and catcher Terry Steinbach and a senior scout named Ron Schueler, who now staged a little ballgame for a few of us who stayed behind. Canseco had been nursing a damaged left hand for the past ten days (he had hurt it, in fact, while striking out against Jim Abbott), but he was considered well enough by now to test himself in pseudo-game conditions, down in the cage. He fouled off most of Schueler's early deliveries, but then the bat sounds became louder and clearer, and there were longer pauses between pitches as we all watched where the balls were beginning to land. Steinbach, crouched behind the batter, flashed signals to his pitcher and accompanied them with a game situation for José: "Two outs, guy on second. Two-two." Schueler threw and José swung and flied out, deep to right. He fouled off another pitch, jamming himself inside, and staggered weakly in the box, laughing at himself. "Zero-zero," Steinbach said, and a line drive banged into the little screen on the front of the mound and caromed away as Schueler ducked down. "That's an *out!*" Schueler called, picking himself up. "Nothing gets by me here!"

As I watched with a dozen others behind the cage, it came to me once again how young these men were, and how improbably strong. Canseco's tanned right arm, crooking the bat up before the pitch, was a piston, and now that he was loose and taking a fuller cut at each pitch, I could see his bat speed picking up and notice how he finished each enormous cut with his torso facing the left-side dugout, and with the bat sometimes banging off his left shoulder.

"Man on first, nobody out," he called now. "Pitch your own game."

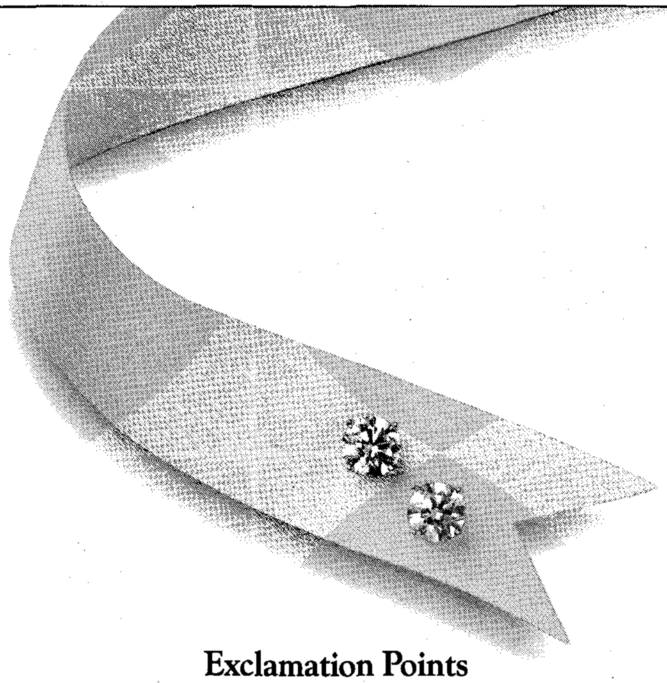
The pitch was outside and almost by him, but the ball went rocketing into right field, and Bill Rigney, standing just to my right, muttered, "Oh, *brother!*" There was another pitch, inside this time, and the ball flew out the other way, seven inches up and inside the third-base bag. "Pick up your glove, Carney," Steinbach said, talking to his invisible third baseman.

"Nobody on, nobody out, and we're down six runs," Canseco said next, and he shifted his feet in the box, shortened up, and tapped a bunt dead in the dirt off to his left.

On it went: another line drive bonking off the pitching screen, and then a ball or two beginning to slip over the fences, with the shagging batboy stopping to watch it go—just a little one-o'-cat for the big boys. But you never know. Canseco, batting in the first inning the following afternoon, his first game in two weeks, swung and missed on a high inside pitch by a Giants left-hander named Dennis Cook and then stepped out of the box shaking his left hand. He came out of the game, and departed the park early, for X-rays, and the hand went into a cast for a month: a torn ligament in his left wrist. The early part of the season has been lost to him, and no one knows how much time it will be before he can swing again the way we saw him that morning—with such youthful pleasure and with a combined acceptance and amazement (his and ours, together) that anyone could play the game on quite these terms.

TWO days later: Evening. "The season must be coming on," Bill Rigney mutters. "I'm beginning to hate the other teams."

RIGHT to the end, I kept on with my questions about baseball now and baseball then, and how the players were thinking and talking about their work, and the mixed, thoughtful answers that came back made it clear at least that almost everyone in the game these days had been wondering about the changes, too. Ralph Houk, who skippered the Yankees and the Tigers and the Red Sox and now keeps an eye on the Twins' batters in the spring, said that today's major leaguers were physically more impressive than their counterparts twenty or thirty years ago but far less experienced. "They're much younger than most people realize," he said. "They still have young dads and moms, and families still at home. If they make mistakes on the field, it's because so



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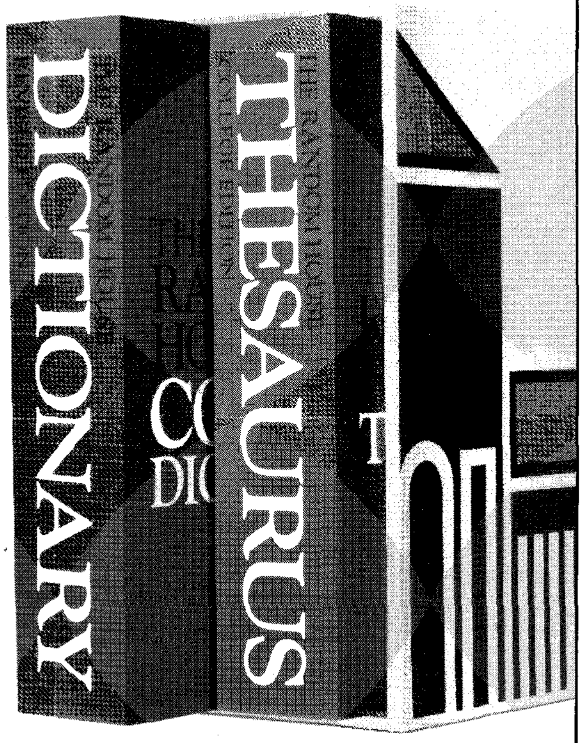

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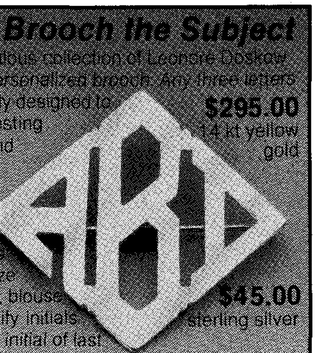

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many of them are up here learning."

Davey Johnson, the Metsmeister, pointed out that new records were being set daily or weekly in every sport where true comparative times could be kept, so it stood to reason that baseball was better than ever, too. The physical improvement in young ballplayers wasn't quite perceptible from one year to the next, he said, but more of a sine curve over the decades. "But ask anyone who's been drafting for twenty years," he said. "The talent is growing."

Bill Rigney reminded me that players mostly room alone on road trips now, which probably made for a decline in useful shoptalk. When he played with the Giants, his roomie was always another infielder—Buddy Kerr or Buddy Blattner or Johnny Mize—and the late-night D.P. seminars went on all summer. But a colleague of Rig's, Dave Duncan, sees this differently. Duncan, who coaches the Oakland pitchers, and is the prime keeper of the Athletics' monumental data bank on enemy batters and pitchers, said that baseball talk continues unabated among the players but has become more analytical and sophisticated—how you get up for a game, how you prepare this time around for a particular pitcher or lineup. "In the old days, it was more funny game stories and anecdotes," he said. "You know—baseball talk."

Jim Frey managed the Royals and the Cubs (and won pennants with both clubs) and now oversees the Cubs' larger fortunes as general manager. We talked in Mesa, and he was friendly and opinionated and precise, as usual. Like some of the others I had consulted, he felt that baseball no longer got first crack at the prime young athletes in the country, the way it did when it was just about the only paying game around. The very best athletes, he said, were probably being siphoned off into the National Football League these days. "You and I can remember the real all-around players—guys who could bat third in the order, hit up in the .300s, run the bases, throw great, and hit thirty home runs or more," he said. "I'm talking about Mays, Mantle, Aaron, Snider, and you could name some more. Canseco did those things last year, but there aren't so many of him as there used to be."

I mentioned Canseco's awesome proportions, and Frey said, "The professional athlete today is bigger and better conditioned, and he's studied nutrition and health and all that, but he's not necessarily stronger. I think people used to develop real strength in childhood—rural kids who walked everywhere and worked on the farm twelve or fourteen hours a day in the summer, or kids who were factory workers, and even worked down in the mines. I think maybe that gave them more continuous strength than guys who put in fifty minutes a day on the Nautilus. They knew what endurance was."

Our talk drifted along to salaries then and now, and Frey shifted gears. He said it was difficult for any of us to take in the size of players' contracts today, but then confessed that he was a little tired of all the fans' talk about money. "Most of the complaining I've heard out there comes from folks who've got it made," he said. "They're fixed up with a nice nest egg and don't need anything in this world, so it isn't fitting for them to say anything. There was exactly the same kind of carrying on forty years ago when Joe DiMaggio was getting a hundred thousand dollars. It doesn't mean a thing."

He was much more interested in the shift in attitude about the game among the players. "Players saw baseball in a different way when I first was in the game," he said. "When they got into organized ball and some of them moved up into the major leagues, that was something they'd dreamed about ever since they were little kids. It meant everything. It wasn't just the playing; it was a way to change their lives—get off that farm, get out of the mines. Sure, it was an extended childhood, but it also meant a chance to end up with a good job when they were finished. They could get into insurance, maybe, or public relations, or find some little business to run. Anything to get off the farm. If the players were closer back then, it was because they were all in the same boat. They weren't going to get rich, but they were in baseball together, and that was what mattered. Today, it's more serious, but I'm not sure it means so much."

THE management side of baseball has been undergoing long-overdue modernization, which has brought computers into the front office and into the clubhouse as well; young C.E.O.s, up from the Harvard Business School instead of the ranks of old players or scouts or managers, are taking over as general managers, and doing very well indeed. Taken together, the installation of Bart Giamatti, a former president of Yale, as Commissioner, and the selection of Bill White, a capable black first baseman in the fifties and sixties, and later a highly regarded broadcaster with the Yankees, as the new National League president suggest that the musty old-boy protectionism of baseball operations has at last been left behind. A new generation of field managers has appeared, too—young and articulate, well educated (often with a graduate degree), supple-minded, unsentimental, as adept at media relations and psychological motivation as they are at the hit-and-run and the slow mid-inning trudge to the mound. Davey Johnson seems to belong midway between this sort of manager and the older stereotype, but Tony La Russa and Jim Leyland, the Pirates' manager, and Tom Kelly, of the Twins, fall into the new category, and so does the Mariners' brand-new skipper, Jim Lefebvre. The very model of a modern major manager is probably Tom Trebelhorn, who took over the helm of the Brewers three summers ago, at the age of thirty-eight, and has spread good sense and good baseball around the league ever since. I found him in his office at Compadre Stadium very early on the penultimate day of my tour, and while I listened to his discourse (he was cheerful and humorous and full of ideas, although fighting off a touch of flu) I had the impression that I wasn't just being filled in about the current state of the pastime: I was hearing its future. As we talked, Trebelhorn's thirteen-year-old son, Chris, a Brewer batboy during spring break, was getting into uniform in front of his father's locker in one corner of the office.

"I think across the board, position by position, there's been a deterioration in arm strength," Trebelhorn said at once. "You look at some major-league outfields, and the men out there don't all throw as well as they did twenty-five years ago. I don't think we have the pool of players to draw on that we did then, and I don't think there are as many people playing baseball, over all, as there once were. The opportunities to make money in other sports have drained that away. Although we don't have that corner on talent anymore, the athletes who are playing the game are bigger, stronger, and faster than be-

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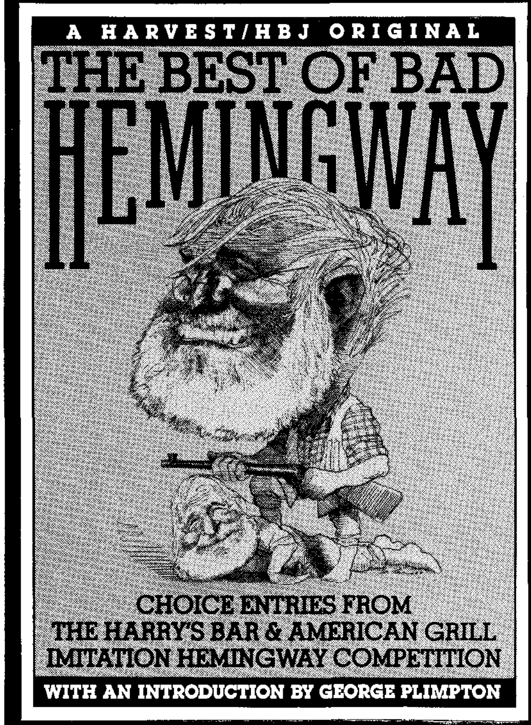
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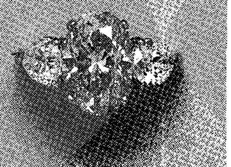

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fore. There's no doubt about that. The good ones are as good as ever, but the quality isn't as deep as it was. The loss of arm strength is because kids just don't play ball as much as they used to. In July, you can go to just about any playground in America and find a diamond free for softball or baseball. A few years ago, you'd have to stand in line and wait for that field, just like you have to stand in line now to shoot hoops. Fashions change."

He pointed out that one rarely saw kids playing catch on street corners anymore or throwing a ball against a wall. No games of boxball or double-or-nothing to speak of. He said, "Just the other day, Chris and I walked off sixty paces and put down a cap at each end and threw a ball back and forth—first man to hit a cap wins. But how often do kids and their dads do *that* anymore? Our attention in baseball goes almost entirely toward offense. Defense just doesn't interest us, for some reason." He described and imitated a player who had just struck out going back to his position in the outfield and making a little bat-cocking gesture out there, wanting the at-bat back again. "But have you ever seen a player come into the on-deck circle and do *this?*" he exclaimed, miming an over-the-shoulder catch. We cracked up.

The money didn't bother him, Trebelhorn said a bit later. "It's not the real world, but what *is* the real world?" He agreed that there was probably less baseball talk in the clubhouse, but he seemed calm about that as well. He thought that all of us were more distracted than we used to be, and that shoptalk was a casualty of that shift.

"Do you watch 'The Honeymooners'?" he asked suddenly. "I love it—I know some of it almost by heart—and I think the humor is very contemporary. But every other part of that world has changed. I think that back then bus drivers sat down together and talked bus driving at the end of the day, and sewer workers talked about the sewer business, just the same way that ballplayers spent so much time talking baseball. But that's gone. We all have other interests and preoccupations. I see people shaking their heads and saying isn't it awful how the players talk about their contracts and their investments and their agents all the time these days, but there's nothing unique about that. I was a schoolteacher, and I can tell you that schoolteachers today get together after classes and talk about their union representatives and their taxes and their retirement plans, and then they go home and correct papers all night. We're all too busy with our work and with all the other things we have to do. We used to be"—he pushed his fists together—"and now we're"—and he spread them wide.

Ballplayers today were too busy to hang around the clubhouse much, he went on, because they had shoe contracts and card shows and business meetings and public appearances and charities to think about and see to. "The players are exactly like the rest of us," he said. "There doesn't seem to be enough time in their day to get everything in. It's a societal change. And, like so many of us, they get up earlier in the day, because there's so much to do. They're all in here first thing in the morning, it looks like. They play cards then, and, of course, they're in the weight room, working on their programs, and *that's* when they talk baseball."

He stood up and put on his cap, ready to get on with his own day. Before we said goodbye, I asked again if the players were having as much fun in baseball as they once did. He smiled and asked me what *I* thought. "It's anyone's guess," he went on. "It's a long season. The guys playing on a sixth-place club that's going nowhere in the middle of July aren't enjoying life much. The man playing on a first-place team that's just swept a series somewhere and is flying back for a nice long home stand is having the time of his life. *That* hasn't changed."

—ROGER ANGELL

•

THRASHER

Dirt grenades blown around
his big head, I see him
under the lemon tree,
blossom and fruit, bright leaves,
curved beak cutting trenches,
he hammers, he feeds, down
where earth's muscled rind wraps
around its molten core,
sea of blue mud flames,
combed fire, swell, cooling foam,
where our dead are waiting,
where we await ourselves,
he works, hungry, fearless,
our only messenger.

—W. S. DI PIERO

MUSICAL EVENTS

Serpents, Cherries, Clogs

Jacopo Peri's "Euridice" is an important work: the first opera, it was produced, after years of preliminary experiment, in Florence in 1600. It reached New York in 1983, when it was given a fresh, lively performance by the Mannes Camerata. Last month, "Euridice" received its second New York production, given by the Bel Canto Opera in St. Bart's Playhouse, on Park Avenue. It was slow, heavy, unshaped, ill-sung. Just about everything was wrong—whereas Peri, when initiating the art form that went on to dominate music-making for nearly four centuries, got, if not everything, at any rate an amazing amount right. With skill he handled the tensions between singing and speaking, straight-line drama and rhetorical repetitions, recitative and formal numbers, solos and choruses, voices and instruments, music and spectacle, and the other things that make opera the most exacting, challenging, and comprehensive of the arts. Seven years later, a greater composer, Monteverdi, did get everything right as he wrote his "Orfeo," which is close-based on "Euridice" but transcends it in dramatic directness and in expressiveness of vocal gesture, harmony, forms, and instrumental colors. (In Orpheus' "Possente spirto," the aria at the heart of "Orfeo," instruments play an active part in the hero's plea.) Ottavio Rinuccini, working with Peri, wrote verses more ample and beautiful but more leisurely than those Alessandro Striggio wrote for Monteverdi. We can compare the speeches of the messenger who brings the news of Eurydice's death. Peri's Daphne takes fifty lines over her announcement. They include:

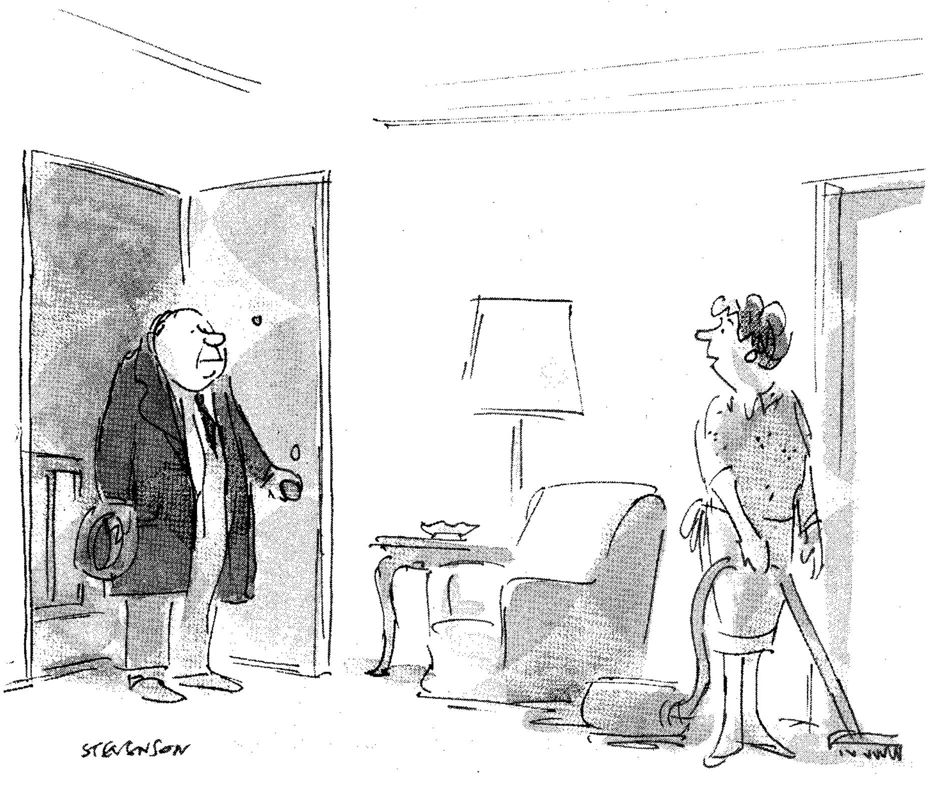
> In that lovely little wood,
> where, nourishing the flowers,
> the brook of laurels slowly flows,
> the beautiful bride
> took sweet delight with her companions.
> Violets and roses,
> to make garlands for their hair,
> some picked from the meadow and from the sharp thorns,
> and others, leaning over the flowery bank,
> sang sweetly to the murmuring of the stream;
> but the beautiful Eurydice
> went dancing over the green meadow,
> when, o evil, bitter fate!
> a cruel implacable serpent,
> which lay concealed amid the flowers and the grass,
> bit her foot.

Monteverdi's Sylvia reduces the passage to six lines:

> In a flowery meadow with her other companions
> she went gathering flowers
> to make a garland for her tresses,
> when a treacherous serpent,
> which was hidden amid the grasses,
> bit her foot.

I quote the translations of, respectively, Howard Mayer Brown and Brian Trowell, with small adjustments. Where Rinuccini uses one word (say, *crine* for "hair," or *celato* for "concealed"), Striggio chooses another (*chiome*, *ascoso*) often enough to suggest intention.

"Euridice" survives as vocal lines over a figured bass. Bel Canto adopted a performing edition that Paul Echols prepared for the Mannes production. Being tailored to the personnel, the resources, and the personalities of the 1983 Camerata and to the spaces of the church where it was performed, it worked well then. Applied to a different cast and a pickup band, it seemed overscored, overcomposed, and unparticular. The continuo tended to drone or to strum out beats in a relentless slow-march rhythm that inhibited any vivacity of declamation. Elizabeth Hastings conducted. The staging, by Cara Gargano, was village-hall. The added dances did not justify their inclusion. Richard Wilson, the Orpheus, sang cleanly; with direction he might have been a passable, less monotonous protagonist. Sharon Azrieli, the Daphne, showed some flashes of spirit.



"I *thought* I heard a motorcade!"

The magazine *Opera News*, published by the Metropolitan Opera Guild, has a new editor, Patrick J. Smith. In his first editorial Mr. Smith sets out a credo based on observations he made while he was for four years the director of the Opera–Musical Theatre Program at the National Endowment for the Arts. Some clauses may disturb conservative members of the Met board:

> Until every major American company programs at least one American opera every year, we cannot be satisfied with the state of the art form in this country.
>
> Philip Glass and John Adams . . . are two of the most important American opera composers writing today, shaping this country's operatic future.
>
> Surtitles are the most important development since the advent of the long-playing record.
>
> New approaches to production, despite numerous outrageous instances, have been

> and will be the lifeblood of the future of opera. . .
>
> The greatest obstacle to the growth of interest in opera is not the lack of star singers or the foreign nature of the form but the fact that most halls in which opera is presented are far too big for communication and involvement with what is happening onstage.

Mr. Smith ends by calling Peter Sellars’ production of “Tannhäuser” for the Chicago Lyric—its protagonist a peccant televangelist, the settings a beachside motel, the Crystal Cathedral, and an airport lounge—“the best opera production I have seen in the past three years.” With little of that do I disagree. (And Mr. Smith would probably agree that one refreshing “new approach” to production—among many possible approaches—can be that of stripping away accreted tradition in order to rediscover a familiar work in a form as close as is attainable to that its creators had in mind.) The issues have often been discussed in these columns, in relation to particular presentations. In art, a result matters more than the principles by which it was arrived at.

EARLIER this season, in Milwaukee, the little Skylight Comic Opera staged Monteverdi’s three surviving operas—“Orfeo,” “L’Incoronatione di Poppea,” and “Il Ritorno d’Ulisse”—as a “cycle,” given twice, in that order (although in fact “Ulisse” was composed before “Poppea”). Stephen Wadsworth’s direction was intelligent, passionate, and precise. A company of unspoiled, able young voices—eighteen singers to cover the fifty or so roles involved—gave fresh, fluent performances. Surtitles played no part, for the operas were sung in English, in a two-hundred-and-fifty-seat theatre where just about every word could be understood and there was no lack of communication or involvement.

Of late, some attempts have been made to diminish Monteverdi’s stature—as if in reaction against the praise unqualified accorded him by people unaware of Venetian operas by others which display virtues once deemed uniquely his, and unaware that “Ulisse” and “Poppea” survive only in copies prepared for local revivals, which contain music probably not by him. (“Pur ti miro,” the final duet of “Poppea,” long hailed as a crowning example of Monteverdi’s art, has now been variously attributed to Cavalli, Laurenzi, Sacrati, and Ferrari.) For that matter, “Orfeo” was originally intended to have a tragic ending, a finale of bloodthirsty bacchantes looking forward to their rending of the hero. (The text but not the music survives.) One can grant the adulterations, grant that others had also mastered aspects of the expressive devices, and still marvel without stint at the force of the three music dramas. “Orfeo” celebrated, in days when opera was still young (though Monteverdi was already forty), the powers of music. “Ulisse,” more than three decades later, told of the power of a love constant through long years of adversity. “Poppea” portrayed without sentimentality the power of erotic passion—and, by analogy, of any passion uncontrolled by decency and reason—to pervert good government and good sense and to lead to criminal behavior. (It possibly seems more immoral to present-day audiences than it would have done to audiences who knew history and so knew that Poppaea’s triumph was short-lived.) Harrison Birtwistle in “The Mask of Orpheus,” Beethoven in “Leonore,” and Wagner in “Tristan” employ means more elaborate than any Monteverdi commanded, but his operas prove scarcely less subtle and stirring than theirs. And when one knows other Venetian operas of the time—more frivolous, for all the delights, pangs, and piquancies that they offer—Monteverdi’s noble achievement seems all the greater.

The three works do not form a cycle. “Orfeo,” like other early operas, took its subject matter from Ovidian myth. In “Ulisse” Monteverdi captured Homer, and in “Poppea” history, for the operatic stage. “Orfeo” was a court opera, employing the large band of players and the large choruses that were available in Mantua. In “Ulisse” and “Poppea,” composed for the Venetian commercial theatre, a small continuo band accompanied virtuoso singers. The Milwaukee band was also small: a continuo group of harpsichord/organetto, lute/theorbo, and gamba, plus two recorders/dulcians and a handful of strings. It could not do full justice to the colorful instrumental inventions of “Orfeo,” but for the Venetian operas it was apt. The performing materials used were those of John Eliot Gardiner for “Orfeo” and of Alan Curtis for “Poppea,” with Malipiero-derived parts for “Ulisse.” A decade ago, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle and Nikolaus Harnoncourt presented their travelling circus of a Monteverdi “trilogy,” executed in a basic set with comic-strip crudity and exuberance. Wadsworth’s production was more serious. He did not try to impose continuity but did just suggest, no more, a kind of journey: through youthful hell, through middle-aged moral chaos, to—by way of a terrible war—in maturity (in the words of his program note) “a moral certainty, a balance, a rightness also sought by the forces of good in ‘Poppea.’ ” “Orfeo” was set in mythological times, “Poppea” in the seventeenth century, and “Ulisse” in our day: the last playing, as it were, in Ithaca, New York, where Penelope awaited the return of a husband missing for ten years after Vietnam—presumed (except by her) dead—and fended off sharp suitors eager for her hand and her fortune. Nothing was forced or overschematized. “Mixed metaphors”—divine interventions in the modern world, the production of the great bow in a modern house—were as unbothering, as plausible, as our everyday Jungian imagery. A narrow stream ran across the front edge of Derek McLane’s simple, well-proportioned set. It bore Charon’s barque. In it Neptune sank the Phaeacians’ (model) ship. For “Ulisse” it had been diverted, to cross the stage and, until the close, divide Ulysses from Penelope. A few “symbols”—spear, oar—not brashly emphasized, recurred through the three operas. The verdant tree of “Orfeo” had dwindled to a withered trunk by the start of “Ulisse,” but at the close it sprouted some tender green leaves.

Tony Boutté was a keen, forthright Orpheus, singing truly and exactly; his face maintained a somewhat fixed expression, but it is a strong theatrical face. Lisa Saffer was a sensuous Poppaea, neither over- nor underplaying the streak of ruthless ambition, and a bright Minerva. Nero was that arresting, offbeat soprano Lynnen Yakes. “Offbeat” is used in no metric sense, for her rhythmical impulse is strong; it refers to the dangerous, manic gleam in Nero’s glances (her Xerxes, in a Skylight production of Handel’s “Serse,” had it, too), to an oddly expressive angularity of presence, to a disciplined wildness—not over the top—that

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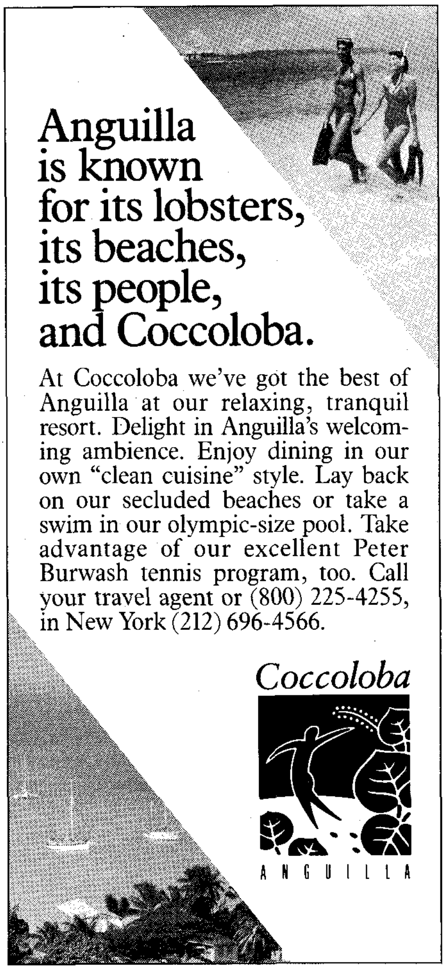
makes her a performer riveting to watch and hear. Drew Minter was a lyrical Shepherd, an ardent Otho, a graceful Amphinomus. Penelope lies in the most beautiful reaches of Judith Malafronte's voice, and her portrayal was profoundly moving. Jennifer Gettel was a clear Musica, a pretty Damsel and Melanto. John Kuether was a sonorous Charon and Antinous, and, best of all, a Seneca with wonderfully distinct and telling vowel colors. Kim Scown made much of Irus' extraordinary "mad scene"—extravagant comedy that suddenly topples into the abyss. Donna Stephenson, the Octavia, and William Bastian, the Ulysses, tended to "sing" rather too much. But on the whole these were admirably balanced casts.

Just two reservations, apart from regretting some cuts (fewer than usual, to be sure, and inevitable in repertory productions of long operas, people used to say—until James Levine and Sellars, in very different circumstances, proved otherwise). First, when will a "Poppea" director stage the Nero-Lucan duet for what it is: a rapturous madrigal to Poppaea's beauty? Ever since Günther Rennert's 1962 Glyndebourne production, it has been treated sottishly. In Wadsworth's version, at Lucan's "Mouth that, when it lasciviously offers to me its tender ruby, intoxicates me with divine nectar," Nero, Salome-fashion, bussed the dead Seneca's bloodied lips. Second, Gwendolyn Toth, directing from the harpsichord, laid a heavy, every-beat-felt hand on the ritornellos and the dance choruses. The recitatives and the arias were freer—the singers, rightly, took charge—but, even so, several of the tempi could with advantage have been lighter and faster. All in all, however, these Monteverdis in Milwaukee—like the "Tannhäuser" in Chicago—provided a model of opera as an art to be taken seriously.

NOT so the Juilliard Opera Center's production, last month, of Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" (1891). This was the second of Mascagni's operas to appear, in Rome, not long after the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana." It is a light, slight three-act anecdote about a rabbi's successful attempt to break up what we could once call a gay-bachelor circle by marrying off the rich landowner Fritz to the young daughter of one of his farm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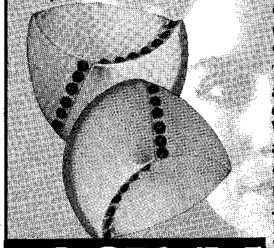

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tenants. The music, Massenet-influenced, has its moments of grace, but not the melodic vitality of "Cavalleria." All that people remember is the lilting refrain of the pretty cherry duet, as Suzel, up on a ladder, gathers cherries and drops them down to Fritz, below. Bernard Shaw, in 1892, suggested that the duet should be hung in the Royal Academy. He called the work "an opera which will pass the evening pleasantly enough for you, but which you need not regret missing if you happen to have business elsewhere," and went on to worry about the acclaim of petty trivialities, happy endings, and secondhand morals, "offering golden opportunities to intellectual and artistic mediocrity."

The Juilliard presentation lacked the charm that can make one indulgent about, even fond of, the piece. The Chilean Suzel, Veronica Villarroel, was either miscast or misdirected: instead of suggesting limpid adolescent innocence, she essayed dark, forceful, mature tones, and at my performance—the second of three—she sounded somewhat strident and worn. The Chinese Fritz, Jianyi Zhang, had a pleasing, forthright, and well-focussed tenor. Some of his phrasing could have been gentler. (De Lucia, Tito Schipa, and Ferruccio Tagliavini left winning models.) In Christopher Mattaliano's production, there were no characters, just blocking—unmotivated moves—in reach-me-down décor by Franco Colavecchia. Nello Santi, who conducted, is hardly the person to irrorate the flimsy, sentimental score.

THE New Jersey State Opera has been championing Mascagni: an ambitious and successful "Iris" (1898) last season and, this season, both "Zanetto" (1896) and "Lodoletta" (1917). The plot of "Lodoletta," drawn from Ouida's novel "Two Little Wooden Shoes," was coveted for a while by Puccini and then ceded to Mascagni. It is a three-act opera, as slight as "L'Amico Fritz" but a sentimental tragedy. In spring: Flammen, a Parisian painter, is attracted to a little Dutch girl, Lodoletta, and gives her father the money to buy a pair of red clogs she has set her heart on. Her father climbs a peach tree and throws down blossoms to Lodoletta, below. Suddenly a branch breaks, and he falls to his death. Flammen comforts the girl. In November: Flammen has stayed on and has painted a portrait of Lodoletta. Her neighbors shun her, suspecting that the relationship is less than chaste. Lodoletta begs Flammen to leave. On New Year's Eve: Flammen is giving a grand party in his Paris villa. Outside, Lodoletta ("in rags, exhausted, unrecognizable") arrives; she has walked all the way from Holland, in her little wooden shoes. The house is lit, the gate ajar: has he been expecting her, night after night? She sees the dancing inside, turns to flee, stumbles, loses her shoes, collapses in the snow, sings a long, sad aria, and expires. Flammen comes into the garden, notices the little red shoes, and then the little corpse.

The opera had eight Met performances in 1918-19 (with Geraldine Farrar—later, Florence Easton—and Caruso) and seems not to have been staged again in America before the Newark production. That is not surprising: the music—again Massenet-influenced, but now with traces of Puccini and touches of *wagnerismo* harmony—is even less memorable than that of "L'Amico Fritz." Both operas are worth revival only as "vehicles" for a remarkable soprano, with a mellifluous tenor in support. If this "Lodoletta" seemed a little flatter than some earlier Newark productions, it was partly because the company had forgone its practice of engaging a prima donna long versed in what we roughly, if not accurately, call the verismo repertory. (I heard Licia Albanese in Newark, as Liù, long after her retirement from the Met. A few years earlier, Magda Olivero sang Giordano's Fedora there. Last year, Adriana Maliponte was Iris.) The Lodoletta was Maria Spacagna, a charming young American soprano, who was touching and true in the death scene but, naturally, did not have the veteran command of the style that gives "authenticity" to such a revival. The Flammen, Peter Kelen, from the Budapest State Opera, had a pleasingly open tenor and pure vowels but was no actor. Alfredo Silipigni, the artistic director and principal conductor of the company, does command the idiom. And the settings, hired from the Milanese firm of Sormani, were certainly authentic: they looked as if they might have been those in which Rosina Storchio, Gilda Dalla Rizza, and Toti Dal Monte once sang.

—ANDREW PORTER

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

THE OLD BOY AND THE NEW BOYS

NOT long before the Senate Finance Committee held its first hearing on leveraged buyouts, in late January, a partner in a major Wall Street investment-banking firm who is based in Washington and charged with monitoring government policy paid a visit to officials at the Treasury Department. Often in the last several years when Congress had threatened Wall Street with some restrictive action, this man, a lobbyist, had made similar visits to Treasury, and there, at least, he had always received reassurance from like-minded people. After all, throughout the Reagan years Wall Street and the Administration had been utterly simpatico—a happy consorting of free-marketeers and free-market ideologues. This time, though, the people the lobbyist met with seemed to be emphasizing regulatory fine-tuning—a development that was traceable to the new Treasury Secretary, Nicholas Brady, who succeeded James Baker last September, and to Brady's two top assistants, Robert Glauber and David Mullins, from the Harvard Business School. Upon leaving the Treasury Building, the lobbyist turned to a colleague and remarked dispiritedly, "Who won the election, anyway?"

"Just a second, friend. Did I understand you to say that Walt Disney couldn't really draw?"

If the regulation-minded Brady were to allow his instincts free rein, and exercise both his authority as Treasury Secretary and his considerable influence on his close friend President George Bush, it could indeed be as onerous for the financial community as if the Democrats had regained the White House. Brady is commonly perceived as a Wall Street veteran, having spent virtually his entire career there (except for a brief, appointive stint as Republican senator from New Jersey, in 1982), at the elegant firm of Dillon, Read & Company—first as an investment banker and ultimately as its chairman. Thus it seems at first blush ironic that one of Wall Street's own should now, from a Washington vantage point, regard the Street with a potentially inimical, outsider's eye. But Brady had become an outsider on the Street—his era having gone into eclipse—long before he assumed his post at Treasury.

Over the last decade, Wall Street came to be so dominated by one gargantuan figure that he in effect bifurcated its recent history—there was Wall Street *before* Michael Milken and there is Wall Street *after* Michael Milken. Before Milken, traditional values and definitions obtained. There were, of course, as there are now, stocks, which represent the equity of a company, and bonds, which represent its debt. But the bond market, where companies borrow money for a fixed period of time and pay interest on it (often a course preferable to raising permanent capital through a stock offering, which dilutes a company's equity), was open only to those blue-chip companies, with long histories and sound balance sheets, which were deemed sufficiently creditworthy to be rated "investment grade" by the rating agencies. Before Milken, too, the world of mergers and acquisitions, or M. & A., as it is called, was peopled mainly by these same privileged types—corporate players sufficiently large and well capitalized to be bankrolled by commercial banks, and investment bankers who functioned as the players' advisers, or agents, in these transactions. In the late seventies, however, Milken opened the bond market to the masses—"noninvestment grade" companies that issued bonds that (because of their issuers' tenuous creditworthiness) came to be denoted "junk." Now, after Milken, there is a nearly two-hundred-billion-dollar junk-bond market; every major investment-banking firm is fighting for a larger share of it; and a vastly democratized M. & A. world has been swept by a fever for leveraged buyouts, or LBOs, which are heavily financed by junk bonds. In a popular form of leveraged buyout, a small group of investors, usually in-

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cluding the management of a company, buys out its public shareholders by borrowing against the assets being purchased, and then repays the debt with cash from the acquired company or, more often, by selling some of the company's assets. Over the past five years, the major LBO players have included many formerly small-time entrepreneurs, backed by Milken and his firm, Drexel Burnham Lambert; firms founded expressly for LBO purposes; and, increasingly, Wall Street's leading investment-banking firms, which are mere agents no longer but have become principals, or equity investors, in the transactions.

Before Milken, when investment banking was as decorous, musty, and inbred as a men's club, Brady was in his element. A descendant of an Irish-American family whose fortune originated four generations ago (his great-grandfather joined an inventor friend of Thomas Edison and amassed a hundred million dollars in electric utilities, which ultimately became part of the Consolidated Edison Company), Brady has always inhabited a rarefied world. He grew up on a four-thousand-acre estate in Far Hills, New Jersey. After graduating, in 1954, from the Harvard Business School, he chose the firm of Dillon, Read at least in part because of family connections; his father was a friend of the firm's then chairman, C. Douglas Dillon, and the Dillon estate, also in Far Hills, happened to be next door to the Bradys'. (Brady is said by friends to have long admired Dillon, a former ambassador, Treasury Secretary, and chairman of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and to find it gratifying to be following in some of his footsteps.) Two other friends of his father's who were patrons of Brady as a young man were Paul Mellon, of the Pittsburgh banking family, and Ogden Phipps, whose family's wealth grew from the Carnegie steel interests. Phipps's money was important to some of Brady's early deals at Dillon, Read. And, at the urging of both Phipps and Mellon, Brady in the mid-seventies became chairman of the Jockey Club, that quintessential bastion of the establishment, which registers thoroughbred horses.

Brady, however, is more than the sum of his social credentials and connections. Since its founding by the brilliant, aggressive financier Clarence Dillon in the nineteen-twenties, Dillon, Read had been a premier investment-banking firm. During the sixties, however, when Wall Street was seized by a dealmaking fever not unlike that of the eighties, Dillon, Read—too refined to join the competitive melee—held itself aloof, and became somewhat effete. It was Brady, appointed to head the firm in 1971, who was credited with its revitalization. A *Business Week* cover story in 1976, entitled "The New Deal-Maker at an Old-Guard Firm," described him as leading a team of investment bankers (then referred to around Wall Street as the Brady Bunch) which was churning out deals for new major corporate clients and returning Dillon, Read to its former preeminence on the Street.

Even with its vitality renewed, however, Dillon, Read remained an aristocratic preserve. John Gutfreund, the chairman of Salomon Brothers, a securities firm that fought its way into Wall Street's first tier a decade ago through its financial muscle as a trading house, contrasted Salomon's rough-edged atmosphere with Dillon, Read's "English chintz," and told me, "Brady is a patrician—the old white-shoe mold of banker, from a time when bankers didn't mix with traders, who were the immigrant classes of the time. Then it took a generation to be purified." The style of investment banking that Dillon, Read excelled at, moreover, seems almost as anachronistic on Wall Street today as those social barriers do. Recalling some of Dillon, Read's blue-chip clients, Gutfreund continued, "Dillon, Read was banker to RJR, Anheuser-Busch, Grumman, Texas Eastern. They had these banking relationships that were predicated on good advice, some family connections, and reliably honorable service—where bankers got paid a fee but never got extraordinarily rich by principalling." That is, they themselves never became financial participants in deals but only arranged them for others.

In early 1985, when Milken was still viewed by most of Wall Street as a renegade, troublesome and largely unproved, Brady was perhaps the most impassioned, militant defender of the corporate establishment. In one of the first of the junk-bond-financed hostile-takeover attempts, Milken and Drexel Burnham Lambert were backing T. Boone Pickens' Mesa Petroleum in its bid for the Unocal Corporation, which had retained Brady and his firm as advisers. The drawn-out takeover battle, which finally ended with a court decision that effectively halted Pickens, was fought with an enormous amount of vitriol and personal animus between Pickens and Unocal's chairman, Fred Hartley.

Even without his experience with Unocal, Brady's instincts as a conservative, tradition-minded investment banker for the corporate élite would surely have biased him against Milken's army of small-time entrepreneurs and greenmailers who were attempting to seize control of major American corporations and replace most of their equity with junk bonds; but that experience does seem to have served as something of a crucible. During the Unocal battle, Brady wrote an Op-Ed article in the *Times* entitled "Equity Is Lost in Junk Bondage." He testified before Congress then, too, calling for a moratorium on the use of junk bonds in takeovers. And that was neither the first nor the last time that Brady exhorted Congress to restrict what he deemed speculative excesses in the market. He had done so in 1969, when entrepreneurs attempted to gain control of companies by using a form of junk, then referred to as "Chinese paper." In 1987, he again called for certain restrictive measures during hearings on takeovers.

Brady's predilection for oversight and regulation was underscored when President Reagan asked him to head a Presidential task force that would study the 1987 stock-market crash. The Brady Commission, whose report was issued in early 1988, marked the beginning of Brady's collaborative efforts with Robert Glauber, who was the commission's executive director, and David Mullins—"the Harvard boys," as they're known among some on the Street. (Mullins, as it happens, is the co-author of a just released, intensely controversial study that finds that the default rate on junk bonds is exponentially higher than previous studies have shown.) The Brady report, a meticulously detailed anatomy of the crash, asserted that what had traditionally been seen as three separate markets—for stocks, stock-index futures, and stock options—were in fact one market, and it attributed much of the severity of the crash to their failure, under titanic selling pressure, to act as one market. The report therefore advocated that one agency—its candidate was the Federal Reserve—assume regulatory responsibility for the critical issues that cut across those three markets.

It was a bold and—given the deregulatory zeal of the Reagan Administration—futile prescription. One member of the Brady Commission says that Brady certainly understood the political realities but ignored them, because he believed strongly in the commission's conclusion. Not long after receiving the report, the Reagan White House commissioned yet another study, to review the Brady report and reports done by other groups as well. This new panel, the Working Group on Financial Markets, whose chairman was George Gould, Under-Secretary of the Treasury for Finance, accepted one of the Brady report's recommendations—that "circuit breaker" mechanisms, such as price limits and coördinated trading halts, be formulated and established—but advised no action on a central recommendation, about concentrating regulatory functions within one agency. A member of the second panel remarked, "The Brady report was valuable, inasmuch as it was the only detailed study that showed what had happened, minute by minute, and how just a handful of institutions contributed heavily to the crash. Factually, it was the best thing ever done. But we felt that when it came to its recommendations the Brady Commission had a number of feel-good solutions—that would make you feel good because you'd done *something*, but that would be their only value. So we didn't propose doing much."

Now some people on Wall Street worry that Brady may be at it again: preparing to come up with another "feel-good solution"—this time to the LBO phenomenon, which, in its various guises, has troubled him for years and stirred him to call for legislation. His exhortations as a private citizen went unheeded. As Secretary of the Treasury, though, he is at long last in a position where his words carry weight. It is, moreover, a position that is absolutely critical for determination of the LBO issue. The Treasury Secretary has the power to prescribe what should be treated as debt and what should be treated as equity, and he could have a dramatic impact on LBOs. Moreover, while some regulatory legislation in the securities area (calling for greater disclosure in these deals, for example) is likely, it is tax legislation that—if it should drastically alter the current treatment of debt and equity—would deal a serious blow to the LBO business. Representative Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, from which all revenue bills must emanate, recently remarked about the LBO issue, with some satisfaction, "We ring the bell." And Rostenkowski's committee will surely look to Brady for the guidance and encouragement of the Bush Administration.

THE twenty-five-billion-dollar leveraged buyout of RJR Nabisco became, between October and December of 1988, the best soap opera that Wall Street has produced in recent memory. While RJR Nabisco's chief executive, Ross Johnson, attempted, with his insider's information, not only to win the company with a lowball bid but to cut himself a deal that could have made him a billion dollars over five years, Henry Kravis, of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company, the largest of the LBO firms, was allegedly telling one of his co-bidders that he *had* to do this deal, the biggest ever, to protect his franchise as the biggest dealmaker. Kravis won out in the end. Thanks to all the commotion, LBOs have gone from being Wall Street arcana to being part of the vernacular, and also a matter of widespread public concern. Rostenkowski has said of those two months, "I would go to all

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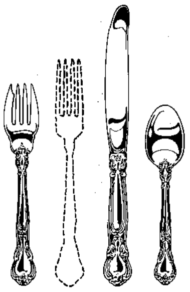

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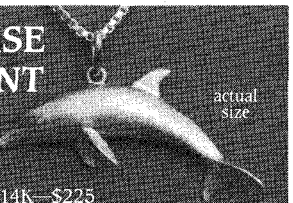

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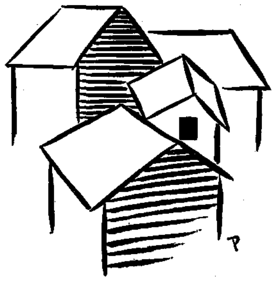
these lunches and dinners and everyone kept saying to me, 'What are you *doing* about this?' " Moreover, when President-elect Bush was interviewed during his Florida vacation last December, he cited LBOs as one of his concerns.

The debate about the merits of LBOs, which will continue to be waged in congressional hearings in Washington during the next few months, is already well aired. Defenders of these deals argue that they encourage operational efficiency, increase profitability, and increase employment; their opponents argue that, on the contrary, they lead to decreases in employment and to cutbacks in investment in equipment and research. Each side has ample anecdotal evidence, but hard evidence on whether these debt-laden transactions are, on balance, doing more good or more harm is not yet in. For one thing, many of the deals involve a company's going private, so that the operational data on the surviving entity (if there are no filing requirements with the Securities and Exchange Commission) disappear. For another, the number and size of these deals have increased so greatly in the last five years that information based on earlier deals that have had time to play out may not be meaningful.

The most pressing question, really, is not what debt-laden acquisitions have done in the short term but what they are likely to do when the next recession comes. At issue are not only LBOs but leveraged transactions in general, which include recapitalizations or restructurings (steps often taken defensively in recent years, in order to ward off hostile prospectors); in these transactions no change in corporate control takes place, but a large proportion of a corporation's equity, or permanent capital, is replaced with debt. In the past five years, the equity position of United States corporations has contracted by about three hundred billion dollars, while corporations have borrowed an estimated eight hundred and forty billion dollars. What this means is that there has been a reduction in the independence, and the cushioning during hard times, that equity provides.

All this leveraging has taken place during benign economic times—this country is now in its seventh recession-free year. And during its long period of prosperity LBOs have generally, as their name suggests, been monuments to the magic of leverage. When leverage works, it amplifies financial returns in a way that any gambler who has bet ten dollars and made ten thousand dollars understands. But, as any gambler who has borrowed against the house and lost also understands, there is a terrible symmetry to leverage: it is as crushing on the way down as it is munificent on the way up.

It is easy to imagine how, in the event of a sharp rise in interest rates or a sharp decline in operating income, excessive levels of corporate debt could trigger a series of defaults, which would serve to intensify what might otherwise have been a more prosaic downturn. Henry Kaufman, a longtime Salomon Brothers economist who is now an independent financial consultant, has for years been decrying the shift away from equity toward debt financing. Kaufman recently called for government intervention before the House Ways and Means Committee, warning that if the current "decapitalization" of American corporations continues, the government must either come to the rescue of failed companies in the next recession or risk "a major national financial catastrophe."



Wall Street, of course, does not heed Kaufman; he has long been derided there for his heresy. And his message is one that Congress—even a Congress in which many members are eager to do something—is unlikely to act on. The problem, human nature being what it is, is that Kaufman and others of his conservative persuasion on Wall Street (including Lazard Frères' Felix Rohatyn and, until last fall, Brady himself) have been, in effect, benchwarmers. They are out of the game voluntarily, it is true, but the fact remains that they are not players who command attention, for good or for ill, but mere onlookers, and thus their potency has been inevitably diminished. They are sober, sensible, and, most likely, clear-sighted about the present dangers; but for years the real action—the fortunes made overnight, the dizzying deals that seem to have no limit, the risk-taking that in itself becomes a kind of addiction and a focus of media infatuation—has all been on the field itself. The current of human interest and attention has pulled that way—not toward the Kaufmans and Rohatyns, the cautious conservative scolds.

WHILE the LBO has become the symbol of Wall Street in the eighties, it is in fact a fairly humdrum investment technique, which has been practiced for nearly thirty years. In an LBO, essentially, you borrow against the assets of a company in order to buy it—much as real-estate deals are done with second and third mortgages. In contrast to the huge deals of the eighties, however, in which public companies have become private, the LBO market in the sixties and seventies consisted mainly of buying private companies or divisions of public companies. It was a quiet, low-profile business, and most of its practitioners preferred it that way. But in 1982 Wesray, an investment group headed by William Simon, a former Secretary of the Treasury, acquired Gibson Greetings from RCA in a leveraged buyout for eighty million dollars while putting up only a million dollars of its own capital; when Gibson Greetings went public again—in what is known as a "reverse LBO"—a year and a half later, the company sold for two hundred and ninety million dollars. Simon saw his personal investment rise from three hundred and thirty thousand dollars to sixty-six million dollars in cash and stock.

For Wall Street, Simon's coup had the effect of an epiphany. As it happens, at about the time Wesray bought Gibson Greetings, Michael Milken had begun to raise financing for LBOs. Such transactions are structured like an inverted pyramid, with senior, secured debt at the top (typically about sixty per cent, provided by commercial banks); subordinated, unsecured debt at the middle level (about thirty per cent, provided by junk bonds); and a paper-thin layer of equity (generally ten per cent or less) at the bottom. Before Milken, the unsecured portion—the most difficult to place with buyers—was generally provided in loans by just a handful of insurance companies. But once Milken had opened the sluice of the junk-bond market the size and volume of LBOs began to escalate dramatically. From 1978 to 1983, LBO activity totalled about eleven billion dollars; from 1984 to 1988, it was $181.9 billion.

Milken, then, was the LBO's grand facilitator. By 1986, having watched Milken and Drexel accumulate rapid fortunes by financing LBOs and taking a piece of the action as principals, much of Wall Street finally stopped derogating Milken, with his junk bonds, and began to imitate him. In efforts to cut into Milken's virtual monopoly of the underwriting of these transactions, other securities firms have extended "bridge loans," in which they commit their firm's capital to a deal for an interim period, and ultimately recoup that loan by selling the requisite quantity of junk bonds—but their capital is at risk if they fail. In a practice dubbed "merchant banking" (a term borrowed from the British), they have invested their firms' capital in the equity of the deals (that is, they have become principals), often with the multiple purpose of securing the advisory fees and the underwriting business, and, if all goes well, reaping rewards—annualized returns of seventy per cent and more—of a kind that were undreamed of five years ago. (Merrill Lynch, the first firm to vie for Drexel's business by offering a bridge loan, back in 1985, runs a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar LBO fund that claims an average annual rate of return of 78.2 per cent.)

Moreover, while LBOs have popularized Milken's Midas touch, and spread the wealth to his imitators throughout the Street, profits from trading—which through the mid-eighties were spectacular, and made trading a major profit center at most securities firms—have slid badly, especially in the last year, because of a slack stock market, severe competition in corporate and government bond trading, and, more recently, rising interest rates and an inverted yield curve, which means that it costs more to borrow money for thirty days than thirty years. As a consequence, even the firms that have historically been trading houses (such as Salomon Brothers and Bear, Stearns) are now shifting course in the direction of M. & A.

So ineluctable, it seems, is the trend that even the diehard Dillon, Read has succumbed. In 1986, Nicholas Brady engineered the sale of the firm to the Travelers Corporation, one of the country's largest insurance companies. Like many other private investment-

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banking firms that in the last five years have either gone public or sold major or controlling interests to giant acquirers, Dillon, Read needed far more capital (it had about ninety million dollars, which made it the thirty-second-largest securities firm) in order to compete in the securities markets of the eighties. Competing in those markets, of course, now involves LBOs and merchant banking. Dillon, Read currently has an LBO fund, has begun extending bridge loans, and (this must have been easier to do with former Chairman Brady away at the Treasury) has just brought in Charles Phillips, who built Morgan Stanley's junk-bond department, to fashion a junk department there. One Dillon, Read partner explained, sounding faintly apologetic, "It was important that Dillon, Read become involved in merchant banking not because we saw it as the wave of the future, necessarily, or because we were willing to bet the firm on it, but because if we weren't engaged in these deals, if we didn't even know how they were put together, we would lose our skills as a major corporate-finance adviser."

Once a business has become as institutionalized as the LBO business now has, it generates its own momentum. Because entire departments with lavishly compensated employees have high overheads to meet, there is a ceaseless pressure to find new LBO candidates. Besides, so much profit has been generated by these deals that the pools of capital available for new ones grow ever larger; at present, about thirty billion dollars (much of it pension-fund money) has been gathered, ready to invest in the deals. Given the usual capital structure, in which only ten per cent or less is equity and all the rest is borrowed, this sum would support about three hundred billion dollars in future LBOs, or, to put it another way, twelve more deals the size of RJR Nabisco.

Commercial banks (which, unlike investment banks, are limited in their ability to underwrite securities) have found the siren call of LBO lending—with its high fees for organizing and participating in loan syndications—as irresistible as Wall Street has. Term loans—ordinary bank loans, which a borrower pays back over a given number of years—used to be the banks' fundamental business, but they have gradually been preëmpted by the advent of a wide variety of debt instruments, created by Wall Street, that provide companies with cheaper short-term capital than is available from the banks; over the last five years, therefore, term loans have essentially been replaced by "deal" loans. In February, 1984, there were three billion dollars of merger-related loans on the banks' books; by the end of 1988, there were roughly a hundred and fifteen billion dollars of such loans, some portion of which—unspecified in the banks' filings—were for LBOs. Furthermore, enthusiasm for lending in these deals has spread to foreign banks. While Japanese banks were at first wary of the buyout business, they have now become one of its driving forces.

Thus far, the deals have rewarded all their participants so bountifully—the shareholders of the company to be acquired (who sell out at a premium), the equity investors in the new company, the junk-bond investors, the investment bankers, the lawyers, the commercial bankers—that there are virtually no complainants in sight. The only losers are the bondholders of the acquired company, who see the value of their bonds decline with the company's inevitable credit demotion, brought about by the intense leveraging, or debt-lading, of its capital structure. But bondholders have traditionally been a relatively passive constituency.

There has been, in sum, a mighty force moving these deals forward, and nothing intrinsic causing them to brake. Only external factors will do that. In fact, the rise in interest rates, fears of a recession, and the softening of the junk-bond market have contributed to a lull in these deals; should these trends intensify, that lull will be prolonged. Another external factor that could cause a more lasting deceleration is tax legislation. Since rising interest rates and a soft junk market are phenomena that are beyond Wall Street's control, it must regard them with a certain fatalism. That does not hold, however, for tax legislation.

FOR the last four years, through the second term of Ronald Reagan's Presidency, Wall Street's batting average was nearly perfect. In Congress, of the dozens of bills unwelcome on the Street which were proposed, affecting junk bonds, tender offers, takeovers, and insider trading, only one was enacted. It was an insider-trading bill (in the aftermath of the Ivan Boesky scandal) that provided for greater liability on the part of securities firms whose employees were convicted of insider trading.

It is not surprising that Wall Street excels at lobbying—a game that is, after all, dominated by influence, money, and power—yet its success is due to more than strategic campaign contributions. Most members of Congress are easily intimidated by the apparent complexity of high finance—a response that has been encouraged by people on the Street, who for decades have promulgated the notion that what goes on there is beyond the ken of any outsider (and, especially, most members of Congress). The lack of respect is no doubt genuine, but it is also a kind of conceptual amulet, to ward off intrusive oversight. And the congressional members' confusion and uncertainty is compounded by their fear of doing something that will somehow send the market into a tailspin, cause a recession, and lay the blame at their door. Finally, on issues such as tender offers, insider trading, and LBOs there is no well-organized, impassioned constituency lobbying for the legislation that Wall Street abhors.

Besides, even if Wall Street had done no lobbying over the past several years it would have enjoyed a nearly risk-free situation in Washington, since President Reagan would likely have vetoed any bill that the Street considered a serious threat. But President Bush offers no such comfort, and the more fully his friend and counsellor Nicholas Brady gives vent to his feelings on the subjects of debt and leverage, the bleaker Wall Street's prospects will become. The Street received a rude introduction to this new political reality when, during a news conference in early January, President-elect Bush articulated a proposal to limit interest deductions for certain junk bonds that are so risky as to be essentially like stock. (They are a bet on the company's future but offer no realistic guarantee of providing interest payments or repayment of principal.) Bush made it clear, in so doing, that he had been listening closely to Brady.

There are other signs that Wall Street may not be able to finesse the present situation as successfully as it has met past challenges from Washington. Interest in the issue is broad; nearly a dozen congressional committees are holding hearings on LBOs. In an unusual move, House Speaker Jim Wright (who may, however, now be distracted by his own problems) has formed a working group on the issue, whose members include the chairmen of six House committees, among them John Dingell, of the Energy and Commerce Committee, and Dan Rostenkowski. This move is important, according to members of the group, not only because it demonstrates Wright's interest in securing legislation but because it will drive the issue forward; no one will want to be left behind, having failed to produce. Anyway, sentiment against Wall Street, particularly among the more populist members of Congress, has been increasing; as Representative Jake Pickle, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, told assembled committee members at a meeting dealing with LBO legislation, "there's a lot of greed out there, getting bigger and bigger—it's time to do something that *counts*."

Meanwhile, the LBO partisans have been marshalling their best arguments and presenting them to congressional staffs, congressmen, Treasury officials, and White House staff members. They contend that most LBOs have occurred in noncyclical industries, which can more readily withstand the pressures of a recession. In response to critics who charge that LBOs result in a loss to the United States Treasury (because they replace equity with debt, and corporate interest payments on debt, unlike dividends paid on stock, are deductible), and that the American taxpayer is therefore unwittingly subsidizing these leveraged transactions, the LBO partisans claim that, thanks to capital-gains taxes paid by public shareholders when their shares are bought out at a premium, LBOs actually result in a gain to the Treasury. They warn that any changes in the deductibility of interest would handicap American acquirers, and thus give an edge to foreign acquirers. And, finally, they raise the argument—the political equivalent of the cross held before a vampire—that any substantial change in tax treatment will result in another stock-market crash.

The LBO defenders put the onus for the most recent crash on Rostenkowski and his Ways and Means Committee, which on October 14, 1987, announced that it was filing legislation to deny the deductibility of interest for takeover-related debt. Indeed, the Brady Commission report itself cites that announcement as one of two events (the other was the government's announcement of an unexpectedly high merchandise trade deficit) that triggered strong selling that day—the start of the market break that culminated on October 19th, Black Monday. Bruce Thompson, the head of Merrill Lynch's Washington office for governmental affairs, says that when he reported the action of Rostenkowski's committee to an M. & A. partner, Jeffrey Berenson, in the firm's New York office, Berenson instantly replied, "The market is going to drop five hundred points." (A vice-president in another Wall Street firm, who is based in Washington, laments the fact that his colleagues in New York comprehend so little of the nuances of the Washington process. The Ways and Means action, he points out, was only a small first step toward the provision's becoming law—but to his colleagues on Wall Street it had the impact of a done deal. "What I really always want to give them is a civics lesson," he says.) Though some members of Congress (the Brady Commission report notwithstanding) dispute the cause-and-effect relationship of the Ways and Means tax provision and Black Monday, it seems to have become received wisdom in the financial community—and in the market, even more than in most venues, perception is reality.

The LBO partisans—representatives of investment-banking firms, LBO firms, large insurance companies (they are major LBO investors), law firms, and commercial banks—have

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held several meetings since the start of the year, but theirs is a loose, informal alliance, and they have decided not to lobby as a group but, rather (as several of them have phrased it), to paddle their own canoes. The LBO firm Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, known as K.K.R., was the first to issue a study, which claims, on the basis of a select sampling of its buyouts, that to date they have resulted not in a loss of revenue but in a bonus for the Treasury, and not in a loss of jobs but in an increase in them. Drexel Burnham, which was in the vanguard of the lobbying scene in Washington in past years, has been forced to the rear. (The firm has agreed to plead guilty to six felony counts of mail and securities fraud, and to pay six hundred and fifty million dollars in fines and restitution, and Michael Milken has been indicted, on ninety-eight counts.) A lobbyist for one of the more prominent investment-banking firms said, "They're pariahs. I wouldn't carry anything to the Hill on Drexel stationery."

Morgan Stanley and Merrill Lynch—the two securities firms that have the most invested in the LBO and merchant-banking businesses—are highly visible on the lobbying front. Merrill Lynch has just released a white paper, which, like the K.K.R. study, shows a gain to the United States Treasury from LBOs. White papers, however, are just not done at a firm with the cachet of Goldman, Sachs (which started a buyout fund last year). "Goldman is a quiet place, we try to be a little more subtle," a Goldman, Sachs vice-president remarked. "I don't think we would ever hand anything out on the Hill on Goldman, Sachs stationery. Your name doesn't need to be involved—it's the issue that's important."

No representative of any investment-banking firm, major LBO firm, or commercial bank has yet testified at any of the current hearings. Rostenkowski's staffers informally asked Henry Kravis, of K.K.R., Ronald Perelman, the chairman of Revlon, and Carl Icahn, the chairman of Trans World Airlines, to testify; they all declined, but they all paid Rostenkowski private visits. (Icahn told him a story about how he and his fellow-entrepreneurs were like gardeners on great estates who knew where treasures were buried and were opening the gates of the estates so that more people could share in the newly discovered wealth. "It was a cute story," Rostenkowski says, "but I didn't get exactly how it worked.")

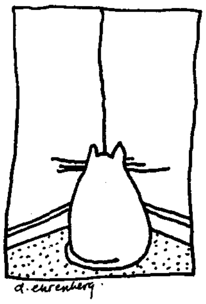
A senior bank executive I spoke to at a commercial bank that is a major LBO lender explained his and others' reluctance to testify by saying, "You've got to be careful. It's going to be: When did you stop beating your wife? How do you like your fees? Are they too much?" Even apart from the fee question, which is a stickler, the major LBO players are probably doing their cause a service by remaining absent from the hearings, much as a flawed defendant may benefit from not taking the stand. "Wall Street is not an easy constituency to represent on the Hill," one of their lobbyists has said. "They are so arrogant and they are making so much money—there is a lot of resentment of them. In fact, to be effective representing them we have to be humble, self-effacing."

For the moment, the interests of the various LBO partisans are essentially undifferentiated—they are all opposed to any changes in the tax code, for instance—but issues that would divide them, such as the safety of bridge loans, and conflict-of-interest questions in merchant banking, will begin to be aired in the next couple of months. A lobbyist for a major investment-banking firm points out that his client will not want to be seen in proximity to Henry Kravis, who, with his hunger for the mega-deal, has come to personify the excess of LBOs. ("Kravis in his five-thousand-dollar chair, with his hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar-a-yard wallpaper behind him," the lobbyist said. "Why isn't he in his shirtsleeves, at his desk? Is this guy always in his living room? Ross Johnson"—the former chairman of RJR Nabisco—"is the only guy in the world who makes Henry Kravis look good.") It is a maxim of lobbying, the lobbyist added, that a large group of separate entities with a general shared interest, such as those now clustered around the LBO issue, will start out together but gradually go their own, often antagonistic ways.

LATE last year, Brady was asked what his top goal as Treasury Secretary would be. Within his purview—probably more than in that of any other Cabinet officer today—is an array of urgent national crises: savings and loans, the budget deficit, Third World debt. Brady responded, however, that his paramount aim was to influence United States industry to shift to a more long-term perspective. Doing this will probably prove more difficult than resolving any of the other issues, which are in varying degrees large and thorny financial problems but, one assumes, are soluble, whereas the problem of short-term perspective (some identify it with an urge for instant gratification) is more psychological than numerical, and less clearly susceptible to intervention. It is something that has troubled Brady for years, however, and it has also been raised repeatedly in Congress by corporate managers (with whom Brady appears to identify strongly) ever since the junk-bond raiders began to make hostile bids for their companies.

Before the M. & A. wave of the eighties, time horizons in corporate America were indeed different. Long-standing relationships were the rule not only between clients and their investment-banking advisers, like Brady, but between a company and its shareholders, many of whom bought stock for the long haul, feeling pride of ownership in a company. They were, in other words, future-oriented. The market of the eighties, however, is dominated by the present-oriented: arbitrageurs, who buy stock in the hope that a merger or a takeover will cause its price to rise, and who will sell on a moment's uptick; and institutional investors, who by 1987 had approximately $4.6 trillion of total assets under management (which had doubled in value from $2.1 trillion in 1981), who control an estimated forty-five per cent of total equities, and many of whom turn over their portfolios on a quarterly basis. Institutional investors have, in effect, taken over the market, and their preoccupation with current earnings and cash flow, Brady contends, has robbed corporate managers of the flexibility to pursue the long-term investment strategies that are essential if this country is to regain its competitive edge.

One of Brady's first acts at Treasury was to appoint a team to devise strategies that would shift the orientation of investors and managers to the long term. Such strategies, of course, would be likely to affect the LBO, since, as its critics argue, the burden of meeting interest payments on such high levels of debt forces a short-term perspective on leveraged companies' managers. With an eye to LBOs, the "long term" team began to examine the tax treatment of debt and equity.



Because corporations can deduct interest paid to debt-holders but cannot deduct dividends paid to shareholders, corporations have a greater incentive to borrow than to issue stock; our tax system therefore encourages highly leveraged transactions. One means of mitigating the favoritism shown to debt lies in a provision that Congress enacted back in 1969—Section 385 of the Internal Revenue Code. It was enacted, in fact, in response to the merger boom at that time (about which Brady, alarmed, had testified), in which large amounts of Chinese paper were being used for corporate acquisitions; and it granted the Secretary of the Treasury the power to regulate what should be treated as debt and what as equity.

For the past twenty years, officials at Treasury have sought to do that. It has been an on-again, off-again struggle, in which periods of kinetic activity have alternated with stasis, and in recent years it has become synonymous with a sense of futility, so that when people in the Department want to convey the seeming hopelessness of a regulatory project they will often say, "It's like 385." Proposed regulations were issued in 1980 and new ones in 1981, but in 1983 all were withdrawn. The problem is definitional. To the layman, it seems quite plain: a debt instrument is generally thought to represent a written, unconditional promise to pay a principal sum at a fixed maturity date, with interest payable; and equity is thought to be an investment that places the funds of the enterprise at risk, provides for a share of future profits, and carries some rights to control or manage that enterprise. But such clarity is the bliss of ignorance.

Instead, attempts to distinguish between debt and equity are, as two famous tax-law professors once put it, a "vipers' tangle." There are bonds that are convertible into equity, and debt that is so subordinated to the rights of other debt-holders that it carries virtually no promise of repayment, and preferred stock that is indistinguishable from debt. And the problem has been compounded by the financial innovations of the last decade, which have created more securities with characteristics of both debt and equity than ever existed before; some of this debt, in fact, is referred to as "equity in drag," meaning that it is equity that has been dressed as debt in order to enjoy debt's tax advantage. "It's one of those eternal questions," Dennis Ross, who was until recently Acting Assistant Secretary for Tax Policy at Treasury, told me not long ago. "The characteristics of debt and equity are just not as distinct as they may have been in the nineteenth century, when income-tax concepts developed. It's really been a hundred years' war."

Section 385 may seem a frail reed, but there is now, Ross says, "renewed interest" in using it to address the LBO issue. (Indeed, Brady had recommended, in his congressional testimony in 1985, that it be used to restrict junk bonds.) One of its benefits, from Treasury's point of view, is that it would not need to be legislated but could simply be prescribed, as a regulation. In contrast to the past, when its drafters repeatedly attempted a refined, highly specific approach (which was no sooner issued as a proposed regulation than Wall Street designed a way around it), Treasury officials would now attempt a much cruder application—what one refers to as "a meat-axe approach." What it would do, hypothetically, is just draw a line, and say, for example, that above a certain debt/equity ratio, or above a certain interest rate, or below a certain level of subordination to the rights of other debt-holders, debt is to be treated as equity. The benefit of such crudity is

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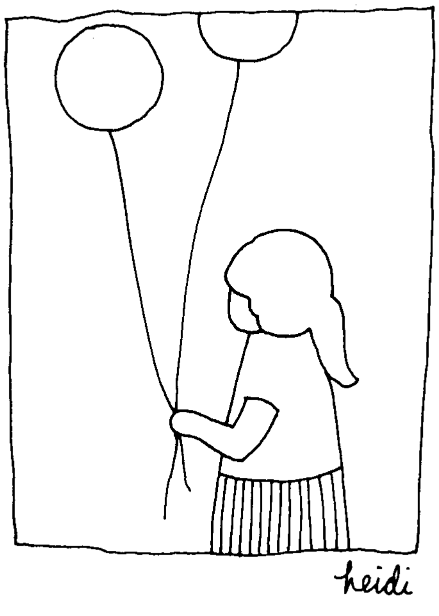
that it is administrable; the drawback, of course, is that it cuts such a broad swath that it is sure to have unintended consequences. Small start-up companies, for example, which in the last decade have gained access to capital through junk bonds—capital that was simply not available to them before—would be penalized.

Treasury officials are also considering what they refer to as "the hybrid"—an approach that would attempt to address more fully the disparity in the treatment of debt and equity by making changes on both sides. Corporate dividends are, in effect, subject to double taxation: the corporation pays tax when it distributes them, and the shareholder pays tax on the received dividend. Economists have long called for some legislative reform, but any full-scale relief would be very expensive for the United States Treasury, since it would deprive Treasury of revenues estimated at between thirty and forty billion dollars. The hybrid approach would attempt to kill two birds with one stone. It would grant a limited deduction on corporate dividends paid, and then limit allowable interest deductions to the same rate. It would be designed to be revenue-neutral, inasmuch as the revenues that the Treasury gained from limiting deductibility on the debt side would compensate for the revenues it lost by granting deductibility on the equity side. Twenty per cent of interest might now be declared non-deductible, for example, and eighty per cent of dividends declared deductible, with the result that debt and equity would for the first time be treated essentially the same way: both would be eighty per cent deductible.

An eighty/twenty adjustment (which might involve the shifting of between fifteen billion and twenty billion dollars) would be "an enormous change," Ross noted, which would have a serious impact on companies with debt-intensive capital structures, and would almost surely mean lower prices for LBOs and, probably, fewer deals. Ross views this hybrid approach as the most viable route, however, and one that has integrity as pure tax policy. "The question is, do you want a tax incentive for that activity?" he said, referring to LBOs. "Do you want to *move* people to go to highly leveraged acquisitions? Deals should go forward, or not, on their merits. Independent of the way one views LBOs, there is a problem in the tax structure."

HOWEVER much guarded enthusiasm there was at Treasury for such an approach, when it came time for Brady to testify on LBOs before the Senate Finance Committee in late January the hybrid solution was still seen as just one possible option. Brady and his assistants ultimately agreed, therefore, that he should not propose, or even mention, it. That was not Brady's preference. His instincts, according to an old friend, tell him that, hard evidence or no, there is something wrong with the current debt binge, and he should do something to slow it. But his assistants—at that time they were holdovers from the Baker Treasury, and also included the two Harvard professors, Glauber and Mullins, who are more free-market than Wall Street believes—had been attempting to restrain him. And, just as, more than a decade ago at Dillon, Read, he changed the firm's vertical corporate structure into a group of eleven equal managing directors, so he is now intent upon having what he refers to as a "collegial Treasury," where decisions, at least theoretically, are made by consensus.

"Brady's thinking was to be more specific in proposing the hybrid approach, but we thought that was dangerous," one of his advisers told me after the hearing. "If Treasury had said, 'Do this,' that was all the cover that Ways and Means"—before which Brady was also to testify—"would need. So I argued that we had to be very cautious." Ross confirmed the adviser's assertion that their desire was to keep Brady's testimony "broad, thematic," and added that he and other assistants for tax policy deliberately stayed away from the hearings, for fear that if they were present the committee might press Brady to be more specific and, if he said he couldn't, might call on one of them.



In delivering his prepared testimony before both the Senate Finance Committee, on January 24th, and the Ways and Means Committee, on January 31st, Brady stuck to the script. Into his testimony's evenhanded risk-benefit analysis of LBOs, written by his assistants, he had, however, inserted some personal observations. Speaking about the up-front fees (sometimes nearly six per cent of a company's purchase price) that investment advisers, banks, underwriters, and LBO-fund managers earn on such transactions, he pointed out that those parties often have little, if any, stake in the long-term success of the enterprise, and he likened the whole arrangement to "a financial snipe hunt, where the new long-term investors, flashlight in hand, are left holding the bag." And, in a kind of high-minded, fine-spirited, but utterly quixotic gesture, Brady issued "a challenge to those who make the financing decisions and the financial institutions which advise them—the gladiators in the arena": he called upon Wall Street to propose its own cure.

His concluding statement, too, was his own: "I have a growing feeling that we are headed in the wrong direction when so much of our young talent and the nation's financial resources are aimed at financial engineering, while the rest of the world is laying the foundation for the future. We have always done best in this country when our savings have been used to create new jobs, new products, and new services at lower prices. LBOs produce fundamental changes in the financial structures of this country's corporations. They in turn raise basic questions about our economic future, whether we will continue to grow and create jobs and whether we will remain competitive."

But the tenor of Brady's prepared remarks, taken as a whole, was moderate, and the bottom line was that he was not recommending any legislative

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action. He did make a couple of key points bearing on possible legislation. He stated—twice—that he did not believe that the surge in LBOs had been driven only by tax considerations, pointing out that the tax incentives for debt capitalization were of long standing. (Corporate interest expense has, indeed, been deductible since 1913, and there is no sufficient explanation for the fact that the tidal wave of LBOs has occurred at this particular time.) And he said specifically that he did not endorse changing the deductibility of interest, although he conceded that he'd like to see something done to relieve the double taxation of dividends.

Under the press of the members' questions, however, Brady, an ingenuous person, threw consensus and caution to the wind, and spoke his mind. Before the Senate committee, he contradicted his prepared testimony, emphasizing repeatedly that he is convinced that what drives LBOs—their "engine"—is tax considerations. Having "stared hard at this problem" for the last three or four months, he said, he had realized that "if you can come up with, as the junk-bond/LBO trend has done, with a system whereby you can take the thirty-four per cent [in taxes] that used to go to the federal government and pay it to junk-bond-holders and other senior securities [holders] . . . you can produce a higher value for a corporation. . . . It is the free market's answer to the double taxation of dividends. If you treated dividends the same way you treated debt, you wouldn't have the LBO activity. I'm convinced of that."

He again contradicted his prepared testimony, which forswore any change in the deductibility of interest, when he divulged his hybrid solution. Senator John Danforth, Republican of Missouri, no doubt having been encouraged by Brady's prepared comments, repeatedly attempted to allay Wall Street's worst fears by eliciting from Brady a statement that "it is the position of the Administration that it opposes the reduction or the elimination of the corporate interest deduction." Brady sidestepped at first, saying that more evidence ought to be accumulated to see if the LBO trend is "disastrous." But then, with some trepidation, he went on to describe the hybrid approach, which, if it were to be utilized, he said, might well make "this whole trend disappear."

A week later, before the Ways and Means Committee, Brady was even more emphatic. Having again delivered the temperate prepared testimony that he had presented to the Senate committee, he again took off on his own during the question period, and embraced the hybrid solution. "The cure is, if you can ever level the playing field between equity and debt, you won't have to worry about LBOs," he declared. He returned over and over to his "gnawing feeling" (shared by the President, he stressed) that this trend of financial engineering was damaging to the economy, but he admitted he was short of hard evidence. And he did stay one step away from a full, immediate endorsement of legislation, saying that he preferred to see whether LBO activity was in fact levelling off, as he believed it was.

His mixed message was frustrating to many members of the committee, and they kept pressing him to urge action unequivocally. But Brady was quite visibly of two minds—alternately sure and unsure. His instincts have not changed since he was a private citizen, when he testified with such conviction; only his status has. The irony is that now that the opportunity is upon him, now that his words truly count, he is almost afraid to utter them. "How you turn something that's . . . inside your mind and heart into a tax law—that's . . . very hard stuff." In the latter part of his remarks, he seemed to recover conviction. "We have a free market in this country, and what it has done is found its way quite clearly around the double taxation of dividends. I think we ought to face that. . . . And if you agree with me, I think where we ought to look is to trying to [end] the difference in the way we treat debt . . . and the way we treat equities."

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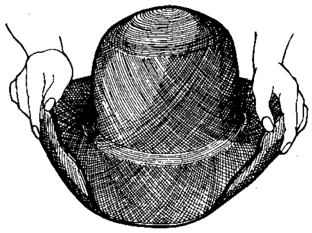
Brady's prepared testimony had been cleared, as is usual, with the White House and the Federal Reserve, where, one Washington lawyer who is lobbying for Wall Street on this issue said later, there had been concern that Brady might "blurt out something about the deductibility of interest—just as he did." The fact that Brady's free-style remarks diverged so widely from his authorized text (a divergence that was largely overlooked in press reports) was a source of much consternation at Treasury and among Wall Street lobbyists (who either attended the hearings or watched them on C-SPAN, and so got the unexpurgated version). "If that had happened in the Reagan Administration, there would have been hell to pay!" a former Treasury official exclaimed.

"Brady is naïve," said a Washington lawyer who has known him for years. "He doesn't realize what it means for the Secretary of the Treasury to be saying those things—that it throws gas on the flames."

The question of Brady's political naïveté was highlighted in the week between his Senate and House appearances by a contretemps over the so-called "user fee," or charge to thrift depositors, which was one of several options being reviewed at Treasury for dealing with the savings-and-loan crisis. After Brady, accompanied by Glauber and Mullins, proposed it in a private meeting on the Hill, it was quickly leaked to the Washington *Post* and created a storm of public protest. For nearly a week, the Administration, including the President, defended it as an option, and finally it was withdrawn.

The odd thing about the timing of the furor over the user fee, for which Brady was heavily criticized in the press, is that he was even more bold in his House testimony, immediately after that storm, than he had been the week before. There were similarities, too, between the two issues. The user fee had been only one of several options, but Brady had put it forward, out front, more as a proposal—much as he had the hybrid approach on LBOs.

What this suggests is that Brady



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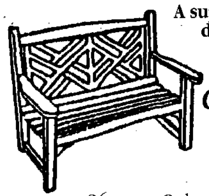

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places a stubbornly low premium on the kind of political aptitude—for perfectly timed moves, and ploys, and self-protection—that many people in Washington spend entire careers cultivating. The question is whether that will handicap him in pursuing his goals as Treasury Secretary—and whether, if it does, he can change. He is following in the footsteps of the political master James Baker, and the contrast between the two is hard on Brady. As Treasury Secretary, Baker hoarded his political capital, and never spread himself thin, believing that it was important not to become associated with ideas that didn't fly. Baker rarely just took a call from a member of Congress; his habit was to quickly review with an assistant the three or four most likely matters that might have prompted the call, and then to return it. By contrast, when Senator Lloyd Bentsen (with whom Brady had discussed his concern about excessive debt levels at the time of his confirmation hearings) phoned Brady *in early December to invite him to* appear before the Senate Finance Committee at its hearing on LBOs, Brady simply got on the phone and—on the spot—accepted. This was viewed as a mistake by at least some officials at Treasury, because they thought the appearance would be an unwise exposure for Brady. (And it was a double exposure, because once he had accepted Bentsen's invitation he had no choice, given political protocol, other than to accept Rostenkowski's.) Brady, however, is said to have shrugged off their concern. "Nick doesn't care," a former Treasury official commented. "He's so decent he just wants to do what's right." The former official sighed.

Moreover, Baker, a lawyer by training, was a voracious consumer of briefing papers at Treasury and had formidable powers of retention, and was, therefore, extraordinarily impressive on his feet. Brady, who finds this endless stream of papers burdensome (he is dyslexic and relies to a considerable extent on oral briefings), will sometimes come to meetings at Treasury and say he has not read them. When he testifies, one can hear the shallowness of his knowledge in his answers: he has certain signpost ideas, which he returns to again and again, but no sure foundation; he is long on feeling, short on analysis; and he tends to shoot from the hip.

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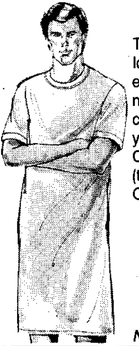

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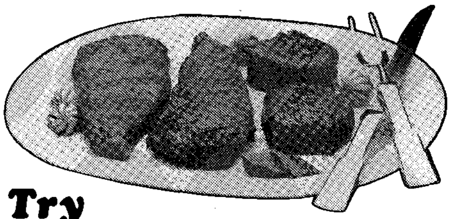
Or write for further information.

None of this, however, necessarily means that he will be an ineffectual Secretary of the Treasury. Friends and former assistants on the Brady Commission and in the Department emphasize that he is an extraordinarily decent, well-motivated, and likable person who knows his limitations, is a good listener, is willing to change his mind, hires exceptionally intelligent people, and grasps the concepts that they develop. Indeed, his bailout plan for dealing with the savings-and-loan crisis has been generally well received, and is expected to get through Congress in the next month or two.

Many people on Wall Street, however, are waiting eagerly for the next Brady misstep, hoping that he will prove to be no more the insider in Washington than he has been for many years on the Street. They portray his reaction to LBOs, and to the Milken era generally, as a kind of retrograde passion, a nostalgia for a bygone time when life was better for some—certainly for those corporate managers whose companies were their castles. Underlining his social milieu, they lament the insularity of perspective that can come from living most of one's life on a four-thousand-acre estate; it is as though, through no fault of his own (he is said to be devoid of pretension or snobbery), he had occupied a spit of high ground while the currents of ordinary life eddied and swirled beneath him. "Nick would like a return to the old-boy network. He'd like to see the world back the way it was before," a Wall Street veteran who has known him for many years told me. "If you were cynical, you would say he'd love to see it back the way it was when he was king of the mountain, before all the bright kids with the computers came along. But you can't turn back the clock."

Brady does indeed appear oddly misplaced, in both ambits: on Wall Street, he once belonged but now no longer does; in Washington, he does not now belong and never did (his brief stint as senator notwithstanding). David Maxwell, the chairman of the Federal National Mortgage Association and a friend of Brady's since their days at Yale, distinguishes him from so many of the élite in Washington by saying, "Nick is not a power-seeker. He doesn't like Washington parties. He doesn't want his picture on the cover of *Time*. He has a desire to get a job done rather than promote himself or be in the Washington All-Stars. There is not a lot of ego involved. He just wants to do the best possible job. It is a function of his basic goodness of character and his relationship to George Bush." Maxwell stressed, however, that Brady has about a half-dozen major goals he is intent upon achieving, and that he will not be shy about exerting his power in their behalf. Nor is he so genteel that he will allow his prerogatives to be subsumed by others. Referring to those with whom Brady might compete on common issues—among them Secretary of State James Baker, United States Trade Representative Carla Hills, and Budget Director Richard Darman—Maxwell commented, "These people are not amateurs. They understand power and its uses. Nick knows that. And he's determined that the issues that are his are going to be determined by him." Acknowledging the recent swell of criticism and the hopes of Brady's detractors for his early downfall, Maxwell pointed to what is, in effect, Brady's shield. "One of the things that are most important about Brady is his relationship with George Bush. He can bring in a Glauber and a Mullins, and people can criticize and talk about 'the Harvard boys.' But it doesn't matter, because George Bush will back him. He has the ear of the President. They are like brothers."

IN the first couple of months of this year, LBO activity was in a state of suspended animation. As an investment banker at one of the firms in the forefront of this market told me then, "the big deals are waiting for Congress to calm down." But in the last month or two, economic factors—rising interest rates, and the soft junk market, especially for the kind of deferred-interest-paying bonds that many of these transactions rely on—have made the make-believe lull real. "There are more and more predictions of an economic downturn, and the risks of leverage are looking as serious as they ever have in the eighties," Barry Friedberg, a division director of investment banking at Merrill Lynch, told me. Merrill Lynch's forecast, however, is that we will see a modest economic downturn sometime in the next seven months, and a decline in interest rates and stock prices—which Friedberg believes will



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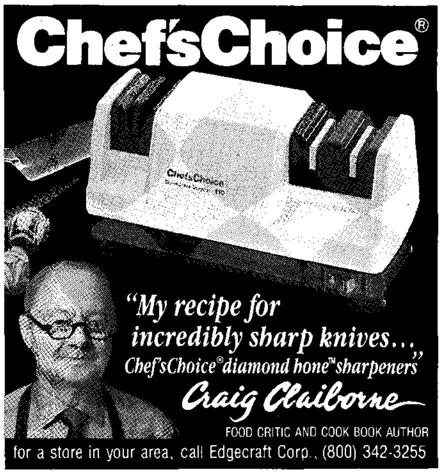

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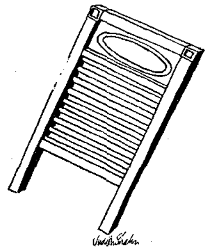
lead to an increase in LBO activity.

To some on Wall Street, economic factors appear at this moment to be posing a greater threat to the deal business than Congress. (Now that the memory of RJR Nabisco has begun to dim, Congress seems to have lost some of its fire.) And, except for Brady, the representatives of the Administration who have testified at hearings thus far have sounded encouraging to the Street, since they have uniformly expressed the view that LBOs are beneficial for the economy, and have urged no remedial action.

Brady did not exactly sound a clarion call, either. Despite the intensity of his feeling about the risks in highly leveraged transactions, and about the gluttonous fees they spawn for those who broker them, he would clearly prefer to see "the system right itself," as he put it, rather than to lead the troops in legislative intervention. But scratch the surface of his reticence, and one finds the visceral instincts—those of an unreconstructed traditional investment banker with a regulatory bent—that have been his touchstone for many years. Given Brady's history, his character, and his enduring concerns, it seems probable that if interest rates decline and deals begin to flow again (perhaps with an RJR-size extravaganza) LBOs will collide head on with the Secretary of the Treasury, and with a Congress ripe for action.



In the meantime, the LBO partisans have been doing their homework. When they met back in January, they concluded that it was tax legislation that would be the most critical threat to LBOs, and a few of them thought that they should prepare some compromise proposals. These few were ultimately persuaded by their cohorts to adhere to an approach that was termed "Just Say No." According to Robert Lighthizer, a partner in the law firm of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, which is so active in the advisory business attending LBOs that the firm is lobbying on its own behalf, Wall Street has stuck to that strategy publicly, but his firm and others have hired revenue experts to run numbers on Brady's hybrid approach and have developed compromise plans—to be produced "only if it seems Rostenkowski is about to do something awful." So much for Brady's call to the "gladiators" to propose their own remedies. When one member of Ways and Means asked Brady if it seemed realistic to expect the industry that was profiting from this activity to come up with solutions to slow it down, Brady replied (sounding, as he so often does, principled, and right in some platonic way, though clearly out of touch), "I believe they can look beyond their pocketbooks, and should. They ought to look upon it as a profession instead of a job . . . to beat the system."

Rostenkowski, meanwhile, seems not to mind being the man of the hour. He is clearly still intent on vindicating his committee against the charge that it was responsible for Black Monday (which, according to one of the committee members, continues to make everyone on Ways and Means "a bit skittish"). Rostenkowski, who represents Chicago, told me that a report just completed by "an independent agency" in Chicago concluded that his committee's action had had no effect on the crash.

"Really?"

"Oh, in the atmosphere of all the things that were going on, maybe it was one little factor," Rostenkowski replied. Of course, if the experiment were essentially to be run again—if LBO-related tax legislation were to be passed—and the market held steady, that would be exoneration.

Rostenkowski said he plans to continue the committee's "educational process"—he took specific legislative proposals from members in mid-April and is holding a series of hearings on them in May. Of the deliberate, lumbering pace of the process he is guiding he said, "Wall Street may be nervous, but they're not going to take their lives over it."

As for Brady, Rostenkowski acknowledged that some of his committee members were disappointed, even angry, that Brady had not given them a specific prescription. Nevertheless, he said, he, for one, was still hopeful for leadership from the Treasury and was looking forward to working with the Secretary. "I don't feel with Brady that he has a personal agenda," Rostenkowski said. "He wants to serve the President, and to do the right thing. I think he sees a problem here and wants to find the solution."

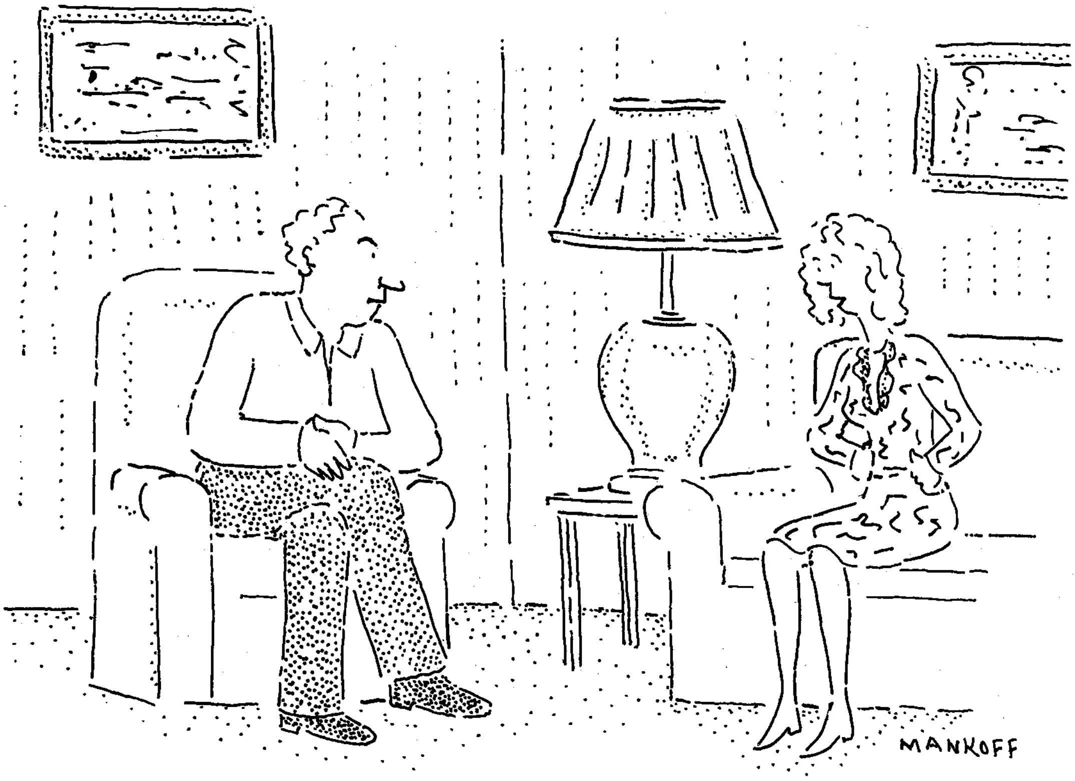
—CONNIE BRUCK

LETTER FROM BEIJING

THERE is a New York-versus-Washington analogy between Beijing, where I live and work, and Shanghai, which I recently visited, and which I prefer as a city. Like New York, Shanghai developed as a port (beginning in about 960 A.D.), and now, with more than twelve and a half million residents, it is China's busiest, most populous city. Beijing, like Washington, was a settlement that happened to have a capital thrust upon it (in 1421 A.D.), and it now has over ten million residents. Like New York in the Revolutionary War, Shanghai endured foreign occupation; and its former extraterritorial "concessions" and the original Chinese city differ as much among themselves in atmosphere and attitude as the boroughs of New York. Beijing and Washington are patronized in Shanghai and New York as "one company" towns, obsessed by politics, while many Beijingers tend to look down upon Shanghainese in much the way many Washingtonians disparage New Yorkers—as big-city snobs, irrevocably alienated from traditional national values. To dwellers in Beijing, Shanghai's long association with *waiguoren*, or foreigners, even if it was originally enforced by arms and is now government policy, seems to render the loyalty of its residents suspect. An American diplomatic official recently remarked that in Beijing, Shanghainese were considered "China's smartest businessmen and best workers but somehow 'not like the rest of us Chinese.' " The disdain is reciprocal: in the Wu dialect of the coastal region around Shanghai, Beijingers are *gangbeiren*—a word that translates literally into "men of the North" but has come to mean boors or bumpkins. A Shanghai-born friend of mine now working in Beijing says that as far as he is concerned Beijing as a city is notable only for "what we call, in English, the three 'D's—diplomats, ducks, and dust."

The ultimate New York–Washington parallel is Shanghai's ability somehow to withstand campaigns that have been waged sporadically in Beijing to suppress it. In the early nineteen-fifties, the first years of the People's Republic, some of Shanghai's most productive factories were dismantled and presented to inland cities; between 1966 and 1976, the years of the Cultural Revolution (which was nowhere more virulent than in Shanghai), over a million of Shanghai's leaders, teachers, and intellectuals either disappeared or were exiled, and some are still seeking to return. And even in more tranquil times the central government has been taking from Shanghai as much as seventy-seven per cent of its revenues (the 1988 figure was sixty-six per cent), while at the same time subsidizing a hundred and eighteen other Chinese harbors (most notably Tianjin, the port closest to Beijing) so that they can compete with it. Nevertheless, Shanghai has stubbornly remained "the head of the dragon" of China.

Although the cities are less than seven hundred miles apart, Shanghai (the name means "above the sea") and Beijing ("northern capital") have different climates and different dialects. Shanghainese understand the official Mandarin—it is the language of their schools and of the broadcast media—but among themselves, and particularly when they intend not to be understood by *gangbeiren*, they speak Wu, the dialect favored in Jiangsu, Anhui, and Zhejiang, the provinces north, west, and south of the city. Temperatures in Shanghai average ten degrees above those in Beijing, which endures winter nights as cold as nine below zero Fahrenheit. Summer temperatures in Shanghai can rise above a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, but this reading is rarely announced, since in such heat employers, including the state, are obliged to let workers go home. The real point of the climatic differences between the two cities is what their residents are able to do about the weather, and in this respect the Shanghainese get the worst of both seasons. During January, the local temperatures hover around thirty-two and sometimes drop into the teens, but because Shanghai is south of the Yangzi River, which China has designated the boundary line between its severe and its moderate climates, the houses are constructed without regard for heating. Nor do most people in Shanghai have access to enough electricity to make their summers more bearable with air-conditioning—even if they could afford it. Last July and



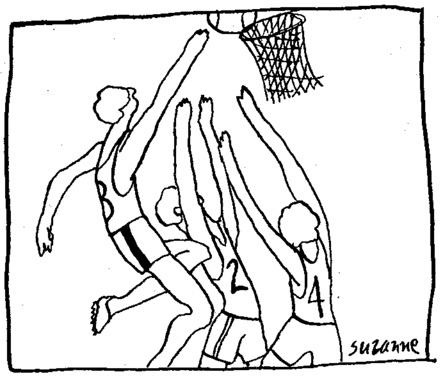
"What do you mean, 'Marriage is a two-edged sword'?"

August, during a heat wave that was held responsible for forty-two deaths and seven hundred and seventy-three hospitalizations, Shanghai municipal authorities blamed the air-conditioners of "several rich residents" for blacking out part of the city for several days, and sales of air-conditioners are now banned in Shanghai. Even without the demands of air-conditioning, power in Shanghai falls about three hundred thousand kilowatt-hours short of summer needs. The East China Electric & Power Company has ordered two coal-fired generators that will at least temporarily bridge the peak power gap, but these won't be operable until 1990 at the earliest.

Beijing possesses an imperial history; Shanghai may be said to have a past—and a colonial one, at that. Gunboats forced the port open for trading, primarily of opium, in the early eighteen-forties, and some of the territorial "concessions" ruled by Western nations, including Britain, the United States, and France, endured for a century. These occupied territories made the city both a cause of revolutionary nationalism and an attraction for the revolutionaries themselves. Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, Mao Zedong, and the Gang of Four all spent time in Shanghai before going on to Beijing, and they looked anxiously over their shoulders to see what their possible successors were up to in Shanghai. The Cultural Revolution actually began in 1965, in the form of a theatrical review that Mao caused to be inserted in a Shanghai newspaper, *Wen Hui Bao*, and although its theoretical end came with the arrest of the Gang of Four, in 1976, the relaxation of bans imposed on "bourgeois cultural" activities is attributed to Shanghai students who, on New Year's Eve, 1979, defied a ban on dancing and waltzed to a recording smuggled into the university's sound system. I think it says something about the importance of culture to Shanghai, and about the city's importance to China, that the greatest national upheaval of this century began there with a theatre review and ended there with a waltz.

ALONG with waltzes, of course, the Western powers introduced to China through the concessions such innovations as running water, electricity, and automobiles—as well as the opium trade and open prostitution. More than half a century ago, a missionary (denomination unknown) is said to have preached that "if God lets Shanghai endure, He owes an apology to Sodom and Gomorrah." Socialist campaigns against what was termed "spiritual pollution" have made a mostly honest woman of the city that guidebooks say was once called the Whore of Asia. If any opium dens remain in Shanghai, I haven't heard of them, and although I have read in the Western press that prostitution is cropping up again, I was approached only once during my last visit to the city. A woman sat down next to me at a bar and philosophically accepted my refusal to buy her a drink by asking me to watch her infant son while she prospected—unsuccessfully, as far as I could tell—at other tables. Unquestionably, though, Shanghainese do take a more relaxed view of sex and of the unclothed human body. One of the city's art galleries recently sponsored an entire exhibition of nude paintings and sculpture. In Beijing, on the other hand, the opening of a Natural History Museum exhibition entitled "The Origin of Man" was suspended for two months by officials of the Beijing Scientific and Technological Institute, who objected to, among other things, a photograph of a nude couple embracing. Compromises were reached on the other points, but the picture of the nude couple came down—to the disappointment of Beijingers who, like me, were attracted to the museum more by the controversy than by the exhibit.

While Beijing can be said to work with its head—China's government and Party headquarters and bureaucracies are here, of course, as are a hundred and two embassies, sixty-two universities, five hundred research institutes, a hundred and forty-one publishing houses, and offices for a thousand and forty-six foreign corporations—Shanghai works with its hands: it has ten miles of docks, which are capable of handling a third of China's port tonnage, and more than eight thousand factories, which account for a ninth of the nation's industrial production, turning out, for example, iron, steel, heavy machinery, textiles, bicycles, automobiles, jetliners, and, China's recent entry into the space race, Long March rockets. The city's craftsmen are considered the best workmen in China, and "Shanghai tailoring" is a catchphrase applied to products (not made exclusively in Shanghai) that are meticulously designed. This reputation has not gone unnoticed abroad. Since the Cultural Revolution ended, Shanghai has attracted four hundred and seventy-five foreign enterprises, most of them manufacturers, with a total investment of more than two billion dollars.



Wages in Shanghai, which are mainly regulated by the municipal government, have traditionally been higher than those in Beijing and the rest of the nation, and in the first half of last year they were raised thirty-six per cent. Prices are higher as well—the cost of pork at state-run markets went up sixty per cent last May—and, in anticipation of complaints by Shanghai workers that their labor was once more being exploited for the benefit of foreigners, an official response was formulated. "The most important thing is to change people's attitudes about foreign investment," Ye Longfei, who heads the Foreign Investment Commission for the city, recently told the *China Daily's* English-language *Business Weekly*. "If we want more foreign investors to come, we should never be envious when they make money. Business means mutual benefit, and since we also make money from joint ventures, why should we always keep our eyes on the foreign investors' pockets?" Ye's commission has now been authorized by the municipal government of Shanghai to bypass what has been called Shanghai's "monstrosity of local bureaucracy: huge, arrogant, and as well entrenched as the French at Verdun." (The description is by Larry Robinson, a former United States consular official, whose 1987 report "Life in the Big City" is the source of a good deal of recent Western reporting about Shanghai.) The speeded-up approval process instituted for foreign ventures in Shanghai would, in fact, be a remarkable achievement anywhere in

China, where the establishment of a new enterprise may require as many as a hundred and twenty-six permission seals.

To meet its investment quotas, however, Shanghai is going to have to do more than protect foreign managers from its bureaucracy; it will also have to withstand business competition from Beijing itself. The best Shanghai tailors, including the makers of General Secretary Zhao Ziyang's Western-style suits, have lately followed the Party leaders to the capital. Also, in the northwest sector Beijing is setting up its own version of Silicon Valley, to attract electronics companies from Shanghai, even though electronics was one of a number of industries designated several years ago by the national government to be concentrated around Shanghai. It is difficult to estimate how many of these technologically intensive industries have so far followed the tailors up to Beijing. In China, private enterprises—the formerly suppressed "tails of capitalism"—still tend to hide themselves. The reason, obviously, is that the government can neither regulate nor tax (at rates up to fifty-five per cent) what it doesn't know about, and a recent official estimate is that eighty per cent of all individual businesses are tax evaders.

Shanghainese seem to feel that they are the most fashionable people in China, but, now that many of the city's tailors have been lost, it seems to be losing its fashion preëminence. I believe that as recently as a year ago I could have determined simply from glancing at the clothing of pedestrians whether I was in Shanghai or Beijing; now I probably couldn't, although it may be that skirts are a little shorter and colors a little brighter in Shanghai. Only rarely now do I see in either city one of the dull-blue or gray Mao suits that a decade ago were a virtual uniform throughout China, and that may still be seen occasionally in the countryside—or at the Great Hall of the People. One of the anomalies of international Socialist solidarity turned up on Beijing television a year ago, when members of an Ethiopian delegation wearing formal Mao jackets visited the Great Hall to meet with Chinese dignitaries, all but one of whom were wearing Western suits. The exception was Deng Xiaoping, who, although he has stripped himself of most of his official titles (he remains the chairman of China's Central Military Commission), still exemplifies the traditional revolutionary style.

Beijing and Shanghai are both dangerously polluted but, again, in different ways. Beijing's principal pollution is in the air, which is suffused with the fumes of soft coal, twenty million tons of which is burned annually for power, heating, and cooking. The air becomes even more unhealthy in the spring, when a "yellow wind" sweeps sand eastward from the loess plateau in Shaanxi Province to envelop the city in a dirty-brown cloud. To intercept this airborne grit, China is planting a "great green wall," to afforest nearly fourteen million hectares of northern China. So far, however, only half the trees planted in the first five million hectares of the project have survived. Insects, drought, floods, and timber poachers have all taken their toll. In any case, the wall of trees, following the pattern set by its predecessor the Great Wall, is being erected to benefit future, rather than present, generations. For years to come, Beijingers sensitive to air contaminants will have to go on doing what they have done for decades now—resort to surgical masks and thin-meshed veils.

Shanghai's principal pollution is in its water, and in the food taken from it. A hepatitis epidemic that was eventually traced to coastal clams felled almost three hundred and twelve thousand people during the winter a year ago, and although the number of fatalities officially reported was as low as thirty, the city was put into what almost amounted to national quarantine; for example, students from Shanghai returning to Beijing universities after December vacations were segregated and confined to dormitories for several weeks. Shanghai's primary source of drinking water is the Huangpu River, which is befouled both by industrial pollutants and by sewage, and which is joined by Suzhou Creek to form the city's filthy harbor. According to the *People's Daily*, environmental-science researchers have concluded that this pollution is responsible for eighty per cent of the city's cancer fatalities—and the city has the highest cancer-mortality rate in China. A four-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar project to begin cleaning up both waterways will be carried out at the expense of the

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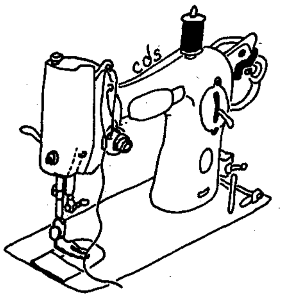
Yangzi, which flows into the East China Sea a few miles to the north; ultimately, almost four tons of city sewage will be piped through tunnels into the Yangzi every day. Until 1992, however, only twenty per cent of Shanghai's effluent will be treated—and that not very effectively. There may be Shanghainese who drink their water straight from the tap, but all those I know boil it first.

Beijing's symbol is Tian'anmen Square, whose name means "heavenly peace gate"; Shanghai's is the Bund—from an Anglo-Indian word meaning "muddy waterfront." Tian'anmen is where Chairman Mao proclaimed the birth of the People's Republic, in 1949. Its paved square, of nearly a hundred acres, is flanked on the west by the Great Hall of the People and on the east by the Museum of Chinese History and the Museum of the Chinese Revolution. It contains a Monument to the People's Heroes and the Mao Zedong Memorial Hall, which daily attracts a decorous queue of thousands, who march silently through it four abreast. Otherwise, except on holidays and during mass demonstrations, the plaza is empty of all but a few sightseers and kite and model-airplane fliers.



Shanghai's Bund, which on recent maps of the city appears to have been renamed Zhongshan Road East, is crowded with money changers, postcard sellers, contortionists and their child apprentices, waves of bus and Huangpu-ferry commuters, and an average of three thousand tourists per day, most of them on their way to or from the piers of river-excursion boats. On its waterfront side is a promenade leading up a rise to a small park that overlooks the point where the Huangpu and the Suzhou meet. Because the Chinese were excluded from it for nearly a century, this otherwise unremarkable park is a bitter memorial of the colonial occupation. It is not precisely accurate to say, as some of my friends still insist, that a sign posted at the park gate in the old days read, "Dogs and Chinese Not Allowed." Rather, it listed a number of regulations, one of which excluded dogs and another natives, except for servants accompanying their employers, and "well-dressed" Chinese who had succeeded in obtaining entrance warrants from foreign consuls. On the landward side of the Bund, and still impressive to a viewer some distance upriver, are several blocks of stone buildings that are more tangible legacies of colonialism. Among them is the Customs House and what were once the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank, the Shanghai Club, and two famous "mansions" that were constructed as offices for legendary merchant traders and then became hotels, the Palace and the Cathay. (It was in the Cathay, in 1928, that Noël Coward wrote the first draft of "Private Lives.") The Shanghai Club, which would have impressed British gentlemen anywhere, is no longer considered imposing enough for Occidental tourists. Renamed the Dongfeng ("Oriental") Hotel, it limits its clientele to Chinese, and its bar, once renowned as "the longest bar in the world," has been sawed into sections. Only about a fifty-foot section remains, to serve as a snack bar, and an elderly worker there told me what had happened to the rest: "We had to knock thirty feet off each end in order to fit in a few more tables, but we still have the pieces stored upstairs. Maybe someday we'll put it all back together."

The city of Shanghai seems to me to be somewhat like that bar. It has been fragmented but has kept the pieces of itself more or less intact, even if many are now hidden away. In Beijing, neighborhoods are created, and sometimes sacrificed, with remarkable dispatch. To clear land for Tian'anmen Square and the huge buildings flanking it, thousands of residences and scores of imposing government office buildings were torn down within a few months in 1958 and 1959. Several years later, an enterprise calling itself the Beijing No. 1 House Repair Company put up several hundred small houses and a timber mill in what amounted to an alley right between the western wall of the Forbidden City—the former dynastic estate of the emperors, which had been turned into a protected museum—and the eastern wall of Zhongnanhai, which is, and was then, the nation's White House and Capitol rolled into one, holding the headquarters of the Chinese Communist Party and the State Council and the residences of Party and Council leaders. Yet this development, now at least twenty-five years old, apparently did not become known to the authorities until last August, when a section of the Forbidden City wall collapsed under the weight of electric cables that had been attached to it to serve the unauthorized residences. More noticeable, at least to those of us who bicycle through more accessible areas of Beijing, are the authorized demolition and construction. Also last August, six more neighborhoods, totalling some sixty-two square kilometres, were designated for "transformation," which is to say that their colorful but dilapidated *siheyuan*, or courtyard houses, will soon be replaced by characterless five-story apartment buildings.

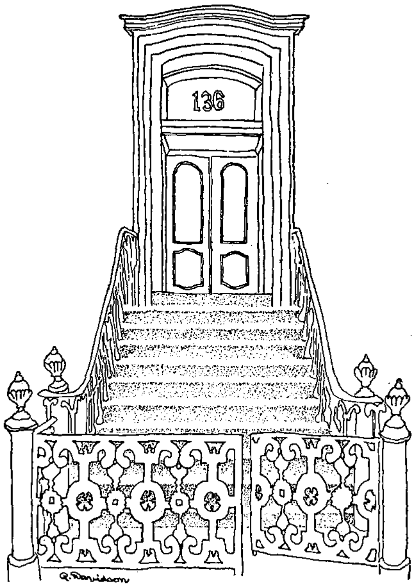
In Shanghai, the authorities, despite considerable effort expended over more than forty years, haven't been able to expunge the individuality of the city's former concessions, or of the old Chinese quarter itself. The old Chinese city was the only one with actual walls, but enough of the physical and architectural composition of each of the concessions remains to suggest what the colonial life of Shanghai was like. The British (whose international concession was merged with the American one in 1863) built and left the Bund and a racecourse; its grandstand is now filled with flowerpots and planters, and its clubhouse is now the Shanghai Municipal Library. The French came in 1847, and their legacy includes the best housing in the city—three-story peaked-roof dwellings, most of which have been divided into apartments, largely for city and leading Party officials. Possibly an even more appreciated legacy of the French is shade. The French planted plane trees to line the streets of their former four-square-mile concession, and the trees keep that part of South Shanghai cooler in the summer and certainly make it the most pleasant part of the city in every season; the American Consulate is now in what used to be Frenchtown. The Japanese, who came in 1895 and remained until their 1945 surrender ended extraterritoriality in the city, left a few concrete bunkers, now moss-grown and crumbling, in their original concession, north of Suzhou Creek, and they also built Hongkou Park.

Beijing has vast, magnificent parks, including the Emperors' Summer Palace and the Temple of Heaven, that are tourist attractions; within them, it is possible to forget that you are in a city. Shanghai's small neighborhood parks, Hongkou chief among them, are, in effect, defenses against the city. They are laid out to be not just admired but also enjoyed, and, with the exception of courting couples, those who frequent them appear less interested in getting away from the city and other Shanghainese than in pursuing city interests and city vices in a pleasanter setting. A noticeable amount of drinking and gambling goes on in Hongkou Park; it is also the only place in China where I have seen mah-jongg gambling (illegal in the People's Republic) in open view. On Sundays, however, the park's pavilions and groves become impromptu audition halls, to which Shanghai opera aficionados come to hear amateur (and, I've been told, a few professional) singers, *erhu* (two-string-guitar) players, and other musicians run through arias or, in some cases, entire scores, often from memory.

Beijing is best toured in a group with a guide. Its national treasures—the Forbidden City and other museums, the parks, the Ming Tombs, and the Great Wall, north of the city—are far apart, and anyone who wants to take them all in requires assistance. Shanghai is worth exploring on your own with a guidebook. I used an Australian one—"China: A Travel Survival Kit," by Alan Samagalski, Robert Strauss, and Michael Buckley—and it recommends "In Search of Old Shanghai," by Pan Ling, "for a run-down on who was who and what was what back in the bad old days." Yet when it comes to describing the mid-thirties past of Great World, a rambling brick building that is still Shanghai's principal amusement attraction, words fail even Pan Ling, and he calls upon a Western source—"Fun in a Chinese Laundry," by the Hollywood director Josef von Sternberg:

> On the first floor were gambling tables, singsong girls, magicians, pick-pockets, slot machines, fireworks, bird cages, fans, stick incense, acrobats and ginger. One flight up were the restaurants, a dozen different groups of actors, crickets in cages, pimps, midwives, barbers, and earwax extractors. The third floor had jugglers, herb medicines, ice-cream parlours, photographers, a new bevy of girls, their high-collared gowns slit to reveal their hips. . . . The fourth floor was crowded with shooting galleries, *fan-tan* tables, revolving wheels, massage benches, acupuncture and moxa cabinets, hot-towel counters, dried fish and intestines, and dance platforms serviced by a horde of music makers competing with each other to see who could drown out the others. The fifth floor featured girls whose dresses were slit to the armpits, a stuffed whale, story tellers, balloons, peep shows, masks, a mirror maze, two love-letter booths. . . . On the top floor and roof of that house of multiple joys a jumble of tightrope walkers slithered back and forth, and there were seesaws, Chinese checkers, mah-jongg, strings of firecrackers going off, lottery tickets, and marriage brokers.

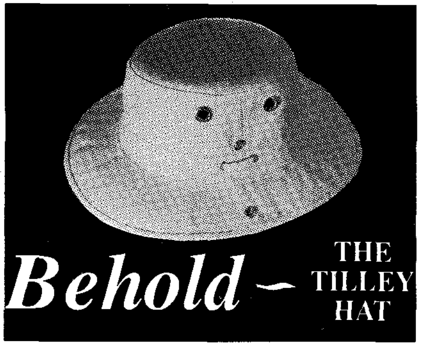
Great World has been sanitized and brought tamely up to date. On the summer afternoon I stopped by the building, which is now topped by a neon-emblazoned pagoda, I found only a video-game arcade, a poolroom, a bumper-car ride, and souvenir and refreshment stands. However, "a horde of music makers," along with comedians, jugglers, magicians, and silhouette-cutout artists still competed for a combined indoor audience of at least three thousand Shanghainese, including many with young children. On stages inside I sampled concurrent performances of a Shanghai opera troupe (nine women were singing both male and female roles), a variety show featuring five bored chorus girls (decorously dressed in shorts and T-shirts), a comic who cued his audience for laughs by banging on cymbals, a rock concert with several singers and a four-piece band, a concert of traditional Chinese instruments, and a couple doing what appeared to be a sort of George Burns and Gracie Allen routine. And, while all this was going on, a juggler, assisted by two women, performed in an outside courtyard to no audience at all.



Beijing has Disneyesque amusement parks and neighborhood recreation centers (and, for foreigners, a golf course and a shooting range), but nothing comparable to Great World. On afternoons in good weather, Beijing men, most of them elderly, bring chairs and small tables to shaded street corners to play *xiangqi*, or Chinese chess, and the game of go. Last summer, however, many of these games were displaced by the entrepreneurial owners of portable pool and snooker tables (levelling them on the city's uneven sidewalks was no mean achievement), who charged a yuan (about twenty-five cents) per player. Normally, all street-corner games end at dusk, but well after midnight one night I was in a car that had to swerve to avoid half a dozen pool players who had carried their table into a traffic lane in order to position it directly under a street light.

BOTH Beijing and Shanghai have grand hotels downtown. In the capital, there is the Beijing Hotel, a block from Tian'anmen Square, and in Shanghai there is the Peace—once the Palace and the Cathay, two of the most elegant hostelries in Asia. Both cities also have hotels that are modern, luxurious, and remote from the center of town: Beijing boasts a Sheraton and a Holiday Inn, while Shanghai has a Sheraton and a Hilton. Beijing attracts musicians, singers, and dancers from the West. Among those who performed here last year were Placido Domingo, the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, a company of the Metropolitan Opera, and the Paris Opera Ballet. Shanghai, on the other hand, is noted for sending its performers to tour in the West, after they have been trained in the city's ballet theatre, its music conservatory, its acrobatic theatre, or one of its theatre companies, several of which participated in a Eugene O'Neill Festival held in Shanghai last summer; eleven of O'Neill's plays were performed in Chinese.

You can get a better, more authentic, and certainly more expensive French meal in Beijing than in Shanghai. Last year, I paid a little more than two hundred dollars for a dinner for two with French wine at Maxim's, a Beijing restaurant, established by



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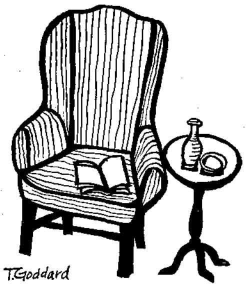
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Pierre Cardin in 1983, that is modelled on the Paris Maxim's. The not very French equivalent at Shanghai's Maison Rouge, which was once known as Chez Louis but is now an entirely Chinese venture, cost only twenty-three dollars, with California wine. Snacks, however, are better in the port city. I prefer the Peace Hotel Café's Shanghai pizza—with black and green olives, anchovies, ham, and mushrooms—to any of several Beijing variants. On Nanjing Road a short distance from the Peace is a bakery that sells hot dogs (or a reasonable approximation), croissants, and rye bread. Nanjing Road, formerly a street of night clubs and coffin-makers, is now known for its department stores, which are reputed to offer better goods at better prices than one can find on Wangfujing, Beijing's principal shopping street.



Taxis became a little easier to catch in Beijing than in Shanghai recently when fares in the capital were raised by fifty per cent, to a daytime maximum rate of 1.2 yuan (almost thirty cents) per kilometre. Night rates can be double that, and while by American standards these fares aren't high they certainly are in China. Robert Nixon, a Canadian friend of mine who taught English at the People's University for Police Officers, paid a hundred and five yuan (slightly more than twenty-four dollars) to go to the Beijing airport and back, and that, he reported with dismay, was more than it had cost him the week before to travel from Tibet to Beijing by bus and third-class train coach. In Shanghai at the time of my visit, taxis were still unmetered; the price of a ride was negotiated in advance, and seemed to depend more on the mood of the driver than on the distance travelled. This fall, by order of the municipal government, meters are to be installed in Shanghai taxis.

Two years ago, when I first visited Shanghai, I had thought that because of the city's past foreign occupation I would feel less welcome there than in Beijing. It appears to me now, however, that the Shanghainese are far more comfortable with foreigners. Pause outside a Shanghai dwelling and you are apt to be invited inside. I accepted two such invitations during my visit. On the first occasion, a companion and I, who had been attracted by the sound of a piano, were treated to a recital of Czerny études played on an old upright by our impromptu hostess's seventeen-year-old daughter. On the second, we were beckoned into a house to watch the remainder of an English-language television newscast that had caught our attention as we passed an open doorway. At its conclusion, one of our fellow-viewers asked our nationality. My companion responded with "*Meiguoren*"—the Mandarin for "American"—whereupon the five- or six-year-old son of the house manifested a grasp of both the official dialect and the news we had just seen. "*Meiguoren*," he repeated, simulating a plane with his left hand and a gun with his right, and shooting down the plane with the gun.

Beijing is a crowded city; in Shanghai, the word "crowded" loses all meaning. Fodor's travel guide calls its fifty-five-square-mile core "the most heavily populated urban area in the world." The official estimate of the average living space available to the approximately six million people who reside within it is six square metres (the comparable figure for Beijing is seven). The Shanghai municipal government announced this year that it had moved eight hundred thousand families into new two- and three-room apartments over the past decade. Many more thousands of Shanghainese, however, still live in two square metres or less. Hard as this is for me to comprehend, there is something I find even harder: that the occupants of these cramped quarters sometimes remain in them by choice, and ultimately, by their sheer numbers, are accomplishing what years of forced eviction and central-government neglect could not—they are defeating the city itself. Whole blocks of apartment buildings stand vacant in the northern and eastern suburbs and in Pudong, a five-minute ferry ride across the Huangpu River. Jiang Zemin, the secretary of Shanghai's municipal Communist Party Committee, warned recently that "if we do not develop Pudong, and rely only upon the old district of Shanghai, it will be very difficult for Shanghai to quicken its development of an outward-oriented economy." There is already a motor-vehicle tunnel under the Huangpu, and the city is building a second one and planning a bridge as well. The bridge will displace a hundred and thirty-one factories and more than four thousand households, but at the moment the expansion of Shanghai into Pudong and other suburbs is stalled by the city's own density: Shanghainese who move to dwellings beyond walking distance of their workplaces and their accustomed stores find it difficult, to say nothing of unpleasant, to make the trip back and forth. Larry Robinson's "Life in the Big City" estimates that "the city has only 2.2 square meters of road per person, compared to six in Beijing and over twenty in the U.S.," and that as a result the one million eight hundred thousand workers estimated to commute to the city every day may have to spend as much as five hours a day on buses. I'd thought that crowding on public transportation had reached the limit of human endurance in Beijing until I rode Shanghai's buses and trackless trolleys, which compete on the city's narrow streets with more than a hundred and eighty thousand licensed cars, three million bicycles, and—on principal shopping streets—as many as a hundred thousand pedestrians per hour. On Nanjing Road, for example, the sidewalks are too small to accommodate the numbers of pedestrians, who overflow into the vehicle lanes. On less heavily travelled streets, these lanes may also be blocked by peddlers' stands or by wares spread on blankets extending out from the curb. A local newspaper recently estimated that ten per cent of the city's vehicle area had so far been preëmpted.

All that the authorities of Shanghai have yet been able to do about this is to ban trucks and bicycles from a few of the city's principal streets during daylight hours and to contemplate building a subway. (Beijing already has two subway lines comprising nearly forty kilometres and carrying approximately nine hundred thousand passengers daily, and a third line is planned.) Two terminal stations have been constructed, but connecting them under fourteen kilometres of the most crowded parts of Shanghai will take at least four years. Until then—and, in fact, for the foreseeable future—the city's truck, bus, trolley, and taxi drivers will continue to command, and earn, premium pay, and Shanghai will remain a disgruntled, noisy, and chaotic city. —FRED C. SHAPIRO

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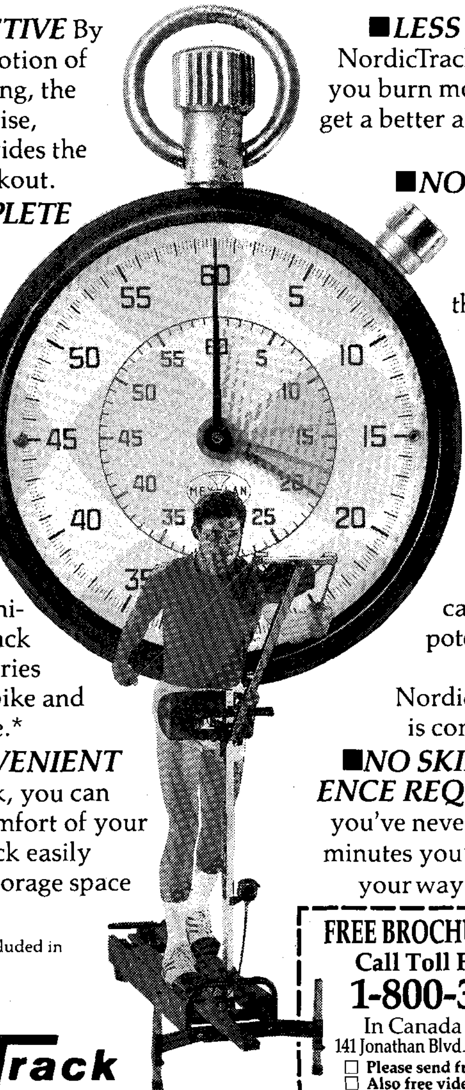

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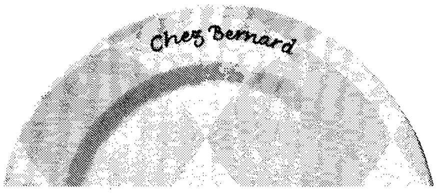
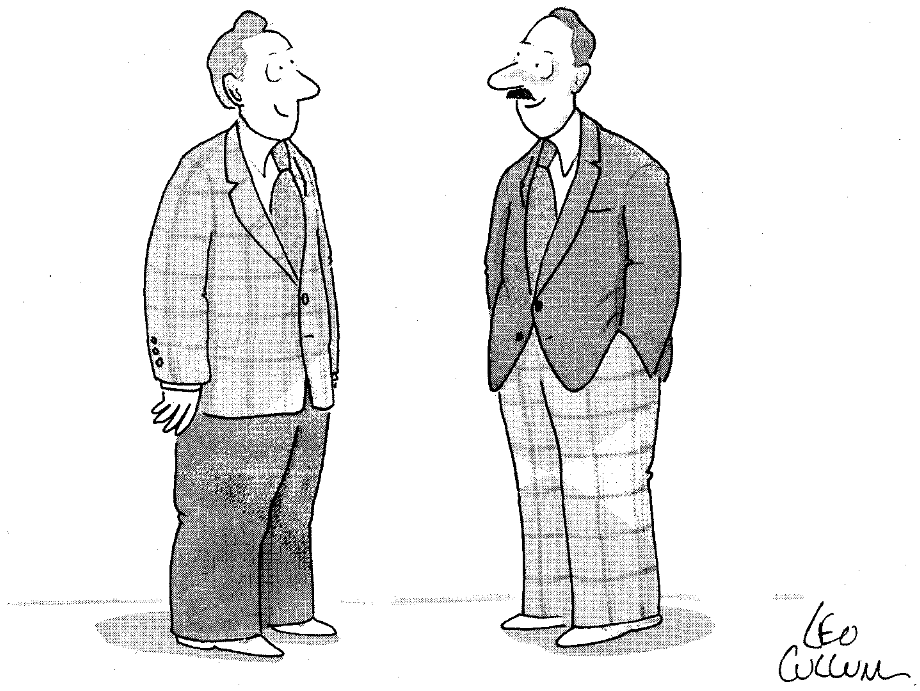


THE THEATRE

At Ballybeg Hall

Brian Friel's "Aristocrats," as presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club at Theatre Four, is a faultless production of an ironic, loving, imaginative, and all but faultless play. Make that a faultless play. Mr. Friel, to refresh your memory, is the Irish author of "Translations," which lighted up Off Broadway a few seasons back, and "Philadelphia, Here I Come!," which had a successful Broadway run before that, and "Faith Healer," which deserved one. "Aristocrats" is set in Donegal in the nineteen-seventies, on the lawn and in the study of Ballybeg Hall, the large manor house of District Judge O'Donnell, and it is about the decline of the O'Donnell family from its eminence at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. The old judge lies dying in an upstairs bedroom. Four of his five grown children are home to celebrate the marriage of the youngest of them, Claire, who is still in her twenties. The others are Alice, an alcoholic who is married to the son of a former housemaid at Ballybeg Hall; Judith, who is nursing her father in the last stages of senility; and their brother, Casimir, a fascinating, eccentric fellow, rapturous one moment and downcast the next, and never still (as marvellously played by the Irish actor Niall Buggy, he is an exposed nerve). Innocently unable to distinguish fact from fancy, he talks about an evening he spent with Yeats, until someone points out that he was born in the year that Yeats died; and his conversation is studded with references to John McCormack, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Thomas Moore, among others, as if they were old family friends. He lives in Hamburg with a German wife and a couple of sons. Maybe, maybe not—Eamon, Alice's husband, quietly points out that no one has ever seen wife or boys, and Casimir keeps trying to telephone them without success. His delight at being home almost overflows, but at a peremptory bark from his father over the intercom he collapses in tears. What thrills him most is the music of Chopin, played on the piano by his sister Claire. Eamon describes an old woman who plays the harmonium as "the Scott Joplin of Donegal." That kind of joke is at the heart of Mr. Friel's irony; time after time, he punctures the prevailing elegiac or romantic mood with something brisk or factual or modern.



YIN & YANG IN CLEVELAND

The first scene sets the tone, when we see a townsman named Willie installing the intercom with the help of an all-purpose American—a visiting professor who is writing a dissertation on the great Roman Catholic houses of Ireland, and who is the perfect audience for Casimir's reminiscences. Judith, the very model of a gracious, devoted daughter, recites her grim daily routine of caring for her father and trying to make both ends meet. Casimir plays a tape from the missing sibling, a faraway nun, who is "praying for them," and who sounds particularly smug and fatuous. Claire rushes in, all aglow, and then we learn that she is a depressive, that the groom is a local grocer twice her age, with small children, and that they will all live in her sister-in-law's house.

Although "Aristocrats" does not lack events, the story is in the characters, in all their complexity and richness and sadness—and especially in the members of the family, who seem to be on the brink of collapse at the prospect of leaving Ballybeg Hall, though leave they must. They are, strictly speaking, no more aristocrats than the family of Mme. Ranevskaya in "The Cherry Orchard"; they are the gentry. The acting, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre, of London's Hampstead Theatre (which produced "Aristocrats" last year), was absolutely right in every instance. Margaret Colin is Alice; Haviland Morris is Claire; Kaiulani Lee is Judith; Thomas Barbour is a silent, funny uncle; and Joseph Warren is the father, who makes one spooky appearance. Of the non-family cast members, John Pankow is splendid as the humorous, outspoken Eamon, and John Christopher Jones and Peter Crombie are fine, too, as Willie and the American professor. Again, Brian Friel's writing is of a quality we very seldom encounter on or off the stage. The elegant, beautiful setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy; the costumes were designed by Jane Greenwood.

—Edith Oliver

A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE FALLEN HERO

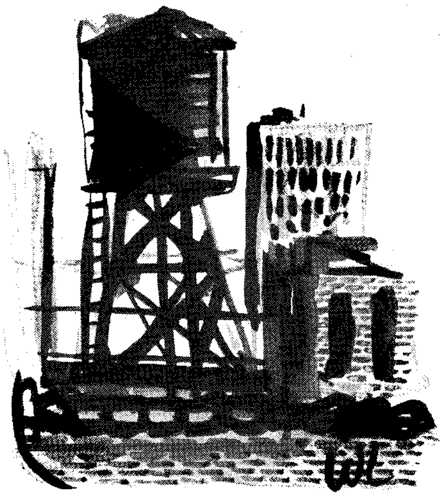
Irving Howe said in the nineteen-fifties, of the changes that had been taking place in political fiction, that while "for Dostoevsky and Conrad the very possibility of revolution meant a catastrophic breakdown of order, a lapse into moral barbarism; for Malraux and Silone the breakdown of society is a long-accomplished and inevitable fact."

Why should this have been so? The nineteenth century and the early twentieth, up to the First World War, were for Silone's Italy and Malraux's France, not to speak of Britain and the United States, a time of unprecedented prosperity and well-being. Wars had been infrequent and, for the most part, brief. The mass of people had improved their lives. The material indexes show no breakdown of society or of its structures. If one speaks about Central Europe, where the political authority of the Austro-Hungarian Empire had in the later nineteenth century splintered under the force of romantic nationalism (a product of writers and intellectuals), or about Turkey or China, where very old political structures were faltering because of their inability to deal with the competitive threat and example of the Western European powers, one can reasonably say that a breakdown was taking place. But in Western Europe?

The fact is that the breakdown was in the mind. An uncertainty existed, whose principal element was the loss of confidence in religion. That loss was caused by the advance of scientific thought, and it led to an attempt to find in a science of political progress, or of society and economy, equivalent reassurances. This effort proved not to be a success, as science yielded what had seemed its own certainties to uncertainty, probabilities, relativism, and the discovery of further mysteries as the explanation of apparent mysteries. The search was on for something to give life a moral explanation. The question posed was one that Camus eventually stated in this way: "Is it possible to become a saint without believing in God?"

The uneasiness felt about the assumptions of European society during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries received its catastrophic confirmation in the First World War, so casually entered into, in obedience to the conventional assumptions of the day, and producing so inexorably not only human but political carnage. War had been widely anticipated, and when it came it was even welcomed, with expectations of individual fulfillment, of chivalric affirmation—ideas that prevailed among the élites of society on both sides of the 1914 battle lines. There was belief in the idea of social Darwinism, of organic struggle between young, expanding nations and weakened, declining ones. War was considered a legitimate expression of national worth and vitality, and it was this belief as well as a romantic personal code that was responsible for the enthusiasm, even joy, with which the war was received in August and September, 1914. What followed was not, however, the short, tonic contest of national qualities which had been expected.

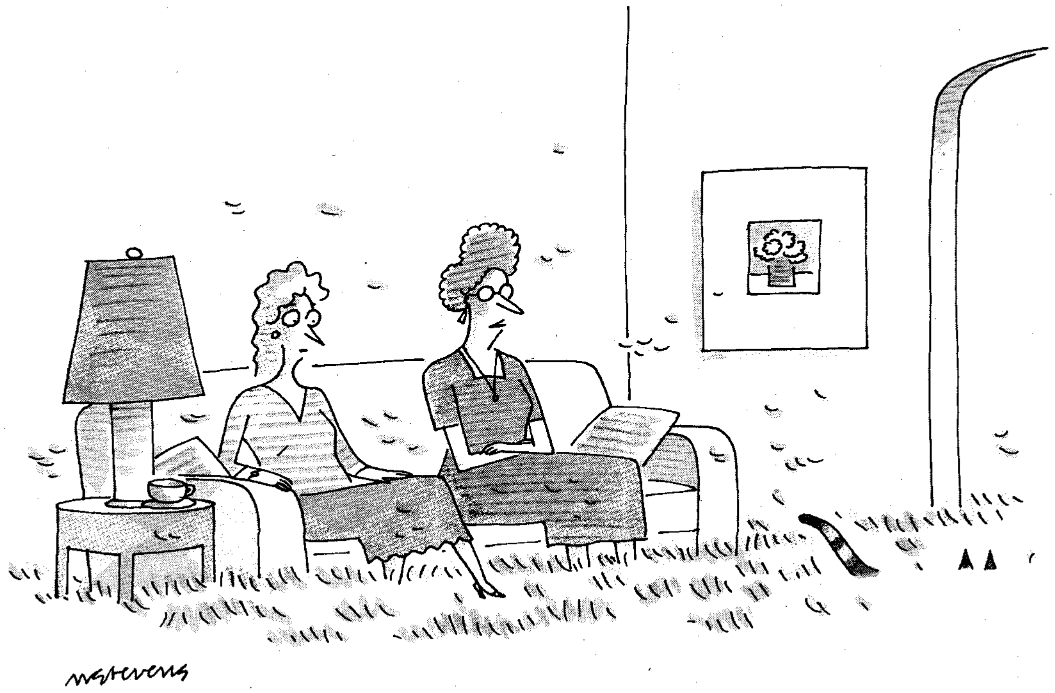
It is clear by now that the First World War was the most important event of contemporary Western history, one whose effects are still not exhausted. It closed doors opened by the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, and opened new ones, which led to cemeteries, torture chambers, and death camps. "Never had times seemed so rich in hope, nor destinies so malleable," a contemporary wrote of the eve of the First World War. Then came (I quote a letter of Henry James's) "the plunge of civilization into this abyss of blood and darkness; a thing that so gives away the whole long age during which we have supposed the world to be, with whatever abatement, gradually bettering, that to have to take it all now for what the treacherous years were all the while really making for and *meaning* is too tragic for any words."



There were possibilities of life that simply were ended. Paul Fussell, the American critic, has written movingly of the change in English poetry between 1914 and 1918 which illustrates this. In 1914, the language was elegiac and pastoral, using a vocabulary of chivalric comradeship and honor. Wilfrid Gibson wrote of those about to die, for example, that in their eyes "a sudden glory shone,/ And I was dazzled by a sunset glow." By 1917, Wilfred Owen was writing, "If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood/ come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,/ Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud/ Of vile . . ."

Before 1914, it was plausible to plan to become a hero, and men did so. Theodore Roosevelt did it successfully in 1898. Winston Churchill resolved from the start of his career to seek "the bubble reputation/ Even in the cannon's mouth," and he did his best to get to wherever there was gunfire—the North-West Frontier, the Nile, South Africa. He wanted, and found, glory, attention, mention in dispatches, ribbons. These were the rewards of a certain kind of life, which since the world wars has been wanted only by fanatics, the emotionally crippled, adolescents, and, in knowledge of its nature, by a few military ascetics.

None of those who recorded the shock that European civilization underwent in the First World War finished with anything remotely resembling so innocent a view of heroism. Graves, Sassoon, Remarque, Jünger, Drieu La Rochelle, de Montherlant, Céline—all might have said what Jünger subsequently wrote: that this war had proved man "the most danger-



"Muffie's shedding."

ous, the most bloodthirsty, and the most goal-conscious being" on Earth, and that "the dynamic of the cosmos exists in tension, battle, and unrest."

The First World War put an end to a perception of individual heroism as a social ideal, as an exemplary proposal of the way a man ought to conduct himself. Heroism, after all, is an artifice, or, to be more exact, a complicated moral stance, in which some combination of moral courage, staunchness, idealism, fraternity, love of fellows, recklessness, nihilism, morbidity, a suicidal will, simple stupidity, and insensibility before danger triumphs over the powerful natural impulses of fear and the urge to survive. In 1914, a belief in heroism had been not only possible but indispensable. The idea of achieving heroism rationalized going to war, a decision that had its essential origins in other factors at work in both the cultural and the political situation of Europe before 1914, and, of course, in qualities of the human personality itself. H. Stuart Hughes writes of French and German intellectuals in 1914, "The more bellicose felt at last within their grasp the life of action for which they had longed. The more reflective welcomed it as a deliverance from unfruitful anticipation."

Afterward, the embittered and disillusioned thought chiefly in terms of catastrophe—of the violent breakdown of civilization, and also of a violent historical renewal. Some believed that the broken civilization must swiftly be replaced by revolutionary methods, and thus they continued to believe in action and success in public life. A conception of revolutionary heroism, of the *homme engagé*, was proposed, and had enormous influence in the nineteen-thirties. However, most of the articulate recoiled in loathing from the society that had conceived, produced, and prosecuted such a senseless war.

THERE are lives that it is possible to imagine and to lead in one set of historical circumstances that become impossible, even scarcely thinkable, in another. The First World War ended certain possibilities of individual life and individual self-conception, and opened the way to others, which we still explore. It has been a common experience of the twentieth century for human beings to find themselves ruined because the social ideals by which their lives were conceived and conducted became undermined, discredited, or reversed by events. This was the experience of those millions of Central European Jews who believed themselves patriotic citizens of their countries and members of an advanced civilization, and found themselves one day in cattle cars, being taken to slaughterhouses. It was the experience of millions of Soviet citizens and people of Eastern Europe whom an arbitrary apparatus of Leninist social experiment and Stalinist repression engulfed, whether or not they themselves had done anything at all to deserve the attentions of that monstrous machinery. It was the earlier experience of those whose lives ended in the nonracialist, nonpolitical, perfectly impartial hecatombs of the First World War, which indifferently welcomed Jews and Gentiles; Communists, conservatives, and liberals; monarchists and republicans; Western and Eastern Europeans; Russians, Turks, and Arabs; colonials, Asian auxiliaries, Moroccans, even Americans.

Ideas are the dominant force in making certain kinds of lives possible, and ideas that are no longer tenable produce lives that are no longer credible—or, indeed, the suppression of life. The most important, and morally the most significant, outcome of the First World War was that a certain kind of life was rendered impossible. For many, this change produced lasting or permanent disorientation. For most of those survivors of 1918 who were conscious of the force of ideas in their own lives, the war notoriously produced political alienation—violent estrangement from what had been the conventional assumptions of Western liberal society, inspiring, among those capable of renewed belief, commitment to the postwar revolutionary movements of left and radical right.

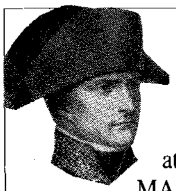
Remain, however, with the question of heroism, as heroism was possible before or after the First World War. Thomas Edward Lawrence (1888-1935), whose centenary was observed last August, became known to me when I was fifteen and took from a shelf in the stacks of the old Columbus, Georgia, public library "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." I had heard vaguely of "Lawrence of Arabia." Beyond that, the names, events, references were wholly strange. The personality of the man writing, however—his prose, epic in intent, overwrought, intensely romantic—gripped me from the start and did not let go for a very long time; indeed, it lingers today or I would not be writing this. (It could have had fatal effect had some of the choices I made in military life under the influence of Lawrence led to their logical outcome.)

The appeal of T. E. Lawrence to an isolated, puritanical, and idealistic adolescent is easy to understand. Lawrence himself remained to the end of his life adolescent in a crucial respect, having failed to resolve adolescent problems of sexual identity and having declined to integrate himself into the adult world of family and career. His retirement from enlisted service in the Royal Air Force in 1935 was to the refuge of an intellectual and puritan adolescent: a plain cottage with books and records, a bedroll for a visitor—all this finite and controllable—with, standing outside, a powerful and meticulously kept motorcycle, a means of physical and symbolic liberty. It was on the motorcycle that he was killed.

The psychological interest and lasting attraction of Lawrence have proved of more than adolescent consequence. They derive in part from the tension between the romantic form adopted by Lawrence the writer to describe his experience in Arabia, the romantic persona he assumed at that stage in his life, and the harshness of the true events in which he was a leading actor—a tension reflecting an equivalent failure of reconciliation in Lawrence's own life, during both wartime and postwar years, until his death. Lawrence was an authentic hero, and had made himself one, consciously, even cunningly, by exploiting the fortunes of his own war according to the norms of Edwardian society—an artificial and (for his class) "literary" conception of heroic conduct, but one that was lethal in consequences for him and for others as well.

THE appeal of heroism is that it represents the same impulse to unreasonable perfection which leads men and women into monasteries and convents, or, on the other hand, to improbable physical feats in sports, or to art: that one can pare from oneself everything unnecessary, vulgar, self-indulgent, and become one of life's exceptions, so as to achieve a kind of immortality. Heroism's link to violence is part of its appeal. To kill and not be killed is—emotionally, not logically—evidence of worth and intimation of immortality. If I am not killed but he is killed, I am affirmed by his negation. War is usually welcome enough—although this is usually not admitted—because it offers a holiday from life, and also because it provides that encounter with death which most men postpone until a squalid senility. Why not test life and death in one's youth and the fullness of one's powers? War offers heroism on the cheap, making potential heroes of us all—a reason to like war. The experience of Vietnam has only temporarily obscured this sentiment among Americans, for whom other wars, even the clownish Grenada and Persian Gulf episodes, have been treated with the kind of enthusiasm eliminated for Europeans by the battles of Verdun and Passchendaele, and the lunar bombings and zoological struggles (Jünger's phrase) of the two world wars. Fascists have understood the thirst for heroism better than anyone else. While conventional thinkers, liberal or conservative, look for a great cause and high political purpose in war, Fascists understand that war is about death, and that when people's lives are sterile they consciously or unconsciously welcome war. As sensible a man as Harold Macmillan, who was gravely wounded and permanently disabled at the Battle of the Somme, in 1916, said in North Africa, where he was Churchill's resident minister at Allied headquarters in 1942-43, "I enjoy wars. Any adventure's better than sitting in an office." Churchill's relish of war was notorious, a product of the same impulse many lesser men have felt: to find in war, regular or irregular, a liberation from the boredom of life.

T. E. Lawrence made of himself an Edwardian hero, a type that was shortly—and, for him, tragically—to be eliminated by history. Edwardian society proposed a nominally exalted standard of rectitude, honor, and chastity, albeit with an extensive unacknowledged secondary society of license set apart from the first by hypocrisy, sometimes principled, sometimes not, with savage punishment when hypocrisy was renounced. Lawrence's



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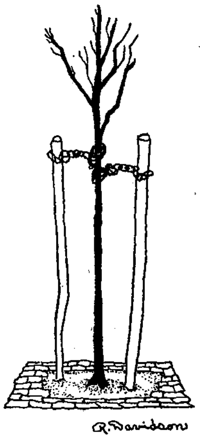
parents were people of origins of the utmost respectability who defied the code. The story is well known now. His father, Thomas Chapman, was of the Anglo-Irish baronetcy, and abandoned his wife and four daughters for a girl, herself illegitimate, who had come from Scotland to look after the Chapman children. The new family lived the rest of their lives under an assumed name in several places, finally settling in Oxford. They were shadowed by the hostility of the Chapman relatives and dominated by the guilt felt by Lawrence's mother, an Evangelical Protestant who, after Thomas Chapman's death, went to China as a missionary. Lawrence's elder brother also became a missionary. None of the family were capable of an acceptable hypocrisy. Lawrence himself, having found that his were false credentials, after the war signed his abridgment of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," "Revolt in the Desert," in quotation marks—"T. E. Lawrence"—and subsequently changed his name to Ross and then to Shaw, choosing anonymity in the military ranks, insisting that he be accepted as the nameless man he felt himself to be. He found the credentials of his heroism equally fraudulent. He had gone abroad to act according to the norms of his society in a war put forward as glorious, had killed and betrayed in its name, and, in the event, had found that here, as in his personal life, what he had done was considered gross malfeasance. He spent the rest of his life in unarticulated penance. He was, one nonetheless recognizes, an innocent man.



THERE are more than fifty biographical accounts of Lawrence's life, in English, German, French, Italian, other European languages, Japanese, and Arabic. His own books have been translated into German, French, Japanese, Danish, Estonian, Finnish, Norwegian, and other languages. "Lawrence Studies" now exists as an academic endeavor, on which careers are being built. A Lawrence bibliography was published in 1988. An "authorized" biography, by Jeremy Wilson, is in preparation, and Wilson also provided a two-hundred-and-forty-eight-page catalogue for a recent exhibition of Lawrence portraits and memorabilia at London's National Portrait Gallery. A full account of Lawrence's postwar years in the R.A.F. was published in 1978, making use of his correspondence with the chief of the R.A.F., Sir Hugh Trenchard, who in 1922 had made Lawrence's enlistment possible, and with whom he exchanged letters until his death. A new selection of Lawrence's correspondence—with his family, Winston Churchill, Robert Graves, Augustus John, the Bernard Shaws, E. M. Forster, and others—was published in London in November, at the end of the centenary year. A new collection of photographs has been issued, many of them previously unpublished, from an archive assembled by one of Lawrence's admirers, with essays on various aspects of Lawrence's "images." Friends and those who served with him in Arabia, Arabs as well as British and French, and companions in the Tank Corps and the R.A.F. have published their recollections of him. He has been the subject of several novels, including a thriller (about his supposed murder by the British Secret Service to prevent him from becoming a leader of British Fascism), and he is, of course, the hero of a flamboyant film by David Lean, recently re-released in a new version, with twenty minutes of cut material restored and new dialogue added. Several television films, both documentary and interpretative, have been made about him, and he is the hero of Terence Rattigan's play "Ross," and a central figure in George Bernard Shaw's "Too True to Be Good."

Why? Lawrence's celebrity followed from his having played a brave and romantic role in the First World War, wearing romantic garb, on a front remote from the carnage of the Western Front. He contributed to his own celebrity through a talent for dramatization and mystification, a combination of self-promotion and evasiveness only later understood to be connected with the illegitimacy of his birth and the unresolved conflicts of his sexual ideals and experiences. The American journalist Lowell Thomas first made him famous by lecturing in London and in the United States about "the uncrowned king of Arabia" and the Allies' capture of Jerusalem and Damascus from the Turks. Lawrence was taken up by influential people entranced by his force of personality and his intelligence. Nonetheless, the military affair in which he had been engaged was, as he said himself, a sideshow of a sideshow. The campaign in the Middle East against Ottoman Turkey did little to damage the Central Powers, and, of all the Eastern offensives—Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and the attack from Egypt into Palestine and Syria—the last offered the smallest possibility of making a serious difference to the outcome of the war, though it did prove the most successful in military terms. In that offensive the part played by the Arab Revolt and by Lawrence himself as adviser to its military leader, the Hashemite Prince Faisal, was subordinate to the conventional campaign, carried on by regular forces under General Allenby.

Lawrence, however, is remembered. He is remembered because he was authentically a hero in circumstances that were unreproducibly premodern and that reveal to us how an innocent heroism grew to be impossible in Western culture. His account of his adventure, modelled in its prose upon the mannered and pseudo-medieval "Arabia Deserta," of Charles Doughty, and devised with the ambition of equalling Dostoyevski and Melville, was subtitled "A triumph" but nonetheless began by speaking, in modern phrases of pain, of "the evil of my tale." That was in the very first sentence. "Pray God," it continued, a little way into the first chapter, "that men reading the story will not, for love of the glamour of strangeness, go out to prostitute themselves and their talents in serving another race. A man who gives himself to be a possession of aliens leads a Yahoo life, having bartered his soul to a brute-master. He is not of them."

Lawrence's postwar career was sensational. He gave up academic life (he had been made a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford) and abandoned government service (Winston Churchill had made him an adviser in the Colonial Office) to enlist in the ranks of the Royal Air Force under an assumed name in 1922. Newspaper notoriety pursued him. It is not yet exhausted. The revelation, in the nineteen-sixties, of his sad and complicated compulsion to have himself beaten as penance for fantastic and

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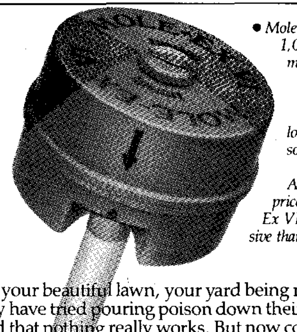

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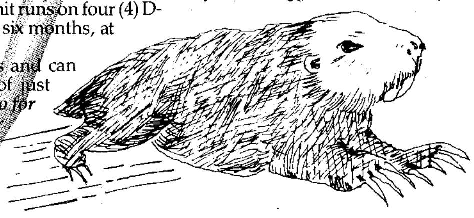

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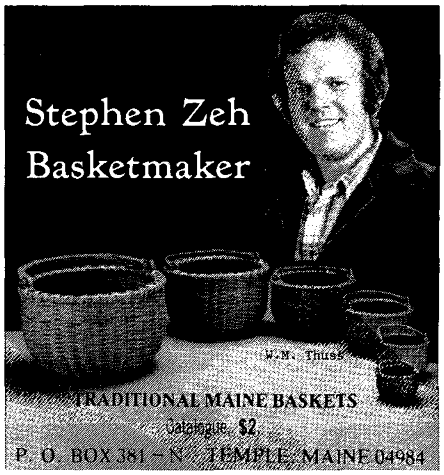

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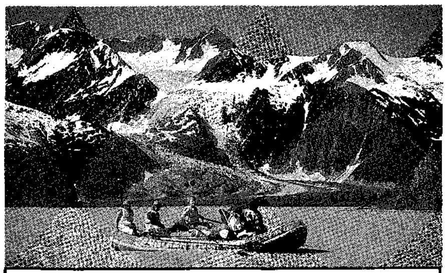

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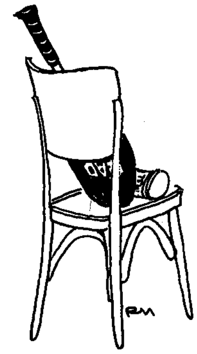
fictional offenses against an imaginary uncle—the story he told the young soldier he engaged to administer the whippings—made a series of London newspaper articles and another book. The truth about a central episode in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," in which, acting as a spy, he was captured by the Turkish authorities and was beaten and raped, was much debated until recently but seems to have been settled by the publication of a 1927 letter to E. M. Forster. Forster had sent him an "unpublishable" homosexual short story, and Lawrence replied, "I suppose you will not print it? Not that it anywhere says too much: but it shows far more than it says: and these things are mysteries. The Turks, as you probably know (or have guessed, through the reticences of the 'Seven Pillars'), did it to me, by force: and since then I have gone about whimpering to myself Unclean, unclean. Now I don't know. Perhaps there is another side, your side, to the story. I couldn't ever do it. I believe the impulse strong enough to make me touch another creature has not yet been born in me. . . ." Lawrence never achieved a mature ability to forgive himself for being in this sexual respect, as in others, himself. The mature personality is able to grasp its source and its limits, even if it does not much like what it finds. Lawrence seems never to have forgiven himself for his sexuality (or asexuality) or his illegitimacy, or for the pleasure he had taken in war and in the killing of others, and for the political role he had taken in an Arab "awakening" that was betrayed in the Versailles peace settlement and afterward, when what was supposed to have become a new Arab kingdom was partitioned and placed under British and French rule.

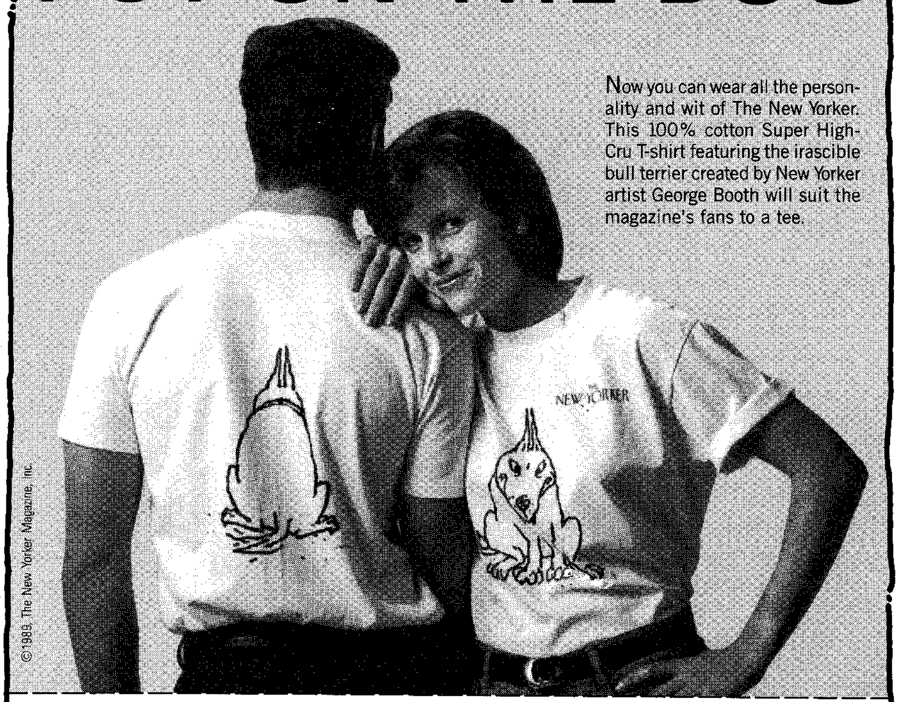


HIS outlook and essential ambition were those of an artist. He wished to leave behind works of art: a monumental book on the desert campaign; a translation of the Odyssey, which was published in 1932; and a book about enlisted military life, "The Mint," written in 1927, published in 1955. Art was what he had believed in before the prewar Intelligence Service, which charged him to map Turkish territory in the course of an archeological exploration sponsored by the British Museum and the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the war itself, its murders, rape, and sodomy, came into his life, and it was to art that he returned when these were behind him. He had, in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," dealt with his Arabian experience in epic terms, under the influence of the medieval romances and epic poetry that had played a large role in his childhood imagination, and of his earliest scholarly interest, the military architecture and the strategy of the Crusades. "Remember that my period was the Middle Ages, always," he wrote later to Basil Liddell Hart, one of his biographers. In Hart's account, the Bedouin are led out of the Arabian desert by Faisal and Lawrence of Arabia to break the power of the Ottoman Turks and conquer the Crusader cities of Jerusalem and Damascus—the first step in achieving an ambition that consisted, even when he was a schoolboy, "of hustling into form, while I lived, the new Asia which time was inexorably bringing upon us." Lawrence goes on, "Mecca was to lead to Damascus; Damascus to Anatolia, and afterwards to Bagdad; and then there was Yemen." "The Mint" was of an entirely contrasting matter-of-factness in dealing with the then unexplored subject of the enlisted man's life in the regular military. Its "realism," which is to say its severe, scrupulously detached honesty about the sexuality and scatology of the barracks, made it, in his opinion, unpublishable except in a private edition. Needless to say, the literature of the Second World War and since has made it an honorable curiosity in the literature of realism.

The truth about the political context of Lawrence's Arabian adventure is undramatic. He was one of several officers working for British military intelligence who saw in the Hashemite claim to power in Arabia a possibility of mounting a useful guerrilla adjunct to the campaign by regular British troops against Turkey, ally of Germany. The Arabian campaign, like most guerrilla campaigns, was not in the least decisive. The political calculations behind it were hypocritical from the start, in that no responsible British officer expected an independent Arabian kingdom to be set up. The

British assumptions were still those of empire and paternalistic power. Palestine was, for expedient reasons, conceded in the midst of the war (by the Balfour Declaration) as a Jewish National Home, and Syria was assigned to a French sphere of influence in the secret Sykes-Picot Agreement, signed in 1916. Lawrence did not know of this agreement until the next year, but he certainly understood that the political assurances he gave the Hashemites risked going beyond what Britain would really concede. He tried after the war, at the Versailles Treaty negotiations, at which he acted as an adviser and translator for Faisal, and through Winston Churchill when Churchill was Colonial Secretary in the nineteen-twenties, to give Faisal and the Arabs a part of what he had promised. Acknowledging what he had done to mislead, or even betray, the Arabs among whom he had lived, he honorably attempted to do what was in his power to make up for it. He did not, however, forgive himself. The Arabs, their revolt, the killing in which he took part had all served as means to his reinvention of himself as the chivalric figure that he subsequently came to detest, or to fear, and that had produced nothing but a betrayal for the Arabs.

Lawrence was a man who used war and the qualities of war—its idealism, but also its limitedness, its comprehensibility, its terrible simplifications, its elimination of all the ordinariness of ordinary life, of the ordinary human relationships of family and conventional friendship, its dramatic gratification of the pleasures of destruction—to reinvent his own life. His use of others did not consist simply in making political promises his government did not or could not keep. He used them in a purely personal enterprise, the transformation of the bastard Thomas Edward Lawrence, short and physically unprepossessing archeologist and student of Crusader military architecture, sometime intelligence agent in the amateur style of pre-1914 Oxford and Foreign Office, who in the ordinary course of things was destined to academic obscurity, into a model of modern chivalry, a modern crusader in the modern cause of national self-determination, a would-be liberator of the "new Asia": a hero, the only real popular hero to emerge from the war—Lawrence of Arabia, "A triumph." He made certain of that creation by fixing



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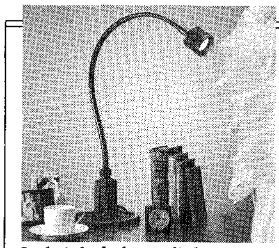

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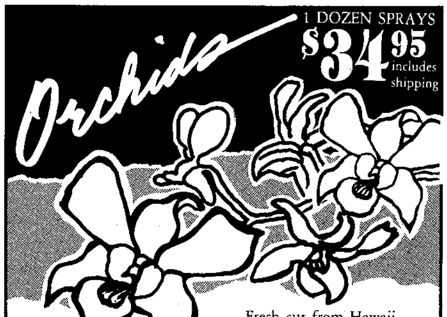

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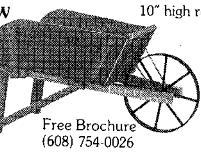

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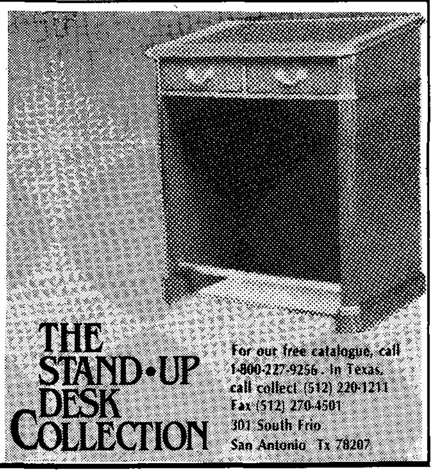

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it in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," privately printing the book in an elegant edition not to be circulated in his lifetime, thereby guaranteeing for it maximum attention. His abridgment, "Revolt in the Desert," was meant to pay for the private, unabridged book and was published to great success in 1927. He gave the profits away.

Lawrence was a victim of the collapse of the pre-1914 assumptions about the relationship of Europe to what were, or had been, its colonial peoples—a collapse that he deliberately contributed to, only to find himself, as he later said, "imprisoned in a lie." He was a major actor in what another generation would call the decolonialization of the Arabs, by bringing to an end their domination by Turkey, and was then instrumental in their provisional recolonization by both France and Britain, and in the beginning of the Palestinian Arabs' dispossession by the Zionist movement, which was installing itself with the intention, eventually fulfilled, of making Palestine a Jewish state. His imprisonment in this lie is the reason usually given for his postwar renunciation of a conventional career. Having done what he could to secure for the Hashemites "the half-loaf" (his phrase) of a throne in Iraq for Faisal, he retreated into what was certainly a penitential life—of "brain sleep," as he said, and gratification of his masochism, "to make me impossible for anyone to suggest for a responsible position . . . self-degradation is my aim."

He punished himself, continuing to apply to himself the ethical judgments of his puritan formation, now secularized, effectively concluding that because his invention of himself had proved a failure he deserved nothing better than the elected prison of enlisted military service, the renunciation of honor, the catharsis of whippings. The ethical and political norms of the society that formed him had proved unsustainable. The realities of a guerrilla war among a nomadic Islamic people against the Ottoman state—desiccated survivor of a Central Asian nomad empire, incapable of competing with the new European industrial society—were beyond the moral resources of that English conception of life and conduct by which he had set out to live. Lawrence could never afterward repair the damage to himself that had been done. Something, he said, was broken, and it appears that he never fully understood what it really was that had broken. His postwar life was dominated by penance for crimes for which he had no, or very limited, responsibility (his birth, his personality and sexuality), or where his own influence, however large, could never have been decisive (the political outcome of the war).

Yet these penitential efforts gave his postwar life a hardness and a shapeliness beyond those of virtually any other contemporary public life. This was done by his retreat from large engagement. Unable to deal with the external consequences of the collapse of the cultural standards that had formed him, he chose austerity, remoteness from all but the most strictly controlled companionships, and yet a genuine charity and abnegation. His close relationships were with Charlotte Shaw, Bernard Shaw's wife—conducted almost entirely by letter and thereby distanced; with the family of one of his last R.A.F. commanding officers, Wing Commander Sydney Smith; and with several Air Force comrades, uncomplicated and uneducated men with whom he could be close on his own terms, without revealing any more than he wished to reveal. He used the means provided by a monastic military life to give his postwar existence an almost Trappist severity and concentration. He was the victim of a mutation in contemporary culture by which chivalry ceased to be possible, or even imaginable, at exactly the moment when he had made of himself that figure of chivalry "Lawrence of Arabia."

TO invent a life is not so rare. Lawrence's reinvention of himself, in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, was achieved, like all good art, by minimization, rejection of the nonessential. He reduced his life to simplicity, when he had the possibility of power as well as of complexity, and for a considerable time had possessed power, and been urged by Churchill and others to keep it, to pursue a political career. His choice was a consequence of personal forces, formed by the cultural circumstances of the time in which he lived, but it was also a consequence of political and military events that had ended one period in modern history and begun another.

In "Studies in a Dying Culture" Christopher Caudwell, a Marxist and a poet, said of Lawrence, "Only in the ranks of the Army he found a stunted version of his ideal, barren of fulfillment but at least free from dishonor. In the Army, at least, though men have taken the King's shilling, it is not the search for profit that holds the fabric together; but it is based on a simple social imperative and wields a force that never reckons its dividends. Like a kind of Arabian desert in the heart of the vulgar luxury of bourgeoisdom, the bare tents of the Army shield a simple comradeship, a social existence free from competition or hate. It is both survival and anticipation, for on the one hand it conserves old feudal relations, as they were before bourgeoisdom burst them, and on the other hand it prophesies like a rudimentary symbol the community of tomorrow united by ties of common effort and not of cash." There is undoubtedly something in this, although it is not the full explanation.

"There seemed a certainty in degradation, a final safety," Lawrence wrote in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." "Man could rise to any height, but there was an animal level beneath which he could not fall." One gathers, from what he wrote to Mrs. Shaw, that he could never put behind him his responsibility for killing not only some of his own wounded, for whom no possibility of treatment or evacuation existed, and prisoners, who could not be guarded or transported, but also his enemies themselves.

He had been caught early by Edwardian romanticism and ideas of heroism, and the wrecking of these in the upheaval of 1914-18 was something that could not be dealt with by him in either of the two ways adopted by most of his sensitive younger wartime contemporaries. (Lawrence was twenty-six, a formed man, when the war broke out.) The dominant reaction among the most sensitive and most capable of the younger wartime generation was to recoil from the civilization that had produced the war, condemning European liberal politics and society as sham, "gone bust"—a great swindle by which they and their friends had been victimized. For most of these men the answer was to retreat into private life, art, scholarship, pleasure—and to regard politics with indifference or contempt. Some turned to revolutionary political romanticism of the left or the right. Thus, Fascism had its season of

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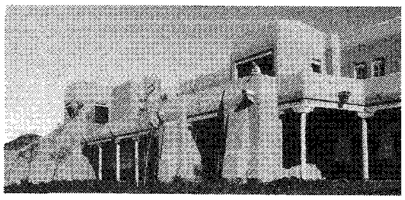

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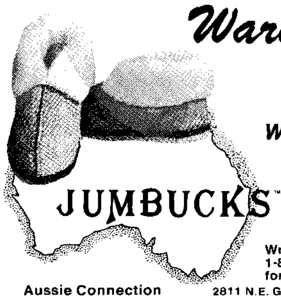

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favor in Britain and France as well as in Italy, Germany, and Eastern Europe, and revolutionary Communism later had—particularly in the democracies—a large and enduring influence on writers and artists as well as on the politically active. The dominant postwar theme, however, was attack upon the society that had produced the war—an attack reflecting the impotence that men had felt as victims on the Western Front. Beneath that, an enduring and compensatory, if hysterical, optimism could often be discerned about what some apocalyptic change might bring. Lawrence, on the other hand, who had experienced command, accomplishment, unparalleled success, took upon himself as personal penalty the failure of the culture into which he had been born.

Thus the "Prince of Mecca" (his own claim), master spy of the British Secret Service (a belief widely held outside England, where his postwar military enlistment was popularly considered mere cover), a man admired and feared by some in Britain as a potential dictator. He was killed while returning from sending a telegram confirming a proposed visit by his friend Henry Williamson, a novelist and a prominent British Fascist. Williamson wanted to put Lawrence together with Oswald Mosley, the Fascist leader, in the belief that Lawrence, who had just retired from the R.A.F., might attach himself to Mosley's cause. Lawrence knew nothing of this plan. Another friend, Robert Graves, has said that had Lawrence not been killed "he would have found the temptation to strong political action almost irresistible." This is speculation.

The link with Fascism is nonetheless significant. Lawrence himself expressed no Fascist sympathies, nor were his mind and temperament, on the evidence of all that he wrote and of what those who knew him said about him, in the least disposed that way. I met Oswald Mosley when he was old, a magnetic, arrogant man, limping badly (from a wartime flying accident that had left one leg shorter than the other), an intellectual bully, a charmer. His dominant and fatal quality was humorlessness. (A menacing wit, he possessed.) Mosley was unquestionably brilliant, the only British politician of his day to grasp the significance of the economic crisis of the nineteen-thirties and to propose original ways of dealing with it. He understood Keynes, and initially attracted to himself such intelligent men as Harold Nicolson and John Strachey, but his arrogance drove them off, and he ended his political career powerless and despised. The contrast with Lawrence's intellectual detachment, practical intelligence, and human sympathies could not have been greater.

Even so, there is something about Lawrence that makes people think of Fascism. Fascism's rhetoric is that of heroism, and he was a hero. He was apolitical, and Fascism, at the time, purported to be beyond politics—a matter of strong men sweeping politicians aside. Those are superficial reasons; there are better ones. Lawrence was a destroyer of prewar assumptions not only about colonialism and the "guardianship" of empire but about the structures of political power and the limits of war. He took power in his own hands and dreamed of "the new Asia." He was a secret agent, a subverter of empires—of his own empire. He was a subverter of class and social convention, abandoning class, and power as well, for anonymity among a wretched military proletariat. He was a guerrilla, a man of the shadows, an armed idealist. He practiced atrocities in the service of an idea of his own. He helped destroy the conventions of a civilization engaged in destroying itself. People have naturally associated him with the Fascists—who later gave a large political formulation to all this, glorifying it—without recognizing that Lawrence, having done it, had retreated from it all and spent the rest of his life in penance.

There is a more alarming resemblance than with Fascism, a movement itself ephemeral and shallow, although its consequences were not. The resemblance is to the terrorism of recent years. The terrorists are also idealistic outsiders, dissimulators, spies on the society from which they come, waging guerrilla war on what is to them an imperial society more corrupt and deserving of subversion than Ottoman Turkey ever was. They are engaged in liberating not a people but *the* people. They pay the personal costs of life outside the rules, having, like Lawrence, "bartered their souls." These German pastors' daughters, Italian seminarians, pious young Lebanese and Iranians, Peruvian professors and students have come to costly, and even

suicidal, personal terms with exemplary murder. Like Lawrence, they have "surrendered, not body alone, but soul to the overmastering greed of victory." Lawrence goes on, "By our own act we were drained of morality, of volition, of responsibility, like dead leaves in the wind." Lawrence, however, survived, saw what he had become, and made himself something else.

HIS brother Arnold said of Lawrence's flagellations, "His subjection of the body was achieved by methods advocated by the saints whose lives he had read." While others planned new political careers for him, Lawrence wrote, just after his discharge from the R.A.F., to his friend Eric Kennington, "You wonder what I am doing? Well, so do I, in truth. Days seem to dawn, suns to shine, evenings to follow, and then I sleep. What I have done, what I am doing, what I am going to do, puzzle me and bewilder me. Have you ever been a leaf and fallen from your tree in autumn and been really puzzled about it? That's the feeling." The image of the dead leaf recurs. He was emptied. Possibly the penance was completed. Robert Graves wrote, "The least and most that can be said about Lawrence is that he is a good man."

Lawrence's was not a modern personality, even though he was a protomodern figure, scouting out what is most sinister in what the modern world has become. This tension is the source of his interest for us today. Even in his time, he was an anachronism. His puritan inability to forgive himself, his attachment to chivalry, the monkish asceticism he imposed upon himself —this might as well be medieval for all it has to do not only with the present day, surfeited with guiltlessness, but with the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, when both a Nietzschean assertion and Freudianism became major intellectual and moral influences. In Lawrence was a hardness with self, an unforgivingness, a stoicism, a refusal of indulgence.

He interests us because of his political ambiguity, a chivalric Edwardian who adventured into, and was caught by, modern forces: of nationalism, liberation movements, and proto-totalitarian mass politics. He did not resolve his contradictions. He endured them and fashioned a modest postwar life in which he did small goods and avoided further evils. He served usefully at a number of air stations. He used his high contacts to improve the conditions of enlisted life in the R.A.F. He was a good friend and mentor to a number of uneducated men, introducing them to books and music. One of his biographers, the Harvard psychiatrist John Mack, writes, in "A Prince of Our Disorder," of "the subtler influence he seems to have exerted at virtually each station at which he served. It is hard to convey this quality. His commanders have characterized it as a morally uplifting influence, a subtle force that raised the standards of efficiency, improved the quality of work, and had a beneficial effect upon the tenor of relations on the base and upon morale generally. In some instances Lawrence's influence remained, like a legend, bringing about change at a particular station long after he was gone." The last project on which he worked, with the enthusiasm and practical interest in mechanical things he always possessed, was development of a fast speedboat for air-sea rescue.

His were not bad choices to make in a difficult life, and, as he said, cannot be called "an ordinary effort." Nevertheless, the effect of his successes in Arabia and of the glamour he artfully attached to them contributed to the destruction of the limits on warfare which were generally respected in his time. His manipulation of the Hashemite princes in the service of his own dream of Asia's liberation prefaced and influenced the national-liberation movements and struggles to follow, each of them glamorous in their time, most of them cruelly murderous, few of them actually liberating. He anticipated as well their systematic exploitation in our day by external great powers.

Not a modern personality at all, he was unwittingly a maker of the modern age, linked by direct and often decisive influence to the revolutionary *hommes engagés* who followed in Europe, and later in Asia and Latin America, all of them committed to irregular and unrestrained war against unjust institutions, bringers of their own exculpatory injustices, dreamers like Lawrence, rebels against what is—rebels against the burdens of civilization and of self.

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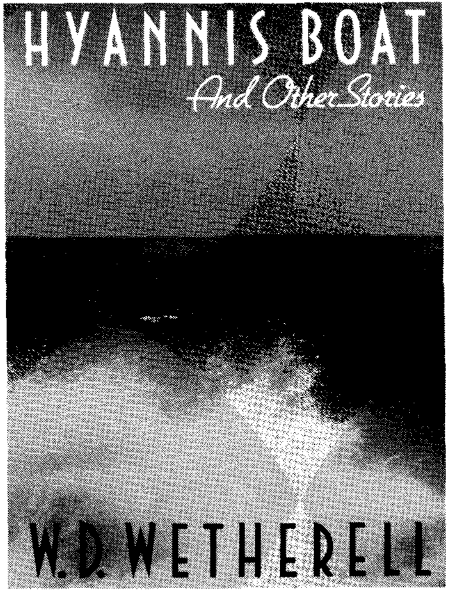

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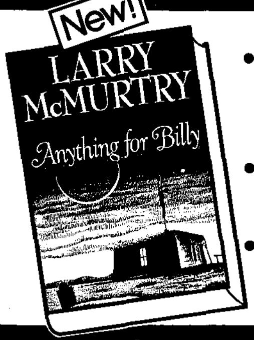

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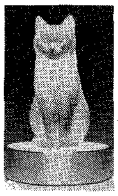
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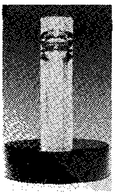
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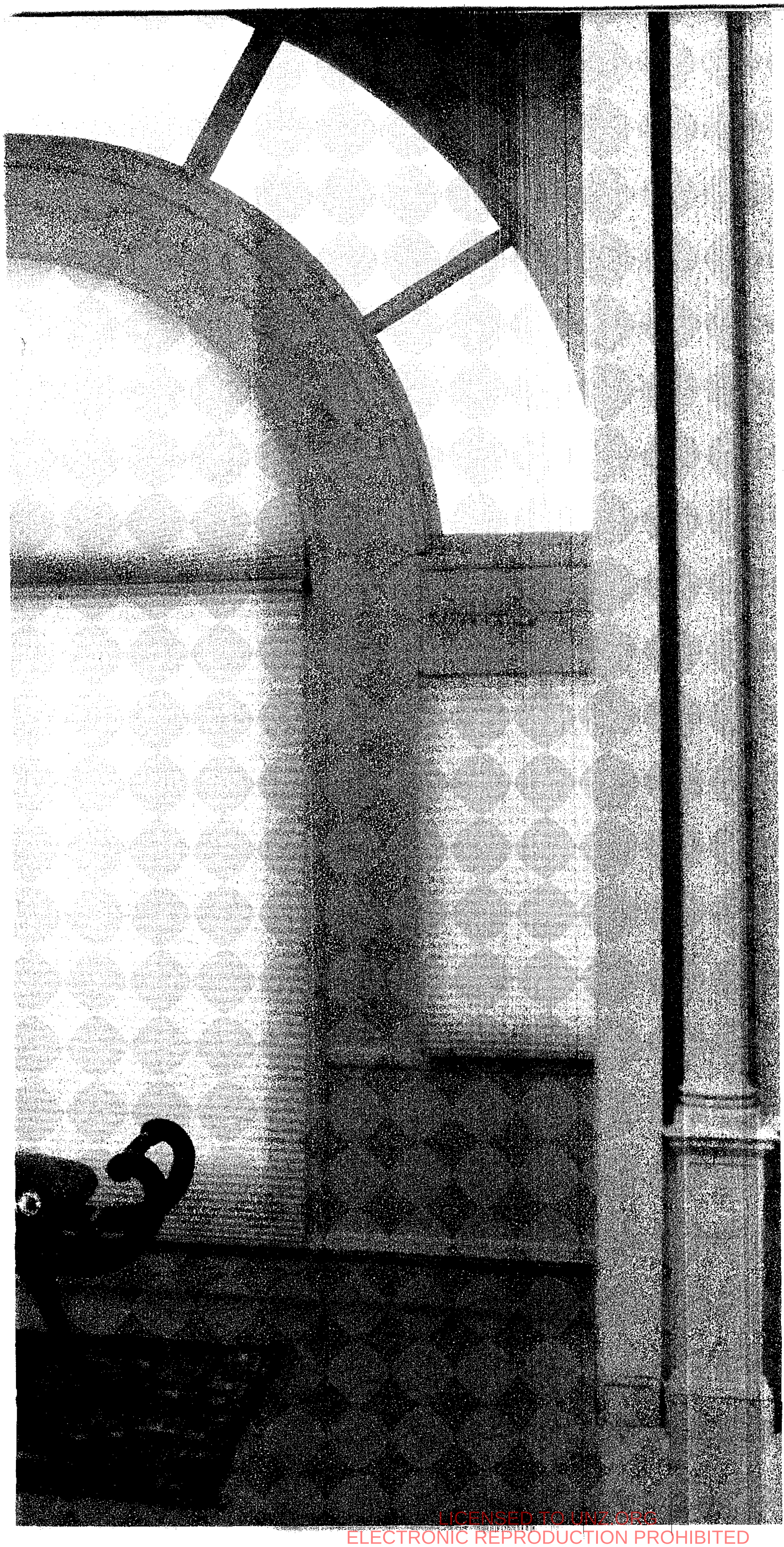

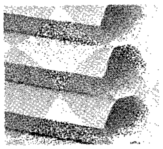

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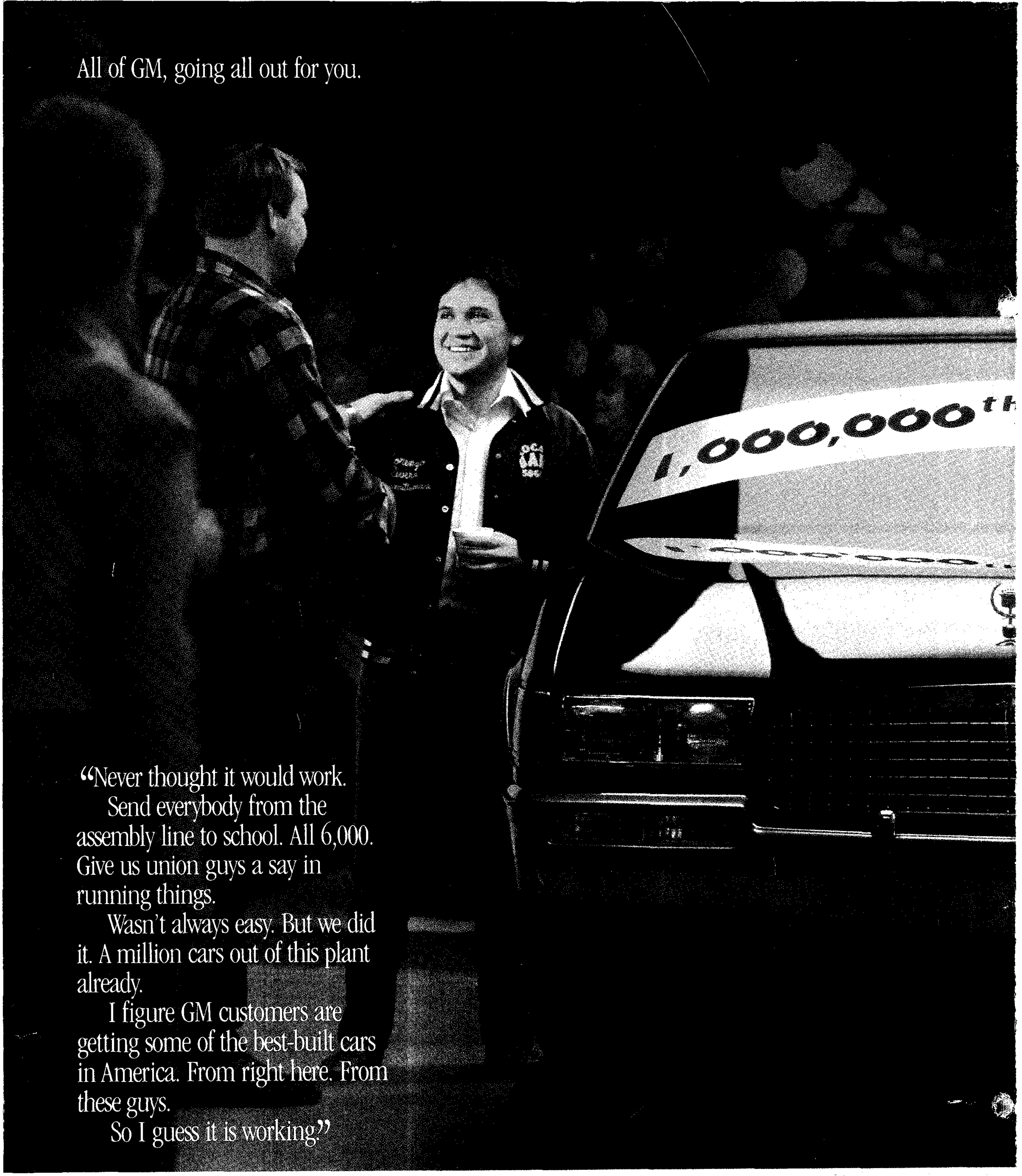

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1989 Cadillac Fleetwood at the GM Assembly Center in Orion Township, Michigan

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